THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Now the question: *Is* Mr. Jollyco paid to talk about Ivory Flakes?

"Why, Henry! What are you doing home so early?" asks Mrs. Jollyco. "Are you sick?"

"My dear, I'm playing hooky from a stuffy office. I had a headache but it's gone now! I've just had a bath fit for a king."

"But there was no soap in the bathroom—I have just brought home half a dozen cakes of Ivory."

"I stole half a cake of Ivory from the laundry, before Elektra caught me," says Mr. Jollyco with a grin. "One good thing about your housekeeping, Alicia—I can always find Ivory Soap *somewhere.*"

To you men whose wives choose the soap

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Well, for instance when you take a bath:

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Germany at the Crossroads

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

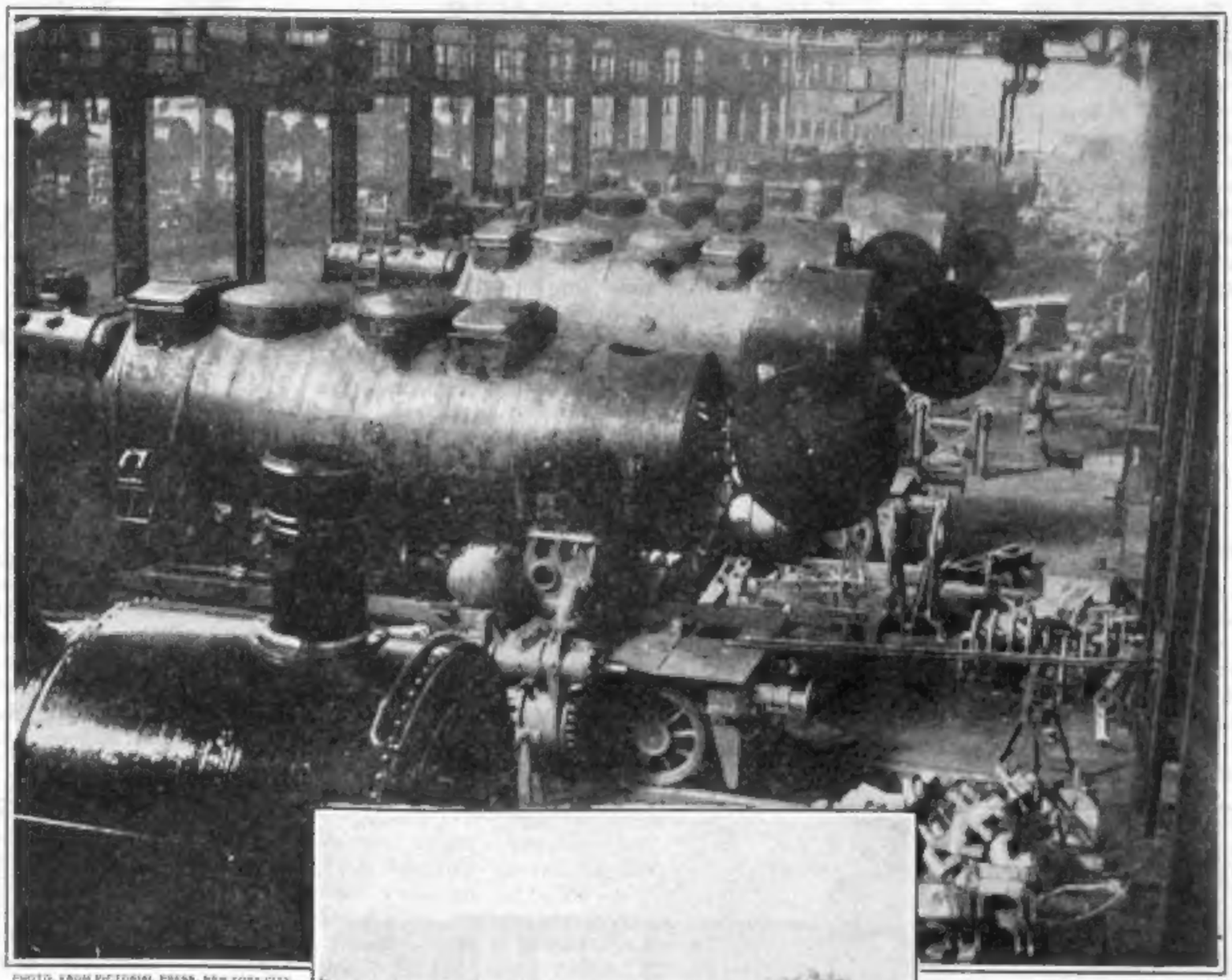
ON THE morning of the day I left Cologne for Paris I bought a paper-covered reprint of a popular novel for 72,000 marks. Five hours later, when I went back to get a companion volume, the price was 180,000 marks.

Still more destructive to both digestion and pocketbook was the experience of an acquaintance of mine in Bonn. At noon he ordered a steak for his luncheon. The price on the menu was 80,000 marks. While he was eating, the waiter informed him that it had risen to 100,000 marks. When he paid his bill the steak had advanced to 125,000 marks.

A restaurant keeper at Munich told me he had just exchanged 350 Hamburg cigars for 700 pounds of potatoes. It was the only way he could get country produce, because in Bavaria and elsewhere the farmers would not accept German currency and demanded foreign money or commodities. Primitive barter has been revived.

In Berlin a member of the American diplomatic service wanted to rent wharfage space for his motorboat at a near-by summer resort. The owner of the dock refused to make a deal in marks, but said he would take as monthly payment a ration loaf of bread for every meter of boat length.

With the mark losing more than half its value overnight and regarded merely as a medium of payment; with price and wage scales out of date before the ink has dried upon them; with unrest a fixed habit, and with inflation gone mad amid a saturnalia of currency that requires an astronomical expert to decipher, the country has reached the point where any kind of forecast is futile.



PHOTO, FROM PICTORIAL PRESS, NEW YORK CITY

In the Krupps Works, Former Munitions Plant, a Locomotive is Made Every Day

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At Left—German Peasant Women Picking Seed in an Onion Field at Quedlinburg

The Press-Agented Revolution

TO THE unseasoned observer the worst always lurks round the corner. But revolutions, as we all know, are seldom, if ever, blatantly press-agented. I reached Munich, for example, on a Saturday late in July. Everyone with whom I came in contact, from the chauffeur who drove me to the hotel to the maid who prepared my bed at night, informed me that the revolution would break tomorrow. I was further told that 5,000,000 men throughout Germany had signed a pledge to overthrow the government with armed force and bring about a communistic régime. I dreamed of guns and grenades. Early the next morning I was awakened by the tramp of marching men. I dashed to the window which overlooked the principal public square, expecting to hear the rattle of gunfire any moment. Instead of armed revolutionaries I beheld the Munich volunteer fire brigade having its annual drill with no weapons more dangerous than smoke helmets.

I traveled that Sabbath from Munich to Berlin by daylight. I have never seen the German countryside more orderly, peaceful or serene. Abundance seemed to brood over the farms. Every station was packed with eager vacation goers, and the principal casualties were inflicted on sausages and beer. Hence you can never take a revolution at its advertised value.

The Crash

FURTHERMORE, when you have become acclimated, as it were, to the now familiar institution known as the German crisis, you merely wonder if the long-heralded national crash will really develop. Up to the time I write, which is toward mid-August, the principal crashing has been done by the mark. Like a battle-scarred veteran it has reached the point where it takes punishment as the ordinary individual takes food.

At the risk of digression let me pursue this parallel for a moment. When the German people have taken on board just as many undigested marks as the traffic—I should say girth, and it is still ample—will stand, a remedy in the shape of drastic deflation must be applied.

The trouble all along has been that, like an individual, the nation has side-stepped the antidote. The bitter pill embodied in adequate restitution for war ravage could have been sugar-coated a little by the prompt coöperation for French reconstruction. But, and it bears directly upon the present plight, German psychology has always worked in a ponderous way its blunders to perform. It was wrong when it aroused England to supreme sacrifice by air raids on undefended towns. It was wrong when it provoked the United States into war through a relentless submarine campaign. It was wrong when it goaded the French into the occupation of the Ruhr by gross evasion of responsibility. Today it finds expression in a passive resistance in which misplaced patriotism is sadly diluted with a hereditary stupidity that will inevitably bow to compromise or surrender. A visit to the Ruhr will convince the most skeptical that the Germans must eventually yield.

This distorted psychology has naturally developed what might be called a general mood of chaos. Like the unrest, it has become chronic. It is a crisis state of mind, and the Germans are becoming accustomed to it in almost precisely the same way that the big capitalists hail the falling mark as a real first aid to their business. The plain truth of the matter is that in Germany there is too much whining and too little repenting. The moment you meet a German he does one of two things: He either weeps or rails. There is abuse, and not use, of a situation that might have opened the way to peace and solvency. Repeated contact with the Germans makes you wonder why, being an inventive people,

they do not set up a barometer to register the national depression, and create a pedometer that will keep record with the mad flight from the mark!

In this connection, and as a possible guide to some understanding of the muddled situation, it may be well to keep in mind the fact that Germany, as such, is still fundamentally sound. Her soil is more productive than ever before. The bosom of her earth is still a treasurehouse of coal and iron. Her people have not lost their craft or cunning. It is worth repeating, too, that she escaped all war ravage. The only concrete thing shattered is the currency. With its debacle has come a weakening of the will to do, and a general indifference to consequences. In short, the morale, but not the country, is shaken.

To a degree greater than the average visitor I am perhaps able to make some comparison. I have been to Germany every year since the Armistice. I watched the mark dwindle from fifty to 5,000,000 to the dollar, which is the quotation on the day I write. I have conversed with every nation savior from Noske through Rathenau down to Wirth and Cuno, and I have survived two talks with Stinnes. I have heard each one expound his theory of salvation, which was mainly recrimination, and which did everything but apply the real antidote, which is self-help. The one man who might have led the nation to something like stability was Rathenau; but with that psychology whose middle name is destruction, he was removed by an assassin's bullet. I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that Germany has as many political lives as the proverbial cat has existences and, save for the unexpected, which can happen anywhere, is almost crisis-proof.

Every time that I have gone back to Germany the country has faced "inevitable ruin." Save for persistent fiscal ravage, she seems to endure. The people, to be sure, are becoming more sullen, especially in the Ruhr. Even the livestock seem to have become permeated with protest. At Essen and Düsseldorf I saw more balky horses in the street than ever before!

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The Market Place, Cologne, Germany

Chaotic Uncertainty

THE Germany of the summer of 1923, however, presented potentialities for trouble dangerously akin to those of that fateful autumn of 1918 when a war-wearied and beaten people, in the face of famine, threw off the costly burden of the Hohenzollerns, set up a republic, and theoretically accepted the consequences of their leaders' folly. The mark catastrophe was only one phase of a situation that was becoming daily more difficult and complicated. In 1918 the victorious enemy was at the border. In 1923 he was not only within the gates but clutched at the heart of the Ruhr.

Food was again to become the determining factor. There was this advantage over 1918: the fields groaned with riches. The only handicap was that they were late for harvest on account of the rain and cold. On the other hand, the old food stocks were dwindling. On account of the Ruhr occupation and the consequent traffic derangement, there may be delay in moving the harvest. Such a contingency is apt to hasten events.

Added to the likelihood of a temporary food shortage is the failure of wages to keep anything like pace with the soaring price of necessities due to the incessant fluctuation of the mark. To the average person the cost of living has become practically prohibitive. Although the whole mark business will be dealt with later on in this article, it is well to say here that though the retailer can adjust his prices hourly, and therefore benefit by the hectic changes in money rate, the wage earner is not so fortunate. His pay is computed weekly or biweekly, and by the time he gets his envelope he is away behind the game. Half a million marks still means something to the average man.

Still another element is the growing dissatisfaction, first, with the Berlin Government for its fatuous financial policy, or, rather, lack of it, which puts no check on inflation and permits the rich to evade taxation; secondly, with the superindustrialists, who have been coddled with credits by the Reichsbank and who have been able to capitalize every tumble in the mark to their own advantage. The communists are fomenting the antagonism of the populace against the industrialists, which means that class hatred is on the increase. The result is that the Left political wing is becoming more Left, and the Right is becoming more Right. A neutral onlooker would say they are both wrong, but this is in passing. The big fact is that Germany is tending towards extremes and there is apparently no longer a middle ground from which to project a constructive program. Here you have a state of affairs that has begotten the moral and physical laxity, especially moral, that might result in breakdown.

You see evidences everywhere. Murder and arson are on the increase. There is even a sign bearing the words "Beware of pickpockets" in the great cathedral at Cologne!

Now you can realize the difficulty of appraising the situation except for swift overnight consumption. It is like dealing with quicksilver, so shifting are the changes.

The innate sense of thrift and moderation which is inherent in German character may prevent panic, with all its consequences. The fate of the nation rests with the people and not with the politicians. So long as the weather remains mild, and the gap between old and new food supplies is somehow bridged, a clash may be averted. But if winter comes hard upon food scarcity, and if the French grip on the Ruhr checks the flow of fuel, no man can foresee the outcome.

Cold and hunger are the eternal allies of unrest, and revolution may be the finale of these five years of German evasion, indecision and inflation. Whatever the outcome, be it civil war, continuance of the present tension, which is largely based on defiant pessimism, or the dawn of something like reason and solvency, this article may possibly serve to indicate the approach to what is taking place on the day it appears. With this prelude in mind, we can see just how Germany has marched to the crossroads which lead either to chaos or to capitulation.

It is not difficult to fix the responsibility for the latest German crisis. I used the word "latest" advisedly, for with German crises, as with Allied notes on reparations, there is apparently no end. If these diplomatic notes continue to maintain their past record they will almost rival the output of the German printing press. This, however, is not the point to be made here.

Where the Blame Belongs

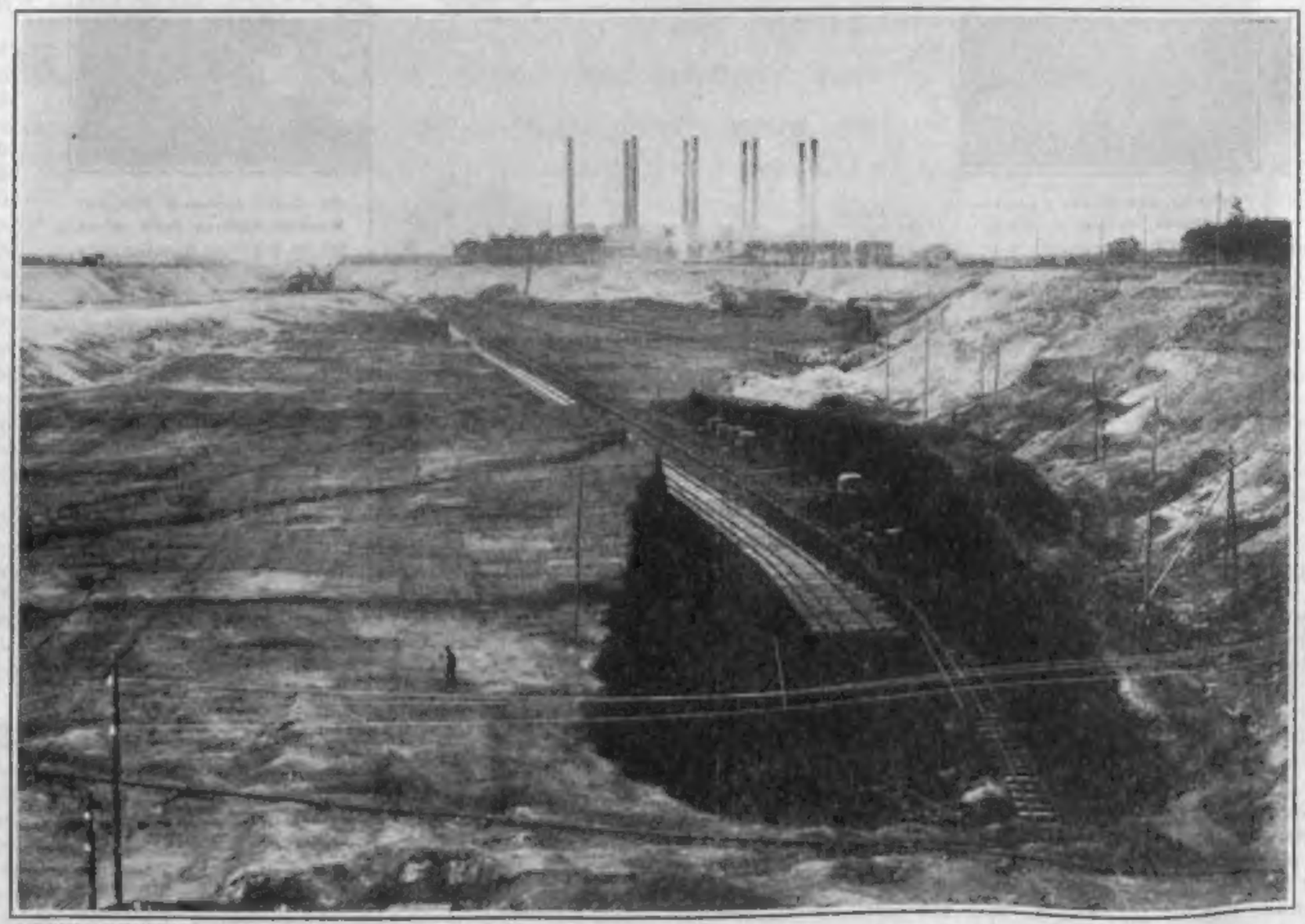
BLAME for the German financial disaster rests almost solely and entirely with the German Government, which does not represent the will of the people. The growing abyss between their points of view, combined with food shortage, may precipitate the overthrow now almost hourly imminent.

I have talked with Germans throughout the whole country. They were not statesmen, bankers or industrialists, but those plain folk who must eventually shape the destiny of the nation. Almost without exception they maintained that there has been too much or too little government, and that the reparations obligation should have been met, regardless of sacrifice, to establish some degree of stability. Here you have a new and equally ominous slant that bodes no good for the Berlin acrobats who have been playing with the business of administration.

A year ago the average German blew up when you mentioned reparations. He still thought in terms of "monstrous iniquity" and "no mercy for a prostrate people." Moreover, with an optimism which is usually synonymous with bad judgment, he never believed the French would occupy the Ruhr. Today he has changed his mind, but it is too late. The chance to make a reparations deal not based on force has passed. The French ring of steel encircles the Ruhr, and it will remain until satisfaction is obtained. The German therefore divides his fury between the French and Wilhelmstrasse—the seat of government in Berlin.

How and why is the German Government responsible for the present plight? The answer lies in a single

(Continued on Page 125)



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A Mammoth Power Plant That Partially Supplies Berlin's Electricity. The Coal Mine in the Foreground Holds an Estimated Supply of Seventy Years' Fuel

PINK

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"What's Up?" Cried the Attendant, Leaping to His Feet

WHAT'S the matter with that young fellow sitting over there under the tree?" asked the new attendant at Garthman's Home for Nervous Cases. "That long skinny fellow with the eyeglasses. He seems like a real nice fellow. Smart too."

"Smart as a new singing top," nodded the old keeper. "Nice young fellow too. Well, you know people that are got the gimmes, as the saying goes—'gimme this', 'gimme that'? Well, whatever you will say about such people, you will say they are got good sense. They are got too much sense, and that is what is the matter with them. Well, the matter with young Hines is he is just the opposite and he is always wanting to give everything he has got away, and that shows he is not all there."

"That shows it," said the new attendant.

"It is too bad about him, because he is a well-learned young fellow. You take my advice—you talk to him and you will be getting the same way. He will ask you two questions, one this way and one that way, and there you will be with your brains in a half hitch. You better not go and let these lunatics pour your ear full of their story, because most of them in this place are very smart people and are got their story down pat. Look at that scrawny gent now who is talking to young Hines; well, he thinks he is a pug ——"

"So he is a pug," said the new attendant. "He told me so himself."

"There you are," said the old keeper. "The only thing the matter with that fellow is he thinks he is a pug; and now you are the same way. You better sit down in the shade until Garthman can look you over."

"Is that so?" sneered the new attendant.

He swaggered away toward the group under the Norway pine on the wide and close-clipped lawn. He was a stoutly built youth, whose round pink face and open blue eyes showed no marked intelligence.

The place which was Garthman's Home for Nervous Cases was once a fine private estate. The main house is a mansion of thirty rooms; its façade is roughcast and timbered in the Queen Anne style; before it is a Georgian terrace floored with Norman bricks and fenced from the drop to the lawn by a parapet of Italian marble; on its every corner is a projecting stone waterspout, carved grotesquely in pure Gothic humor; its roof is copper from Michigan. The man who had built it for his use and aggrandizement could not enough admire it; he had been able to afford the best, and had assembled it; he was wont to invite architects to view it; they found it a genuine treat, after their initial indignation had passed away. This rococo structure had become Doctor Garthman's refined and exclusive madhouse.

"One hundred and eighty-seven battles by the knock-out route!" said the self-styled pugilist.

Plato Hines turned his nearsighted brown eyes upon the speaker. "Marvelous indeed," he said in a low and musical tone.

"Yes, sir," said the pugilist happily. "One hundred and eighty-seven battles, and none of them went the route. Mighty few pugs nowadays got a record like that. Why, say, Mr. Hines, when I'm in condition I can take on this Dempsey and all his friends in the same ring, and give them a good cuffing. And I'm always in condition. I'm as hard as nails. And—strength? I don't know my own strength. Here, take a look at my development. Feel that arm. Feel it! I never felt better. No, sir, I never felt better in my life. I feel like a million dollars."

Plato Hines fingered the skinny arm of the would-be pugilist courteously but absent-mindedly; his gaze was vacant as he murmured a polite appreciation. But a sentiment gathered in his clear eyes as he looked at the handsome mansion, and the sentiment was indignation. He thought his confinement unjust, though he had never struggled against it. His sense of outrage deepened as he looked about the spacious grounds, looking at the sick-brained people who sat staring with lackluster eyes; looking at the gay few—gentlemen who had been overgay in the world. None of his bile was directed at these unfortunates; for them he had only sympathy and fellow feeling. His good will toward them was affected with puzzlement; many of them were excellent people. He wondered why they were there. But he rebelled at his association with them; he thought he was sane, except in recurrent moments of depression, moments when he was assailed by a doubt.

He was very tall and slender, a small-boned boy of twenty-one. His head was small, his hands were attenuated, his bony knees, as he lay back in the folding chair, stuck up to the level of his retreating chin. His face was pointed; the angle that the tip of his nose formed with his forehead and his chin was not more than a right angle. Most of the credit for this pointed effect belonged to his nose, which showed none of the sacrificial spirit of his chin and forehead; it was a bold nose, a big, bony, willful nose, a nose to snore with, a nose to trumpet with; it was strange that Plato Hines had followed such a nose into Garthman's Home for Nervous Cases. He wore a suit of blue silk with a hair-line stripe, blue silk socks and low tan shoes; the time was summer. A straw hat with a rolling brim and a blue band was on his lap. Plato Hines respected his appearance, but he was not dainty about it; by that alone, one might say without straining, he showed his abnormality. A man is not normal who wears without discontent blue socks with a blue suit, and a blue cravat and a blue band on his hat, when all the tints of the spectrum are available in the shape of socks and ties and hatbands—not normal, when he is twenty-one.

"Look out!" shouted the new attendant.

Plato turned his head quickly, jerked it aside and upward, much as an experienced ringman draws his cherished chin out of danger when he proposes to deliver a counter blow. The fist of the would-be pugilist breezed harmlessly by, and its owner whirled and fell down. The attendant helped him up.

"I am a little bit off today," said the pugilist apologetically. "Judgment of distance, you know. I would have knocked you cold if I copped you."

"I am ever so sorry," said Plato. "You did not hurt yourself, I trust?"

"You take yourself out for a good run around the park," said the attendant, winking aside at Plato. "Off you go, you battler!" He spoke to Plato when the fighter had gone off, plodded away with grimly set mouth and ecstatic eyes. "He's funny, isn't he?"

"Funny?" repeated Plato perplexedly. "Oh, not at all."

"Well, I guess he would not be funny to you, and that's a fact; but he would be if you had your right senses. Say, I'm going to take you out for a walk. Garthman says to take you out for a nice walk. Come on; put on your hat. You won't try to run away, will you?"

"Must I promise?"

"No, you needn't. I guess I can handle you all right. Come on, and we will take a nice walk along the creek, and maybe your mind will get a little bit distracted. Garthman says you are moping too much."

They left the grounds, crossed the highroad and struck into the path that followed the low-lying bank of the small river. It was cool and pleasant here; the willows met overhead, and the sassafras and huckleberry bushes and dogwoods walled them in.

"You need not walk behind," said Plato graciously when the attendant had stumbled over a root. "It is nice of you, but I would as soon that we walked together. That is better. Tell me, Wilbur—your name is Wilbur, is it not?—how long have you been employed here?"

"Three weeks."

"Ah. And do you feel that this work is your mission?"

"Mission?"

"We have each of us a mission, a purpose in life, something that we can do to make the world better. Do you feel that your work demands the best that is in you, builds up your character, and gives you the widest field for service? What do you get out of your work?"

"I get forty-five a month."

"Money," said Plato contemptuously. "I do not mean money; I mean the things that are worth while. It is the easiest thing in the world to earn money."

"I guess you mean crooking," said the attendant. "That is not my idea. I work for all I get, and I work mighty hard too. I do not see any of that easy money. It may be a cinch to get easy money the way you mean, but it is no cinch to earn forty-five dollars a month."

"But surely you do not work for money," protested Plato. "Money is not one of the real and lasting satisfactions of life. It is only a means to self-expression, to the realization of one's ideal. Have you given adequate thought to what you are going to do with your money? I am sure that you feel deep down in you that your money is not yours; it belongs to others."

"Is that so?" said the attendant, bridling. "Well, I will take that from whence it comes."

"But what are you going to do with your millions?" persisted Plato. "You must devote your best thought to that at once; otherwise your riches will only be a calamity to you and to others."

"The first thing I am going to do," began the youth obediently; then he stopped and glowered at his tall charge. "Listen, Mr. Hines," he complained. "Don't get me talking this way, will you? Let's talk about something else."

"I did not mean to offend you, Wilbur," said Plato. "Tell me, what is that building there behind the trees?"

"That's the Girls' Normal College, where they learn girls to be school-teachers. I know a girl in there. Fact is, that is one reason why I took a job over at the home. Say, Mr. Hines, what kind of clothes would you wear to a dance in the afternoon? Nellie has got her heart set on white pants, but I never did wear white pants."

"I haven't the least idea," said Plato.

"Hot today, ain't it? Say, I would like to take a nice jump in the creek. But you're afraid of water, ain't you, Mr. Hines?"

"No, indeed."

"That's funny. I always heard that lunatics were afraid of water. Then what is the matter with you and me going in under the bridge here and taking a nice jump in the creek? We got to stay out an hour anyway. There is a hole under the bridge where the kids go in swimming, but they are not there now."

"But—the young ladies?"

"They are all in the school. Summer school. Come on ahead; it will pick you up and get you out of the mopes."

They climbed down to the water's edge and so passed through the curtain of greenery and into the comparative darkness under the rustic bridge. They sat on stones and undressed, and plunged into the flowing water. Wilbur was a stout and hearty fellow, and he floundered about with enjoyment after the first gasp. Plato could not reconcile himself as readily to the chilling water; he crawled out of it almost at once, shivering, and sat again on his stone, and turned a delicate but unmistakable shade of blue.

"Not cold, are you?" shouted Wilbur. He submerged his face and emitted a smothered but joyous bellow. It was the voice of a creature of the vasty deep luxuriating in his native element. "Not cold, are you?"

"Oh, not in the least," said Plato, mastering his unruly teeth. "I am enjoying this thoroughly. Don't hurry for me, Wilbur."

He began to dress. The current drifted Wilbur toward shore, until he grounded. He lay there contentedly and studied the planking of the bridge.

"What are you thinking about so hard?" asked Plato.

"I was thinking about those white pants," said Wilbur. "I never did wear white pants, but Nellie has got her heart set on them."

"I do not understand why you both attach such importance to these white trousers. Dress is a minor affair, and is not at all one of the essentials of life."

"A fellow wants to look like a gentleman, doesn't he?"

"Ah," breathed Plato. "Then you have an idea, and a noble one. You would be a gentleman. Viewed in that light, these white trousers become highly character-building and a means to self-development. They are a test of your consideration for women. You must overcome your instinctive repugnance to notoriety and wear these white pantaloons."

"But I never did wear white pants."

"You are too conventional. The instinctive clinging to conventions, the dread of unaccustomed ways, is invaluable to you as a racial unit; it is the instinct which guards the race's accumulated heritage of experience. But you must examine this question in a large way. Tell me, would it not be still more repugnant to appear at this dance clad in overalls?"

"I hope to tell you."

"And can you calmly contemplate yourself in the act of appearing at this dance clad only in your underwear?"

"Oh-h-h!" shuddered Wilbur. "Say, I would die. I have a dream like that sometimes. Oh-h-h!"

"A dream," said Plato, studying him through his thick glasses, "is the reflection of a memory submerged in the unconscious. You had probably an unpleasant experience in your infancy, when you were normally clad only in your underwear. Your unconscious mind retains this memory, and it is the true explanation of your almost invincible aversion to white garments. Your ostensible reason—that you never wore white trousers before—is palpably inadequate and absurd. I understand now why you dread the thought of exposing yourself to the glances of women when you are clad in white. The fact that your aversion is still stronger when you think of being clad only in your underwear proves scientifically and beyond quibble the peculiar nature of your psychosis."

Plato's gaze was fastened on the slope before the Girls' Normal College. Now it grew intent.

"If I remember aright," he said in a new voice, "you told me that your interest in your work was confined to the receipt of your small salary. If you could receive this money without working for it you would be content to discontinue your employment. Is it not so?"

"Would I quit the job if I could get paid just the same? I'll say I would," said Wilbur.

"If I should be the cause of the loss of your position," said Plato, arising from his stone, "I should certainly feel obligated to reimburse you. I have no money now, nor immediate prospect of receiving any, but I shall devote myself at once to the acquirement of a sum sufficient to repay you for any loss I occasion. There is nothing easier than to make money if one can bring himself to it. You will find my address at Garthman's."

He had gathered up Wilbur's coat and trousers and cap and was pushing his way into the sunlight.

"What's up?" cried the attendant, leaping to his feet.

"I have decided to leave the Garthman Home for Nervous Cases," said Plato from without. "Do not follow me at once; the young ladies have come out of the school,

"I Have Several Descriptions of Him, But They Don't Tally," Said the Constable

and a number of them are standing in plain view. I am waving your clothing to attract their attention this way. I presume your Nellie is among them. I trust that you will wear white trousers to the dance for her sake. Good-by for the present, Wilbur."

He stood on the bridge and shielded his eyes to gaze down the road against the sun. A buggy, drawn by a shaggy white horse, was approaching him at the gait of a lazy trot. In the buggy was sitting Miss Hattie Price, a student from the college. She reined in when Plato appeared in her path with his hand raised seven feet in the air.

"Somebody fell in?" she asked, putting one foot on the step. "Lands, what a time he's making!"

"He has not fallen in, madam," said Plato. "He is in no danger or discomfort; he is merely grappling with an inhibition of his subconscious mind. When he fights down his unreasonable horror of publicity he will come from under the bridge unaided. Do not go to him; the effort he is making is good for him."

"What are you talking about? Why did you stop me? Who is that unfortunate man you have under the bridge?"

"Pardon me," said Plato. "The gentleman who is grappling with the subconscious is a keeper in Garthman's Home for Nervous Cases. See, here is his uniform complete. I am Plato Hines, an inmate and patient of the home. I am in the act of escaping, having concluded after much reflection ——"

She shrieked affrightedly, recoiled into the farther side of the buggy, and lashed the shaggy nag. The horse stiffened, set himself, and bounded across the bridge and down the road. To save himself from being run down, Plato leaped into the vacant seat. He was far from the bridge, and was still explaining to the lady, in a tone nicely raised above the rattle of the wheels, when Wilbur, clad with evident haste in snatches of the green thicket, burst from under the bridge and clambered to the road.

II

"THIS is where the crazy man got out, ain't it?" demanded the chief constable of the town of Ferralum.

"This is where," said Miss Hattie Price.

The chief constable's professionalized scrutiny bent itself evocatively on the surrounding terrain. It dwelt on the pretty public library, which is the gift of the Ferralum Company. It passed slowly over the thousand dingy roofs and fronts of the town of Ferralum, and lifted to the dozen fuming stacks of the Ferralum Works. It slighted the knot of citizens, and was not disturbed by their deferential questioning of the chief constable; Ferralum is not a proper town, and the chief constable could look upon his fellow citizens with the detached and neutral glance of a French policeman, whose service is not a local institution but is the Gendarmerie Nationale. The chief constable had not grown up with his fellow citizens; he had not bathed with them in the old swimming hole; he knew them only as his charges. Ferralum is a ready-made town, a factory town, the deliberate creation of the Ferralum Company; its inhabitants are not a tribe, but are a mere agglomeration of people, coming, going, without cohesion.

"So this is where he got out, is it?" said the chief constable, throwing back to the scent. "Well, he will not get far, and I can tell him that."

The aggressive voice of the chief constable disturbed Plato Hines, who was seated at a quiet table by a window

Mrs. Price Would Not Have Complained if He Had Sat on the Porch Between Her and Her Supper Until Daybreak

of the public library. He was reading a book, and now his attention was broken in the midst of a phrase: "No man can earn a million dollars, but any man can steal it; therefore ——" He laid the book face down on the table, and settled his glasses more securely on his large nose to look rebukingly at the chief constable.

"What did he look like to you?" asked the chief constable.

"Like nothing much," said Hattie Price. "He was a fat man with a game leg. And he smelt of perfume."

"Perfume?"

"Lily of the valley," said Miss Price, who detested men who smelt of perfume, except obviously barbered men.

"Fancy," murmured Plato, staring perplexedly. Miss Price felt his gaze and lifted her eyes. She started slightly, glanced at the constable, and then winked over his shoulder.

"Fancy!" said Plato more forcefully.

He snatched off his glasses, breathed on them loudly, rubbed them with his handkerchief and shot them back into place; he leaned over the sill to see Miss Price the better. She was leading the chief constable away. Now she was pointing down a street and nodding assent to the official's question. The crazy man, Plato imagined her saying, had gone that way, had hobbled that way on his game leg, had puffed in that direction, enveloped in all his gross flesh, had informed that entire street of balconied shanties with the delightful scent of lily of the valley.

Plato marveled that she could smile and smile so pleasantly, so unconstrainedly, while she was obviously telling untruths. He was surprised, against reason, that some corporeal change did not come over her while she talked so animatedly, while she pointed so urgently into the blue distance at the end of the street. But, no; she was still the girl who, after the stark terror had gone haltingly from her face, had sat beside him unafraid while they each sawed at a rein, hauling and giving way without concert, like two floundering oarsmen in a boat. The shaggy nag's name, by the way, was Laddie; he had never run away before, and Miss Price could not imagine what had got into him. There she was now, walking off, while the chief constable strode down the indicated street with expanded nostrils. Would she—not likely; ah, but she did!—look fleetingly at the library window?

He turned again to his book, but it did not hold him. He found himself gliding smoothly over meaningless words while his mind dwelt upon the mystery of Miss Price. He should go and see her, to thank her. But where would he seek her? He had never seen her before this afternoon; he knew no one who knew her. He could apply to the chief constable if he could be sure that the chief constable was still looking for a fat man with a game leg. Well, and if he found Miss Price—should he not give her some small present? A bouquet of lilies of the valley? Pshaw, she was a sensible girl. There was no nonsense about Miss Price. It would be pleasant to sit with her on some secluded porch, and to talk to her about life and things worth while and social problems, and to watch her fine face light up. He had talked to other girls on secluded porches and they had breathed deeply and gone to turn up the lights in the adjoining parlors and had sat down again with carved smiles; but Miss Price was not that sort. She was a girl who would appreciate the gift of a good book. It should be a costly book too. She would appreciate the gift of the Encyclopedia Cosmopolitana; but the occasion would go off badly if he must murmur his few graceful words while he tilted a hundred-pound package into her lap.

He reached suddenly for his pocketbook. It was not there; he had no pocketbook. Frowning, he picked up his book again to restore his mind to composure by reading. But his mind would not be restored; it would accept no new thought until the problem of his pennilessness was disposed of. He read over and over, with grim persistence: "No man can earn a million dollars, but any man can steal it; therefore ——"

"And why not steal it?" he murmured, accepting the suggestion and applying it to his immediate need of money. "It would be only in appearance. What is society, after all, but an organization for the legitimatizing of theft, whose moral code is dictated by the possessors of wealth? I certainly cannot earn anything between now and night; therefore, I shall go at once and steal what I need!"

He returned the book to its shelf and left the library. He crossed the square and entered a street which was neatly faced with workmen's cottages. This was quite a different street from the disorderly street of shanties down which the fat man had stumped on his game leg; this street was as edifying a spectacle as a large corporation's annual report. The cottages were all sided with white clapboard, were blinded in moss-green and were roofed in Venetian red. They were as uniform as soldiers standing arow and crying out successively "Here!" Each house had a garden plot, a flagpole, and a geranium in the window. The Ferralum Company had created this street, and others exactly like it, so that its people might be contented and might not be distracted from their work by the thought of home. The company repaired these dwellings, policed them, inspected them, painted them one and all every spring at a single blow, rented them cheaply; its people, obeying an impulse not cognizable by a corporation report or by a socialist orator, preferred vastly to live in the far inferior but individualized dwellings on the fat man's street. This is the dual nature of man—that he admires regimentation immensely, and wants none of it for himself; he reveres order and hankers for anarchy. This is unfortunate; barracks life—hotels, rooming houses, restaurants, cemeteries—is unquestionably better than the product of individual effort, but people do not like it of their perverse nature. Plato strode swingingly along this model street, and admired it greatly; he decided that he would buy up all the shanties and tear them down and build this spotless town to the limits of the horizon if he were in control of the Ferralum Company.

He went more slowly when he left this neighborhood and entered a region of larger and finer houses. In this section lived the men who received salaries, bonuses and emoluments from the company, and not wages—men who received from three thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. In the workmen's neighborhood there had been rebellion against uniformity; here there was evident a striving for it. Before the general manager's house stood a six-cylinder automobile, as noble to see as a Pacific locomotive; before the assistant bookkeeper's house stood a palpitating little gas buggy, $255 f. o. b. Grand Rapids. The general manager's little daughter sat on the edge of a spacious

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Mr. Preston Was Struck on the Cheek Bone and Tumbled Into the Neat Hedge of California Privet. He Lay There on His Back, Slowly Sinking

THE SUPERIOR MOTHER

"Mr. Darran-ge"—He Sounded the Last Two Letters—"You Keep Away From This Girl. She is Too Good for Love. Love—Love—Poof!"

By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"FIEND is no name for her," said little Mrs. Craig, who was talking about her younger daughter Angela. "Her father used to call her a she devil. He always called Violet a jilt, and he was right. You know that, poor darling."

Darrange, sprawling his six feet in a big chair opposite Mrs. Craig in the middle of her beflowered, cretonne-spattered drawing-room, would have resented that remark from anyone else. Violet had grown up to jilt him for a madcap polo player, who was no good off a horse. Violet hadn't seen that, however. As far as he and her mother knew, she was still enraptured. The polo player had money, and together they drifted about the Continent.

For two years Darrange had sorrowed over her. This, the third year, he had got strong enough to come to see her mother, who was always amusing, and never more so than when she was running down her children. One of those white-haired, young-faced, high-born women, she clung audaciously to life and youth and her own high-handed individuality. Mrs. Craig never said die. She never slipped into the silvery frame of sweet middle-aged motherhood. Never was she content to sit aside while her girls enjoyed life. Not she.

The two girls, Violet and Angela, never for one moment agreed with her. Ever since they had come out of the perambulator there had been war. They loved one another intensely, and even more loved to fight one another. This was un-Christian but immense, thought Darrange.

Mrs. Craig, lately, had given up her war on Violet. The talk was getting around to Angela.

"She breaks my heart," she went on, holding aloft in her white fingers one of those infinitesimal dabs of stuff that leisured ladies are always turning into handkerchiefs. Why Mrs. Craig, who was bothered with surtaxes, should have to make her own handkerchiefs, Darrange was at a loss to understand. Yet the wisp of work, the waste of fleeting time, symbolized her ladyhood, her delicate defiance of this mechanized age.

"Well," he said, "if you want me to I will go to see her. The Lord knows I don't want to."

He hadn't seen her since she was fourteen, but he remembered her as a contemptuous self-willed child.

"Well, you will probably enjoy yourself," she answered, "if she takes a fancy to you. It's better if she doesn't. She may dress you up as an Arab, or paint you all gold and take you to a ball. She wanted me, last winter, to go to a fancy-dress party as a birth controller, carrying a sign—Two is Company, Six is a Crowd. She has no shame."

Darrange roared.

"Did you go?"

Mrs. Craig's black eyes annihilated him.

"I may not be able to control Angela, but neither can she dominate me. She has her own money, thanks to that old fool, her grandfather. She can go on like this indefinitely—unless she marries. God pity her poor husband!"

Darrange roared again.

"You're a fine type of American mother!" he said.

She sat there in the big chintz-covered chair, upright and imperious, like a dominant doll. It was inconceivable that this Dresdenlike figure should have produced two such monstrous daughters, the false Violet and the turbulent Angela.

She bit off a piece of thread, looked at him quickly, looked away, and said nothing. How nice he was, and how stupid! What could he understand about mothers and girls and the necessities of decency?

"They don't want a mother," she said finally. "They need a board of fire marshals or something. But I don't want to mother them. I only want to keep their friendship."

Darrange walked over to the French window to hide a smile. Beyond the smooth green of the terrace was the flower garden, on which Mrs. Craig lavished the love her children did not want lavished upon them.

"She would weed us all nice and neat, like a bed of pansies," Violet said once. "But we're not little flowerets."

They certainly were not. His eyes lifted to the distant meadows, the blue streak of the Snake River, the dim blur of the rising hills that led over into Virginia. It was rich, rolling farm country, patched green now in early May with pasturage, billowy pink and white with orchards. It was good country, pleasant to the eye, worth a man's sowing. It was a far better place for Angela than noisy New York. Nevertheless, he hoped ardently that she wouldn't come home. He turned back to her mother.

"Look here," he said, "why do you bother about her? You're happier without her."

"Joe, you must be mad. I can't let my last daughter go on like this without protest."

"Protest won't change her."

"I shall have done what I should."

"Well, I hope she doesn't come. If she comes I'm not coming around here any more. I like you better without your children."

"Why, Joe!" she giggled delightedly. "At my age!"

"Don't be a nut," he cautioned her unsmilingly. "What I mean is that you don't get anything but distress out of your motherhood. You don't want to be a mother; you want to be a dictator. You want your subjects close at hand, where you can rule them. You can't rule them, so there's always civil war. I like you without any subjects, because you can give yourself free play. Why women think family life enshrines all the warm joys, I never can see. It breeds blows and libels, and you know it."

Joe was cynical, Vera Craig realized. He was thirty-two, an orphan, living alone, securely and comfortably. The only

home life he knew was that of the Craigs. He had seen too much carnage there to believe in the glory of family warfare.

"Well," she said, "you leave all that to me. All I ask of you is to see her. Tell her I want her home. I won't speak to her except at meals, and she can have the carriage house for her art."

The young man grinned.

"All right, I'll go up with a policeman."

"How long will you be gone?"

"About six weeks"

"Is it before the Supreme Court?"

"No, the hearings will be before a master."

"You must be pleased that Cochrane sent you."

"He never would have if he hadn't fallen off his horse."

"Oh-iah!" she said. "He could have hired a man in New York. No, you're coming on, Joe. Mind you win this case. You must look handsome addressing the jury."

"Where does Angela live? Can I find her in the book, listed under Naughty Daughter?"

"No, they're not so definite. I don't guarantee this address. She left Sixty-third Street and went down to Chelsea because of a soprano below her, and she left Chelsea and went back to Fifty-sixth Street because of some acrobats overhead. You may catch her between vans." She handed him an impeccable card, with something about "Angie darling" blurred over it in a dashing aristocratic blob.

"There, don't wait until the last day. I want action."

From the table near the window she picked up a photograph of Violet. She flicked off a tiny speck of dust from that lady's hair.

"Dear heaven," she said, "the dust settles everywhere! Isn't it hopeless?"

Darrange grinned again.

"Even the angels get a little moth-eaten," he told her "And life isn't hopeless."

They smiled the good-by of perfect understanding.

She watched him drive down the roadway. The late afternoon sunlight came flickering, in slanting amber rays, down through the pines by the hedge. It softened and clarified the familiar scene about her, the green of the little terrace, the fantasy of color in the garden, the blue haze of the hills, the sharp splash of color in the gravel roadbed. She was a lonely woman, living alone in a big house. Yet a sudden gust of beauty—beauty such as this on this spring evening—was dearer to her than the companionship of most people, even daughters. She watched with delighted senses the lavender sky, the dark trees, the delicate tinges of color in the west as the sun went down.

Then a maid entered the room behind her to light the lamps. Mrs. Craig came in, sat down and went on sewing, with the consecration of the resolute. She must get this handkerchief off to Violet so that it would reach London for her birthday.

Darrange drove in that night and took the sleeper for New York. Like most young lawyers, he never went anywhere without a brief case, and this trip he carried two. He was, even for him, a little excited. A big dam had collapsed in the freshets a year ago up in the valley of the Big Snake River. All those who were not suing the Tonaka water-power people, who had built the dam, were being sued by them.

It was all complicated and involved, and to Joe very important. The firm of which he was a junior member had the Tonaka people as clients. This case coming up in New York had something to do with the concrete mixture that went into the dam. It was the crux of the collapse. No wonder Joe stepped into the sleeper with a catch in his throat. Old Cochrane would slay him if he bungled this case.

Joe was not, except with Violet, the bungling kind. Now that she was gone out of his life, he bungled even less. He was a strange young man. Gifted with an excellent mind, a scathing sense of justice, and a keen feeling for the ridiculous, he was growing up into an excellent lawyer. There was, too, something monastic about his tenacious absorption in his work since he had put Violet out of his mind. The broken contract, the automobile injury, the illegal assessment—these things had become the breath of his life

Once in a while, in the middle of the night, he would wake up, pulled back from the pleasant Nirvana of sleep by an insatiable discontent. There he would lie, staring into the darkness, mocked by the sense of having lost something which he was now incapable, perhaps, of regaining. This feeling had nothing to do with Violet or with any woman he knew. There was no place he wanted to go, nothing he wanted to do. Yet somewhere, sometime, he had known ecstasy and zest; now he lay terrified, ashen, in the darkness, lest he know them no more. So he would torment himself until sleep muffled out his fears.

Tonight, as he lay in the berth, his senses lulled by the rhythmic pounding of the wheels on the track, he felt himself captured, wide awake as he was, by these same little devils of depression.

"What does it matter about your case?" they cried. "What does it matter about the Tonaka Power Company? What does it matter about you? Half a hundred years ago you were nothing; half a hundred years from now you will be nothing. What does it matter?"

Shot through in a moment were his confidence, his ardor, his interest. He turned angrily in the bed, cursing the Craig family.

For that was what they did to one. As long as he had known Violet, and Vera, her mother, he had feared their genius for knocking down the faiths of other people. One's assumptions they laughed to scorn. One's ideas they jeered at. Yet one was swayed by them because they were amusing, honest-minded, likable. But of commonplace human obligation they had no sense. The world was a playing field for their fanciful tastes; what most people thought important, or necessary, or consistent was beneath their notice.

Violet had mocked at the law. When he came home from law school, proud because of his rank in his class, her one thought had been to persuade him not to practice.

"How can you practice and marry me?" she had said. "I can't stay here in Maryland all the year." Violet's great argument for everything was that pretty soon one was dead, so how could anything be important?

The scar Violet had left was a deep one, but it was almost healed. He hoped as he turned over to sleep that Angela wouldn't open it by any likeness to her older sister. She had been raised in a French convent, and then had spent

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Joe Sat Watching Her. They Talked About Each Other, and Her Mother, and Vi, and Love and Marriage, and Art. It Was Superb

THE LAST OF THE FLATFEET

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

HIS name was Ugobeecheehuggocheebeepaw-pawkeepiswiskiweeweechinoobee. In Flatfoot Indian this means, of course, Little-Big-Fat-Brown-Muskrat-Sitting-on-a-Pine-Stump-With-His-Tail-Just-Touching-the-Ground. At the school on the reservation whither he was taken, screaming, at a tender age, the teacher, in the interest of simplicity and patriotism, renamed him George Washington Ug.

After some months had passed, the teacher voiced a regret that he had done this; it hardly seemed fair to the Father of His Country. Closer acquaintance with the young aborigine forced the teacher to conclude that it was entirely unlikely that Ug would ever be first in war, peace, or, indeed, anything. Privately the teacher expressed the opinion that if Ug were to unveil his boxlike head in the open air Ug would be in acute peril from woodpeckers. The juvenile Ug seemed absolutely impervious to the pearls of knowledge with which he was pelted. So the teacher decided to change his name to Walter Muskrat.

It was then that the salient trait of Ug's character shone forth. He refused flatly to be Walter Muskrat. Somehow the idea had seeped through some chink in his cranium that George Washington was, or had been, a great white chief entitled to many feathers and rich in horses, squaws and scalps, for whom it was an honor to be named. Ug announced without passion but with palpable determination that he intended to remain George Washington Ug. What was his, was his, he intimated. Arguments, cajolery, threats left him equally unmoved. He refused to answer to any other name, and he refused to eat. Before his wooden-faced obduracy the teacher at length surrendered; Ug remained George Washington Ug.

To the task of civilizing Ug, the teacher, a zealous soul, gave particular attention. It was a matter of pride with that teacher that the civilizing job should be a thorough one, neat, efficient, and with no rough edges; for Ug, it seemed quite probable, was destined to be the last of the Flatfeet. To civilize a Flatfoot! That was an ambition worthy of any man, thought the teacher. It had never been done; full well the teacher knew this. Had he not been trying for thirty years? He had seen no end of Flatfoot youths issue forth from his schoolroom, to the outward eye finished products, glowing with the high polish of civilization and possessed of well-cultivated tastes for derby hats, bank accounts, a reasonable amount of morality, safety razors, hymns, suspenders, lawsuits and the other essential habiliments of civilization, only to backslide into barbarous practices at the first suitable opportunity that presented itself.

"There's a broad streak of atavism in the Flatfoot," said the teacher. "He reverts to type as easily as the rattlesnake sheds its skin. On Saturday night he may be seen in a derby hat and rah-rah clothes, peaceably eating a nut sundae in a drug store and discussing Ty Cobb, ship subsidies and self-starters with the clerk. On the following Monday, like as not, he is back in moccasins and feathers, doing some forbidden tribal dance, whetting up his hunting knife and wistfully regretting that the Government has such narrow-minded prejudices against a little scalping.

"But," concluded the teacher, "I've got hold of Ug early enough to civilize him so it will stick. The last of the Flatfeet is going to be the best of the Flatfeet. I'll train Ug so that he will never want to take off his derby hat. After all, the derby hat is the symbol of civilization. No man can possibly be wild in a derby hat."

Hon. Sir: I Had Pig—Boughten by Me for $3.48. His Name Was General Grant

So he labored over Ug. Time passed, as it is apt to, and Ug's chest measurement and appetite increased, and the teacher watched hopefully for signs of mental and moral development. That Ug would ever become a profound thinker, the teacher harbored grave doubts; there was scant indication that the chunky, square-faced boy would ever become a Flatfoot Aristotle. Indeed, in darker moments the teacher sometimes opined that the only way to implant seeds of knowledge in that brown head was by means of a major operation involving trepanning. It was not that Ug preferred sin to syntax; docilely enough, and readily, he accepted the leading facts of an elementary education—to wit: That in 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue; that six times nine is invariably fifty-four; that one must spell "separate" with an "a" till one's hair turns gray; that homicide is not only illegal but unethical; that the femur is the longest bone in the human body; that when a fat man gets into a tubful of water the water will overflow. Having accepted them, he forgot them.

"However," said the teacher, "if I can teach him to be a law-abiding member of his community, who will work and keep sober, it will be enough. A man can be civilized without being a mental Hercules."

He continued most earnestly to train Ug in the way, by civilized canons, he should go. When Ug was fourteen a most encouraging event happened. With his own delighted eyes the teacher observed the behavior of Ug that day at recess in the school yard when Ug became involved in a quarrel with Henry James Curly Bear, a sprig of the Blackfoot tribe, and a youth of superior size and brawn. Henry James Curly Bear, whom no amount of effort had been able to redeem from savagery, had kicked Ug roundly in a dispute over the somewhat knotty technical problem of whether Jess Willard was a greater fighter than Ty Cobb was a ball player. Ordinarily such an act meant instant and spirited fistic battle, for traditionally the Flatfeet are of martial cast and care no more for Blackfeet than one male bulldog cares for another male bulldog confined in the same coal bin. The teacher made ready to launch himself into the fray and drag the opponents apart. To his surprise and joy he heard Ug say in ringing tones:

"I will not fight you, Henry James Curly Bear. The teacher says only bad people fight. Good people sue in the courts. If you kick me again, Henry James Curly Bear, when I say my prayers tonight I'll tell our heavenly Father on you, and He'll fix you, Henry James Curly Bear."

Young Curly Bear expressed the opinion that Ug was afraid of him. This Ug gently denied.

"The Good Book," said George Washington Ug, "says that it is wicked to fight; and, anyhow, why don't you take somebody your own size?"

Then, not without a show of dignity, Ug turned his back on young Curly Bear and retired from the scene. The teacher felt the warming flush of pride.

"Score one for civilization," he said.

As he walked toward his home that evening the teacher was decidedly in a self-congratulatory mood; overnight, almost, it seemed that Ug had begun to respond to the efforts of the teacher. With such gratifying thoughts in his brain, the teacher passed a grove of live oaks, a secluded spot. To his ears came sounds. He stopped. Louder grew the sounds, and stranger; they appeared to issue from the grove. Now he heard a wail, shrill and laden with some emotion akin to anger; then he heard a chant, weird, almost frenzied. The teacher cautiously pushed aside some underbrush and peered into the grove. An unpedagogical expression leaped to his lips, for he saw the person from whom the sounds came, and he knew their import.

The chanting lips were the lips of his pupil, George Washington Ug. As Ug chanted he danced—a wild, abandoned dance full of twists, turns, bends and wriggles. Gone were Ug's pants; they hung on a stump; and so did his derby hat. In his black hair stood feathers, plainly the tail feathers of a recently despoiled rooster. In his hand gleamed the blade of a jackknife, and he made menacing gestures at what the teacher thought at first was a bit of red string but which closer scrutiny revealed to be an adult earthworm of the night-crawler variety. A concentrated and bloodthirsty scowl was on the face of Ug as he twisted in the dance, and chanted:

"Koopeekis koopeekis
Bobbochee chechobo
Toowanda bonda bonda bonda
Bopokum kobokum."

At this point Ug dispatched the earthworm by biting off its head. Chagrin and horror overwhelmed the watching teacher, for he knew that the chant meant:

"Help me, O bloody war spirit, to strangle my enemy, Curly Bear, even as I strangle this serpent. Give me the strength to mash him, smash him, scalp him and cut him into very small bits."

It was the forbidden snake dance. By such heathenish rites, the teacher knew, Flatfoot braves in the unregenerate

The Chanting Lips Were the Lips of His Pupil. As Ug Chanted He Danced

days of yore had whipped themselves into a fury before going on the warpath.

The teacher descended, outraged, on Ug, confiscated the worm on the spot, and chastised Ug corporeally on another spot. What, demanded the teacher, did Ug mean by this? Ug, frightened, replied that he didn't know. Once, years and years before, when he was little more than a papoose, he had seen his father and the other men of the tribe do this dance in a secret spot. He had not thought of it since; but on this evening, as he was wandering past the grove, smarting under the insults and kicks of Henry James Curly Bear, an earthworm had crossed his path; and suddenly, somehow, the idea had come to him to do the dance. He could not explain why.

"It just came over me, like, teacher, please," he said.

That night the teacher thought long over the problem of civilizing Ug.

"I must do more than make him accept the ways of white men," the teacher said. "I must make him like them. But how? First, I must get hold of his imagination. I must find the secret spring in his nature to which he will respond with genuine enthusiasm."

The teacher was unlike many teachers in this: He did not think that every little Indian was exactly like every other little Indian. He set about the task of prodding for Ug's own particular secret spring. It took days, but he found it at last. It was pride; ardent patriotic pride.

Mostly, when the teacher was talking of fractions or verbs or such things, Ug was in a species of torpor, with dull face. But when the teacher conducted the class in history and civics and spoke of Uncle Sam, Ug, the teacher noticed, straightened his backbone and brightness came into his black eyes. This clew was enough for the astute teacher. He dilated on the power of Uncle Sam and his love for all in the country, but particularly for his wards, the Indians, and most particularly of all for a certain youthful Flatfoot named George Washington Ug. Ug was impressed; that was plain. He became passionately devoted to Uncle Sam; he appeared to derive unlimited comfort and inspiration from the fact that a benevolent old gentleman in a tall gray hat, a star-spangled vest, striped trousers and a goatee was his friend and protector. Though Ug's notions of what a ward is were slightly fogbound, he was very proud of the fact that he was a ward of Uncle Sam. He rather looked down on the white farmers whose land adjoined the reservation; they were mere citizens; he was a ward. No longer, when larger Indians kicked him, did he plan to massacre them as they slept. Instead, he said, "Just you wait! I'll tell my Uncle Sam on you some day when I see him." And he wrote down their names in a small notebook.

From the day that Ug discovered Uncle Sam he became a changed Flatfoot. Gladly he embraced the ways of the white man. "Uncle Sam won't like you if you don't do this or that," the teacher would say; it would be enough.

No longer with reluctance did Ug wash his ears. He attended church cheerfully; he brushed his derby hat without being told; he contributed an occasional penny to the missionary box; he learned empirically that it is unwise to use the fingers in eating custard and he desisted from doing so; he voluntarily abandoned the notion of keeping a family of pet skunks under his bed; he discontinued the practice of putting grasshoppers down the necks of smaller Indians during Sabbath school; he expressed at various times ambitions to be a railroad engineer, a moving-picture actor and a big-league shortstop; he told lies only when it was necessary, and sometimes not then. The teacher felt that Ug at last was headed in the right direction; the last of the Flatfeet was destined to be completely civilized.

When Ug was twenty the teacher decided that the job was done. It was true that Ug's scholarship was still of dubious quality; he was still under the impression that Utah is the capital of Omaha and that six times six is forty-six. But his devotion to Uncle Sam, his burning patriotism—they were unimpeachable. Love of his country and its institutions was in his blood; it broke out in a rash of small flags in his coat lapels. Ug was given a diploma full of curly penmanship, and a new derby hat, a gift from a proud teacher, and sent forth into the world. He was not worried about his future; Uncle Sam would take care of him. Perhaps he'd raise pigs; that seemed like a genteel occupation and one not involving undue labor. Anyhow, whatever he did, if he was a good Flatfoot, washed his ears regularly, paid his bills, resisted any wayward impulses to commit assault, battery, arson or theft, and in general respected the edicts of his Uncle Sam's representatives, all would go well with him. He had, as one of his most valued possessions, a newspaper picture of the Atlantic Fleet riding the high seas; and, Ug liked to reflect, at a word from him to his uncle, these giant war canoes, with cannons as big as redwood trees, would come chugging up the mountain streams leading to the reservation to protect the rights of Ug and strike terror to the hearts of Ug's enemies. Of course, Ug must merit this protection by leading an unblemished life. This idea was the only thing George Washington Ug carried away from the school in addition to his diploma and his new derby hat; but the teacher was satisfied that it was enough.

There was no doubt about it—Ug was a good Indian, a credit to his teacher and an estimable member of society. His room-and-a-half frame house on the edge of the reservation he painted red, white and blue. He bought a tin bathtub. He planted hollyhocks. He carried a nail file in a leather case and used it openly and unabashed at the gibes of the less refined Indians. He refused to have dealings with traffickers in illicit spirits; indeed, he obeyed all rules, laws, ordinances and regulations punctiliously. On the wall of his dwelling, opposite the rotogravure of the Atlantic Fleet, was a large picture of the Washington Monument, for the teacher, when pressed, had told Ug that this was one of the homes of his Uncle Sam. Ug had sent to himself from Chicago a very civilized suit of blue serge with braid-bound lapels and freckled with small pearl buttons. He wore a rubber collar on Sundays, on formal calls and on the Fourth of July, which he believed to be Uncle Sam's birthday.

He even decided to shatter the best traditions of the male Flatfoot and work a little.

The work he selected for himself was of a sort in keeping with the importance and social position of a ward of Uncle Sam. George Washington Ug became a model. He permitted himself to be photographed by passing tourists, and for this privilege he charged a dime. It was worth it. Ug was a perfect specimen of Flatfoot beauty. His head had sharp corners, because when he was a papoose it had been strapped to a board, this being the Flatfoot contribution to the science of child-rearing. His face was a mocha prairie, with nostrils like gopher holes. He had eyes like bits of new patent leather. In figure Ug was inclined to plumpness; in general outline he resembled a hot-water bag at high tide.

It was natural, as one of the fruits of civilization, that Ug should aspire to be a capitalist. Accordingly he saved his dimes and, after prayer and meditation, invested them in a pig. It was not much of a pig, and it was given to whimpering. Ug had no special fondness for dumb animals, especially pigs; but he kept his charge under his bed and waited for him to increase and multiply. It was Ug's hope and plan that the pig would be the nucleus of a far-flung pig ranch. After consulting his school history book Ug named the animal General Grant.

Then he left the pig to browse about in the chickweed in the back yard and toughen its snout by trying to root under the hog-tight fence, while Ug himself added more dimes to his store by lurking in the vicinity of the railroad station and displaying his charms to the lenses of amateur photographers in passing trains.

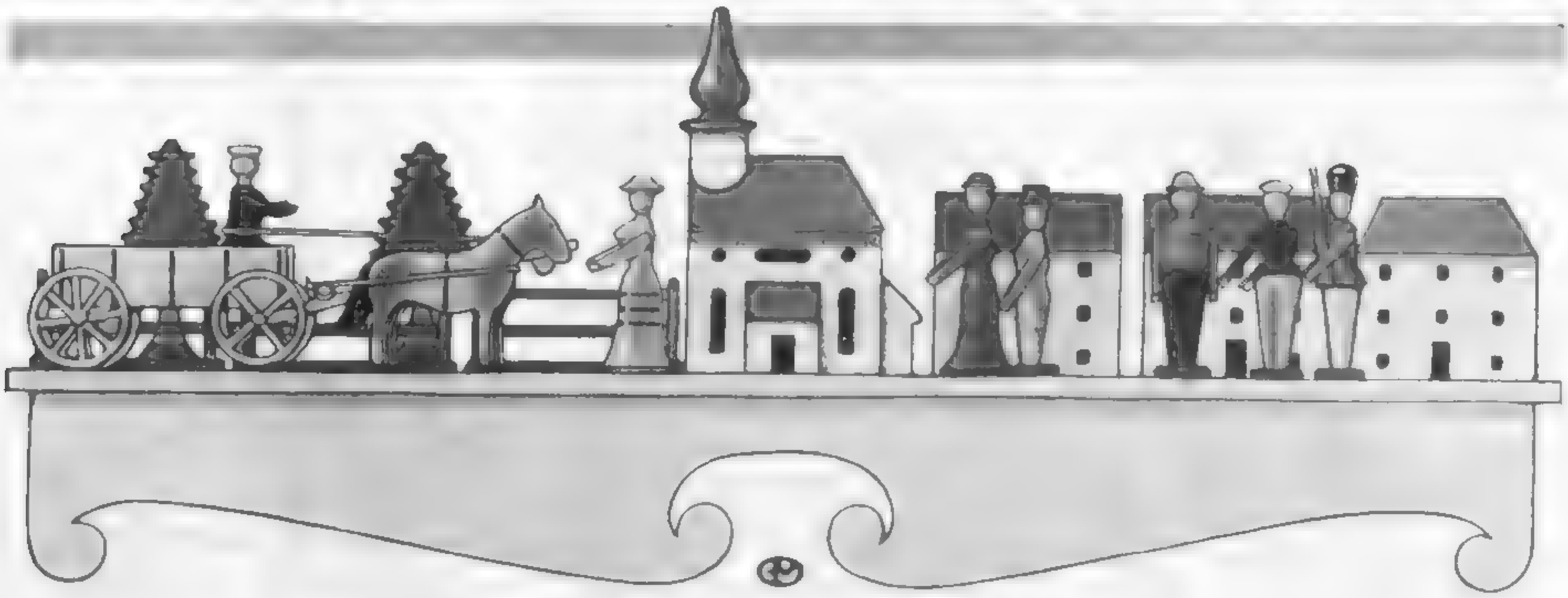
The lightning of calamity struck Ug one afternoon at six minutes past five. Returning to his domicile, Ug discovered that General Grant was not snuffling about the back door, as was the General's habit. That the General could have burrowed under the fence was impossible. So Ug searched the house. He looked everywhere—under the bed, in the bathtub, in the phonograph-record case. General Grant had vanished. Ug retained enough hunting instinct to look for tracks, and he found them. They were nail-shod boot tracks and they pointed in the direction of the farm of one Patrick Duffy, white farmer, just across the boundary of the reservation. To him went Ug.

(Continued on Page 117)

Then the Quiet Night Heard Sounds

It Was Ug's Hope and Plan That the Pig Would be the Nucleus of a Far-Flung Pig Ranch

The Chain Store in Your Town



By J. R. SPRAGUE

ON ONE occasion it was my fortune to be serving on a chamber-of-commerce committee appointed to solicit donations from the merchants of my home town. I have forgotten just what the occasion was, as any man is liable to forget who for ten years served on money-raising committees on an average of once a month. Perhaps this particular time it was the Spring Flower Carnival; or it may have been the Fat Stock Show, or the Y. M. C. A. Building Fund, or the Pythian State Convention, or the Beautiful Back Yard Contest. Anyhow, we were out for money, and one certain incident has stuck in my mind.

There were three of us on the committee, and we had milled in and out of the main street stores with average success, finally approaching a handsome establishment with plate glass and marble front, the show windows piled high with bargains and the big gilt sign over the doorway bearing the name of a great chain-store organization known from one end of the country to the other. We had started to go in the place, when one of my fellow committeemen, a short, stout man of choleric disposition, suddenly balked.

"No use wasting our time on that outfit," he exploded. "I know beforehand what kind of a deal we would get in there."

Being pressed for an explanation, he gave it.

"If we ask for a donation from the manager of one of these branch stores," he said, "he will tell us he has no authority to give away money, but if we can wait about a month he will take it up with the management. By the time he hears from the management our show is over and he has side-stepped the donation altogether. What these chain stores seem to want is for someone else to do the boosting and pay the bills while they get the business. If I had my way I'd kick every store out of town that wasn't owned by a local man."

The Value of Good Shops

IN DEFENSE of these violent remarks it should be explained that the choleric committeeman was himself a retail merchant and was probably feeling the pinch of chain-store competition. There is no way of telling whether he was correct in that particular instance or not, because our committee passed up the establishment. I believe another committee tried it later, however, and really did get a donation.

The choleric chamber-of-commerce member's attitude toward the chain store is typical of a considerable element of loyal civic workers everywhere throughout the country, who believe it is a bad thing for the retail business of their communities to be controlled by outsiders. Nevertheless, the chain stores are here; and judging from their increasing numbers during the past years, many of them are here to stay. It is the purpose of this article to consider the chain stores in their relation to town building and to point out the part they may—or may not—play in the scheme of civic progress.

Perhaps too few business men realize the value of good retail stores as a factor in the building up of their communities. A couple of years ago a large Midwest manufacturing concern decided to establish a branch plant in Texas. The vice president of the concern, now in charge of the Texas plant, recently related to me the incidents that led up to the choice of a location.

"I had investigated the advantages of a number of places," the vice president said, "and the choice finally narrowed down to two towns, both of which seemed to offer about the same advantages from a strictly manufacturing and distributing standpoint. The chambers of commerce in both places were anxious to get our plant located, for our coming meant the addition of several hundred well-paid workers to the population. There being so little difference in a business way, it became largely a matter of choosing the town which seemed to offer the most advantages as a place of residence. My wife was with me on the trip and one day I put the question up to her."

The Deciding Factor

"'OF THE two towns, which would you prefer to live in?' I asked. 'The one I decide on is going to be our home for a long time—perhaps for always. What have you got to say about it?'

"At the time we were out walking on the main street of the place that afterward became our home. She slowed down to consider the question, looking around reflectively.

"'If it's all the same to you,' she finally answered, 'I believe I would prefer to live here. I've done a little shopping in both places, and I think on the whole these stores are a little more up to date than the stores in the other town. Of course, that is only a woman's reason; but you asked my preference and I've given it to you.'

"And precisely that," the vice president concluded, "was the argument which brought about my final decision. The scale was tipped in favor of the town that had the best-looking stores on its main street."

Manifestly good retail stores are an asset to any community, and it is doubtless true that the chain stores have helped to bring about better retail conditions. In the town just described there were a number of handsome chain establishments which very likely had acted as stimulants to the independent merchants. One does not have to be very old to remember the time when buying anything in the average small-town store was largely a matter of bargaining; and there was always the uneasy feeling after a deal had been closed that perhaps one had not got the rock-bottom price after all. Even in stores that advertised a one-price policy there was usually some way to get around the marked price. School-teachers, ministers, army officers, government employes ordinarily got a 10 per cent discount; and it was usually easy for a good bargainer to convince the storekeeper that he ought also to be included in the favored classes. But the chain stores could not operate on such flexible rules. For their own protection they had to establish fixed prices and stick to them, and gradually the habit spread to all retailers, a condition that certainly is fairer and more satisfactory both to buyer and seller alike.

Recently I had a conversation with a successful New York manufacturer who originally came from the South, and this man contended that the chain stores have actually helped the small-town retailer to keep his trade at home.

"The town I came from down in Virginia," he said, "was unfortunately located within an hour's ride on the train from a much larger city, and always there was a good deal of indignation among the storekeepers because so many people went to the city to do their shopping. It was, I suppose, the feeling on the part of the public that the big stores could sell things cheaper. The local merchants advertised in the newspaper that they sold cheap on account of lower expenses and proclaimed their cheapness on signboards along every country road; but still a good proportion of the public spent its money in the big city. Finally the local merchants got together and had a big sign erected on a vacant lot just across the tracks from the railroad station where every person taking train for the city had to read it:

HAVE YOU TRIED TO BUY IT AT HOME?

"Even this appeal seemed to have little effect, judging from the number of people who took the train at nine o'clock every morning and came back at four, loaded with bundles. Either the people did not try very hard to buy it at home, or else they were thoroughly convinced that big-city prices were cheaper; and our merchants were a discontented lot.

"A few months ago I visited the town after an absence of ten years. The big sign that formerly was such a conspicuous object opposite the railroad station was missing. In conversation with one of the older merchants I mentioned this fact and asked if local people traded at home more than in the old days.

"'Yes, I believe they do,' he answered. 'Anyhow, we merchants don't hear so much talk about big-city bargains as we used to, when if a woman wanted to buy a spool of thread she always thought she could buy it enough cheaper in the city to pay her railroad fare there and back.'"

Effect on Local Merchants

"THE merchant did not appear so cheerful as it seemed he ought over the changed conditions. There were new things to worry about.

"'Yes,' he repeated, 'people don't talk so much nowadays about the bargains they can get in the city, but the change doesn't do us regular local merchants a lot of good, at that.' We were standing on the principal corner of the business district and he pointed discontentedly to three or four establishments on the main street that displayed the signs of well-known chain-store organizations.

"'People spend their money at home all right,' he said, 'but these dog-goned branch stores are the ones they spend it with!'

"I could easily sense my merchant friend's viewpoint, but I could also see a phase of the situation that probably escaped him.

"'But look here,' I said; 'you admit that your home folks don't carry their money away to the city and spend it as they used to do. Yet you say they spend it with these chain stores, so it doesn't do the regular local merchants much good. Did you ever stop to think that the change has come about largely because these chain stores have located here?' (Continued on Page 41)

THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN—By Felix Isman

Have You Ever Bought the Brooklyn Bridge?

TWO professional gamblers were walking up Fifth Avenue. One pointed to the driver of a four-in-hand tallyho who was handling the reins with great skill, dressed in the height of sports fashion, with liveried footmen. The coach was filled with fashionable people.

"Who is that sucker?" asked one.

"Why, I trimmed him out of $5000 with a phony roulette wheel two years ago," said the other.

They went a few blocks farther.

"Who is that?" asked the first gambler, pointing to a man in an open victoria drawn by a wonderfully matched pair of show horses, with driver and footman. Seated beside him was a lady in a sable coat, glittering with gems.

"Oh, I trimmed that sucker out of $3000 with a brace faro bank last year."

A few blocks farther they saw a man coming toward them on the sidewalk who hadn't had a shave for at least a week, a haircut in six months, and whose linen was badly soiled and his pantaloons frayed at the bottom.

"Who is that sucker?"

"Sh-h! Don't talk like that about that man. He is the wisest man in the world—that's Poker Pete."

The word "sucker" is a very flexible one. We can all be termed suckers in some respect. A worldly-wise friend of mine admits that he is a sucker, always was one, and always will be, for it keeps so many sycophants around him that he is never lonely. My ex-partner in Philadelphia once declared that a sucker is born every minute, and two to take him in, and that a sucker never dies. Certainly you can go through any graveyard in the world and never find a tombstone with the inscription: "Here lies a sucker."

Every so often some shrewd confidence man takes a rural sucker over the Brooklyn Bridge, lets him inspect it thoroughly, and sells him an interest in the bridge for whatever number of dollars he can be persuaded to part with. I suppose it has been sold for every price from ten dollars to five thousand. In Chicago the sucker buys the Masonic Temple.

I say "rural sucker" because it is convention, tradition, habit of thinking to assume that a greenhorn must always come from the country. Actually, there are many more greenhorns in the city, simply as a matter of density of population. And the city greenhorn buys the Brooklyn Bridge far oftener than the rural visitor. Only, his bridge takes the form of real estate.

Railroad Rumors

THE city greenhorn is far more credulous than the countryman, and not nearly so lucky. For the countryman's title to the bridge transfers nothing. He can charge his loss up to experience, and his anxiety is over. But the city greenhorn who buys certain kinds of real estate because they seem to possess value as great as the Brooklyn Bridge takes title and has his bridge left on his hands, and his troubles have just begun.

Something like fifteen years ago rumors began to fly around New York. The Pennsylvania Railroad was going to cross the North River via tunnel and build a big terminal in Manhattan. Also, it had acquired control of the Long Island Railroad, which would cross the East River and enter this terminal.

Immediately the kind of real-estate purchaser who buys the Brooklyn Bridge crowded in and began buying for speculative purposes in the district between Thirty-second and Fortieth streets, from Eighth Avenue east to about the middle of the long block between Seventh Avenue and Sixth Avenue. The Pennsylvania was actually coming into that district, but before its own agents could effect the purchases necessary—indeed, they had hardly begun—speculators bought strategic property and ran prices up to a degree that made the cost of the railroad's land much heavier than it should have been.

The real-estate situation around Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street at that time was most interesting. It will make my story clearer if the reader understands it. Business on its way uptown seemed likely to make Thirty-fourth Street a great east-and-west thoroughfare, with hotels, office buildings, stores, and so on, radiating up and down Broadway and Sixth and Seventh avenues. It may be well to remind the reader that when the city fathers laid out the metropolis more than a hundred years ago, before there were any railroads, New York's transportation of both passengers and freight was largely done by water, along or across the two rivers between which it lies.

An Orgy of Speculation

THE city fathers planned only a few north-and-south thoroughfares, but a great many running east and west—so many that the blocks are only about two hundred feet long. Presumably people and goods could be transported through these many cross streets. But to make certain that there would be every facility the wise forefathers of the city placed an extra-wide street at intervals. These broad streets, one after another, had become the main east-and-west thoroughfares and the north-and-south halting places of business—Chambers, Canal, Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. The next logical advance must be to Thirty-fourth street. The experience of a hundred years bore out that view.

And all might have been well but for the leak in the Pennsylvania's terminal plans that started an orgy of speculation. Personally, I believed so firmly in the development around Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street that, when consulted by one of the railroad officials, I advised bringing its terminal right through to Broadway, and am still confident that had this been done the history of that section would have been altogether different.

Within a very few months prices for real estate around the terminal site had risen so high that they discounted the values of today. For fifteen years property in that neighborhood was practically out of the market. Business jumped northward, following its century-old habit. But when it got to the next logical halting place, Thirty-fourth Street, values were so inflated that it couldn't afford to light, and therefore jumped clear to Forty-second.

In the main, the purchasers who participated in that inflation are typical suckers of the kind who buy the Brooklyn Bridge in real estate. Roused by the vague rumors "The Pennsylvania is coming!" they rushed in to buy anything and everything—first, with the motive of making the railroad company pay; second, to profit by the higher values that it would create by building a great terminal there. They didn't know—nor would they have stopped to listen if told—that it would require ten, fifteen, even twenty-five years, for that district to grow up to the new situation, even if the growth had been allowed to go on normally.

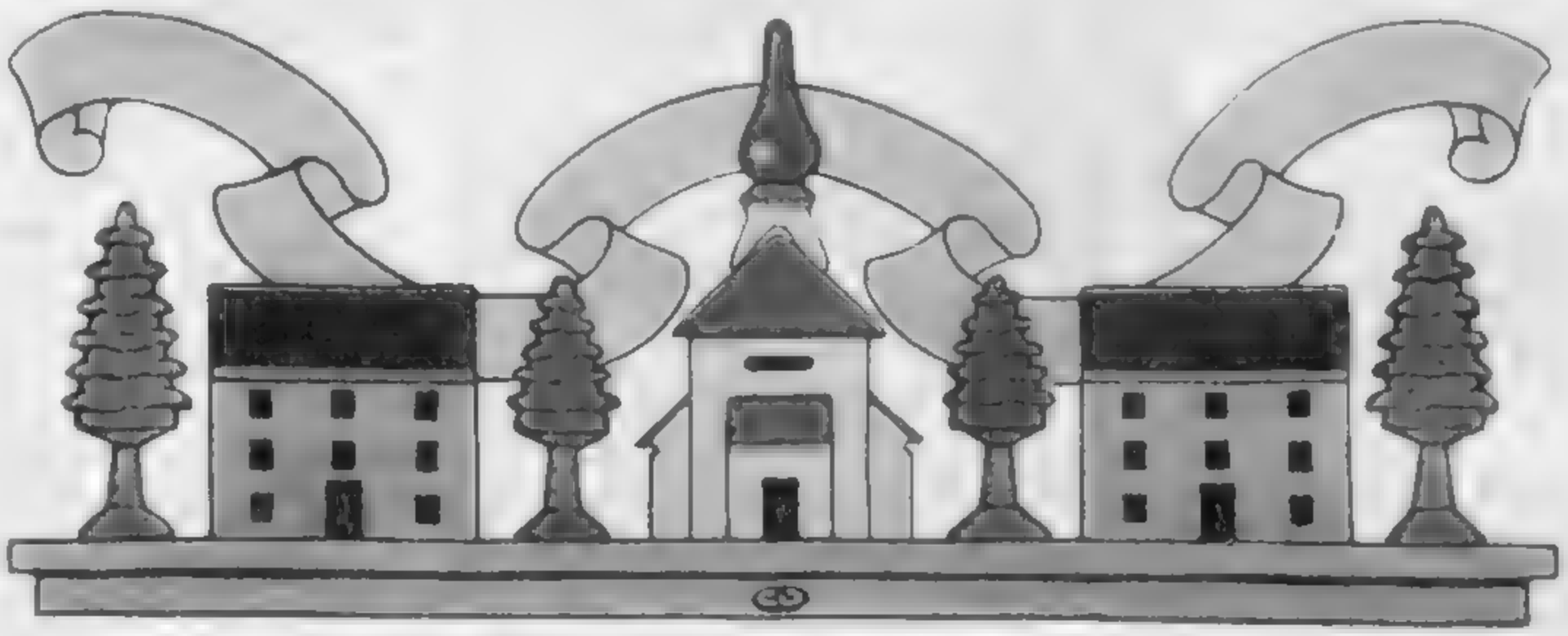
It takes time to build a big railroad terminal. It takes time to build hotels, office buildings and lofts around it. Generally those who build reap the benefit of increased realty values. The inexperienced speculative purchaser who bought to profit by the rise improved nothing, and never intended to. He purchased, say, an old brownstone residence across the street from the coming terminal, assessed at perhaps $15,000, and capable of earning 10 per cent on $25,000 as a boarding house. One speculative owner selling to another ran the price up to $100,000. Obviously no boarding house could earn interest on that amount of money. Only a loft or office building could make such an investment profitable in that particular neighborhood. The speculative owner couldn't put up such a building on a mere boarding-house site—his lot wasn't big enough, nor did he have the capital or the enterprise. The idea that office or light-manufacturing buildings would ever be placed there was strange to New Yorkers of that day. Obviously this speculative owner had a white elephant on his hands and would have to hold it until the normal growth of the city led real operators to assemble such holdings in sites and put up business buildings when they were needed. That time did not come until fifteen years later.

And meanwhile the owner of the white elephant had to feed it. The city promptly raised assessments on the new values of those speculative holdings, and taxes went up while boarding-house rents tended downward, if anything, because putting a new terminal in those quiet streets made them less desirable for living purposes. A tenantry of what might be called lower upper-class boarders moved away, and a new tenantry of upper lower-class boarders came in, bringing down prices. That burden of higher taxes and lower earning power the speculative owner had to carry all those years unless he sold out at a loss—and in either case it broke his back.

The Grand Central Development

CONTRAST this with the building of the Grand Central Terminal about the same time. Even if the news leaked out that the New York Central was going to enlarge the old Grand Central Station, it caused no excitement. For whereas one railroad was coming into the city, the other was already there, and the speculative imagination did not picture it as needing a larger site. Yet the New York Central's plans were made on a scale that involved purchasing far more real estate than the Pennsylvania for the building of its new terminal, and its change from steam to electric power required many acres of additional real estate. But it was where people couldn't see it—below ground. Under the late William H. Newman, then active in its affairs, that railroad made its need for subterranean acreage the basis of a great real-estate enterprise. Twenty or thirty blocks north of the old station were quietly purchased and cleared. There was practically no speculation or obstruction. The railroad built its underground tracks and yards in such a way that skyscrapers could be put up on foundations already laid, covered the great empty tract of land, and quietly waited until normal growth brought by the terminal created a demand for hotels, office buildings and other business structures. Mr. Newman died during the war, while this improvement was still being carried out, but his plans, which had almost a dream quality when they were first undertaken, have proved sound in every way. I know of no instance where the railroad has leased any of its holdings except on a most profitable basis.

Continued on Page 134.



OLD TRICKS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE smell of wood smoke told Sim Cole that there was a fire in the dingy cluttered little office of the garage, and his discontent deepened as the chill of the morning struck through his coat. He sounded the horn spitefully, taking a sour satisfaction in the knowledge that he was at least interrupting the stud game in which, thanks to Dan Mackenzie's folly, he would have no chance to play. He lifted his legs nimbly over the side of the car and gestured impatiently at Mackenzie. The old man could never remember that you had to get out of a flivver before you could fill the tank. Cole's contempt mounted as the sheriff climbed slowly out. He went sullenly to the door of the office and rattled the locked knob, his anger extending to Clay Daggam, warm and amused and indolent on the other side.

"Open up, Clay. It's me—Cole. I got to git gas."

He heard the scrape of chairs and feet. The lock squeaked and Clay Daggam's grin added to Cole's irritation. Beyond, in the smoky room, he could see cards and chips on the pine table, the Solway boys slouching comfortably over them. The smell of corn liquor reminded him that he had filled Clay Daggam's jug from the spoils of that last confiscated still.

"Come on in, Sim. All set."

Cole shook his head.

"Sh-h! Old man's out yonder, dog-gone the luck! Got to carry him clean down to Buchanan Township. Reckon I'll be lucky to git home by night. Fill her up, Clay, and don't say nothin' about the game."

Daggam winked expressively. In his Sunday clothes, scrubbed and shaved, he was, to Cole, a figure to be envied. You might know, he told himself, that Clay Daggam had come up from Cray County, where folks kept up with the times. His self-pity mounted while Daggam unlocked the pump and filled the tank. Instead of a cheerful Sunday in good company, with eighty dollars of bounty money burning a hole in his pocket, he'd spend his day bumping over timber tracks on a fool's errand with old Dan Mackenzie, who wouldn't even talk!

"Mornin', sheriff. Right pretty day f'r a hangin', ain't it?"

Sullenly Sim Cole envied Daggam his jocular manner toward Mackenzie. Cole could argue and complain easily enough, but for some mysterious reason he was never able to make fun of the old man, as Daggam always did. His exasperation grew as he saw that the sheriff didn't understand that he was being kidded.

"Won't be no hangin' this time, I reckon." Mackenzie spoke gently, with something like regret in his voice. "A pity, too, some ways."

"Feelin' right bloodthirsty, sounds like." Daggam chuckled as he made change. "Didn't know you was such a hand f'r hangin', sheriff."

"Reckon I ain't only talkin' with my mouth." Mackenzie's thin smile came and went. "Right likely I'd sort of hate to hang even this man I'm after, soon as I'd caught him. But as long as I ain't got my hands on him I got a kind of feelin' 't hangin's mostly what he needs."

Cole's annoyance overcame his caution.

"Might think we was goin' down yonder to ketch some feller 't had taken an' shot a baby," he snarled. "Burnin' a tobacco bed ain't murder, the way I look at it."

"You and the law looks at it thataway." Mackenzie nodded. "Reckon I'm wrong, Sim. It's only how I feel. I c'n go easy on a feller that ain't only bad; but I sort of hate a mean man, even if he ain't overly ornery other ways. Le's get started, Sim."

Cole cranked the engine and scrambled over the side to the driver's seat. He sent the little car down the empty road at the top of its clattering pace, deliberately inviting a caution from Mackenzie. But the old man endured the jolts without protest; and presently, when they left the turnpike and struck into a cart track that wandered casually between stumps and scrub, Cole throttled down of his own accord.

"Dog-Gone You, Clay, Keep Outa My Road or You'll Git Tromped On. Done Served Notice I'm Aimin' to Nail Bert's Hide on the Barn, Ain't I?"

"Reckon the Solway boys is givin' me some mean chat back yonder." Mackenzie spoke gently. "Didn't know you was aimin' to sit into that there stud game, Sim. Looks like I plumb spoiled Sunday for them boys."

Sim scowled, but said nothing. If he chose to play cards in his spare time it was none of Mackenzie's business, but he preferred not to argue the point.

"C'lected them bounties yest'd'y, didn't you?" Mackenzie did not wait for an answer. "Reckon the boys'll be right vexed if they only got Clay Daggam sittin' between 'em."

Cole grinned. Mackenzie didn't like the Solways any better than they liked him, but Cole was secretly a little proud of his intimacy with them. As far as Hewitt County could lay claim to class, the Solways represented it; they weren't mere mule-driving mudsills, sweating in the tobacco beside their hired negroes, like most of these back-country farmers. They'd had money, spent it properly; and even now that it was mostly gone, they managed to get a little fun out of life. They were about the only congenial company in Tyre for an up-to-date fellow who'd learned life down in Cray County. Ed Solway had traveled; he'd been as far as Richmond in the days when the timber money was coming in. He'd seen the world and could understand how Cole felt about working under a hill-bred mossback like Dan Mackenzie.

"Kind of a pity about Daggam," said Mackenzie. "Right smart man some ways. He'd ought to have a right pretty business—only garage in Tyre, and they's a sight of cars in the back country these days. Only for that notion he c'n play stud poker with them Solway brothers ——"

Cole laughed harshly. "Don't you go frettin' over Clay Daggam, sheriff. He was raised in Cray County, where folks mostly cuts eyeteeth right young."

"Heard so." Mackenzie seemed impressed. "Maybe Clay's eyeteeth is growed in so solid 't he c'n carry 'em back to Cray when he goes. If it was me, now, I don't know would I make out to hang onto mine, playin' stud with a couple o'—brothers."

The repetition of the word, the pause which prefaced it, caught Cole's ear. He frowned at the vague insinuation. Mackenzie was naturally envious of Clay Daggam's friendly footing with the Solways; of Sim Cole's, too, for that matter. But hinting that they cheated at stud ——

"You hadn't ought to talk thataway, sheriff. Sounds like you meant Ed an' Bert played crooked."

"Don't reckon they do, Sim. Only said they was brothers."

"No law against that, is they?" Cole snarled.

"No." Mackenzie spoke mildly. "Nor no rule in stud poker neither, Sim." He moved a hand as they approached a fork. "Take the right hand. The branch is low enough to ford, I reckon, an' it's a sight shorter thataway."

Cole obeyed. He gave his whole attention to his driving for the next mile or more, choosing a canny course in the rough going of the swampy road that presently led through the shallow water of the creek and climbed abruptly to high ground beyond it. His grievance came uppermost in his mind as he wrestled with the wheel. A drive like this, and another one coming back, and all for nothing!

Familiar as he was with Mackenzie's unreasonable attitude toward his office, he had never learned to be tolerant of the old man's whims. He told himself that the sheriff wouldn't have been so quick to act if there had been a real crime down in Buchanan Township—a big still, or even a shooting. Mackenzie had been content to sit in the office and let Sim handle that last killing. The word that somebody had set fire to a seed bed twenty miles from town was enough to fetch them both back into the foothills, and on a Sunday too, when Mackenzie never worked if he could help it. Cole was still chafing under the senselessness of their errand when they reached the clearing and cabin, about noon.

He noticed the poverty of the place as an added offense—a two-room house of pine poles, chinked with clay and roofed with home-split shakes, a new curing barn of the same slovenly construction just beyond it, a group of scrawny hounds skulking under the doorstep, three lathy, barefooted children holding to the skirts of the gaunt, thin-lipped woman who appeared in answer to Mackenzie's call.

"Charlie's down yonder." She pointed with a gnarled finger toward a wooded hollow. "Our seed bed got burnt an' Charlie's fixin' to plant it again."

Mackenzie thanked her. Cole grinned at the courtesy of his tone and word—Mackenzie always treated this poor-white rubbish as if it were quality. He followed the sheriff across a field where old rows of last year's cornstalks twisted in and out among half-burned stumps. In the low ground beside a whimpering branch they came upon a little rectangle of clearing, chopped out of the crowding growth and edged with pine logs, to which here and there a wisp of scorched cheesecloth still adhered. Cole saw that the earth had been freshly turned and smoothed to powdery fineness for replanting, and even his small knowledge of tobacco was familiar with the task which occupied the lean man who crouched at a corner of the bed, stirring the microscopic seed into a pan of fertilizer; tobacco seed, Cole knew, was so small that you

"Most Times I Reckon I'm Jest as Glad to Be an Old Dog"

couldn't sow it unless you mixed it with many times its bulk of guano.

The farmer continued his work as he answered Mackenzie's questions in a thin, rusty voice. Cole listened inattentively; the whole affair was beneath what he conceived to be the dignity of his office

"Ain't too late to plant again, anyhow."

The man seemed to take his loss calmly. Mackenzie was more interested, apparently, than the victim himself.

"Got any notion who done it, Charlie?"

"Ain't started in to study over it." The grower bent low over the powdered bed, spreading the diluted seed skillfully even. His voice did not express any emotion, and yet, even to Sim Cole's careless ear, there was an effect of menace in the speech, like the click of a rifle lock in a night silence.

"That's right, Charlie. I'm paid for that, an' you ain't." Mackenzie spoke briskly. "Aim to find out who done it an' see 't he don't do it again."

The farmer made no answer. He kept doggedly at his task while Mackenzie walked deliberately about the bed, his eyes on the tangle of dry weeds that surrounded it. Cole smoked indolently, amused and contemptuous; Mackenzie's back-country instinct always prompted him to search for footprints.

"Dinner's ready, I reckon. You-all better come on up to the house."

Charlie McLane had finished his planting. Cole, who had sometimes accepted such hospitality, scowled at the prospect. Cold boiled nigger greens, swimming in pork grease, coarse corn bread and bitter black coffee. He brightened at the sheriff's answer:

"I'll be right glad, Charlie, but I reckon Sim, here, better git started back. Aim to stay down here a spell to git this here business all straight, an' they'd ought to be somebody back yonder to tend to the office."

"Want I should come back to carry you home?"

Cole grinned at the old man's obstinate folly, at the pleasing thought of getting to Tyre in time for the end of the stud game in the garage.

"Reckon you needn't. I'll make out to come home on the railroad. Ain't over eight miles to the Buchanan station."

Cole shrugged. If Mackenzie wanted to waste his time down here, living on grease and greens while he hunted a bed-burner, let him! He foretasted the flavor of approving laughter at the garage and the hotel supper table. There would also be a day or two of undivided command at the jail and the office, and Cole enjoyed these intervals of authority all the more because of their infrequency.

He drove away whistling, and when he stopped before the garage in mid-afternoon, the radiator of the little tin car boiled noisily in testimony to the speed of his return They made him welcome and the game waited while they laughed at his tale. The jug was almost empty; Clay Daggam and Ed Solway had taken off their collars and rolled back their sleeves; Bert Solway, behind high stacks of chips, rolled a comical eye at Sim Cole's bounty money and announced that Sim had toted it long enough.

"Dog-gone you, Bert!" His brother took a pull at the jug and handed it to Daggam. "They's three of us buckin' you now, an' it ain't only four o'clock! Come on, Clay, le's go git him!"

Sim Cole watched the attack with mounting admiration. Ed was a good loser; his nerve seemed to improve as the cards went against him. He ignored Daggam and Cole and centered his play on his brother, raising again and again, only humorously displeased when he lost and apologetic when, now and then, he held the winning hand. Daggam and Cole and he openly declared war on Bert, incited one another to bet and raise, applauded each success and commiserated every failure. At supper time Ed was the heavy loser, Daggam had dropped fifty dollars and Sim Cole, who, as they all told him, was too dog-gone sober to play stud right, had contributed half of his first stack. Bert grinned contentedly behind his wealth and mocked his brother good-naturedly.

"Be right yere after supper, Ed. Come an' he'p yourself if you feel better."

The banter amused Cole, thinking of Mackenzie's absurd hint. Those boys were always after each other's scalps like this. Last time Bert had been the heavy loser. It was nearly always one or the other who gave the party.

At supper he repeated his story, a little more discreetly, for there were men at the table who liked Mackenzie and stood up for him; and Cole was canny about starting arguments with people whose votes he would want one of these days when the time was right to run for sheriff himself.

"Reckon it's like that with most everybody," he admitted. "You take me, now—anybody fetch me news 't they's a still a-runnin', an' I can't rest easy till I go git it.

The Lights Flamed On, Revealing the Old Man With His Old-Fashioned Pistol Level at His Hip

Mackenzie's the same way when it comes to bed-burnin'. Seems like he's plumb got to quit everything else an' go hunt."

"Ain't no bounty on bed-burners neither."

Old Neil Bruce, tremulous in his shabby gray uniform, made the remark in a key that irritated Cole. Some folks were always referring to the personal profit that accrued to the deputy who brought in a still, as if there were something discreditable about it.

"Makes it look jest that much foolisher, don't it?" he snapped.

"Reckon it does, to folks 't ain't never made no tobacco," said Bruce. "Sight o' work—mean work—cleanin' up a seed bed. Got to plant, mostly, down in a bottom, where the ground ain't only a mess of gum and 'simmon roots. An' they ain't no profit in it f'r the feller 't fires a bed—jest ornery spite work. Feller like that ain't fitten to live."

"Ought to take an' git the law fixed so's to hang 'em then." Cole grinned. The old soldier regarded him with dry disfavor.

"Make out to tend to it without waitin' f'r no law. They's ropes in Hewitt County, an' trees, an' I reckon they's a sight o' men left 't knows how a neck knot 'd ought to be tied."

Bruce hobbled away on his two canes, leaving Cole to finish his supper in secret amusement. Evidently there were people in Hewitt who were even more old-fashioned than Dan Mackenzie. Lynching a man for a few square feet of burned cheesecloth! Old Bruce was getting childish.

In the evening the stud game began again, and Bert Solway's luck still held against his brother's obstinate assaults. Sitting between them, Cole and Clay Daggam were hardly more than spectators. Daggam's attempts to recover his afternoon's losses only brought him good-humored protests from Ed.

"Dog-gone you, Clay, keep outn my road or you'll git tromped on. Done served notice to everyone that I'm aimin' to nail Bert's hide on the barn, ain't I?"

When the game broke up he was still the heaviest loser. He paid his brother a hundred and forty dollars with unruffled good humor. Cole had lost a little, playing cautiously, and Clay Daggam was another forty behind

"Don't you go spendin' this here money, Bert. Come Sunday, Clay an' Sim an' me'll take it all back outn you. Only leavin' you carry it round for a week, mind you!"

Cole went back to his room at the front of the jail, grinning at Mackenzie's insinuations. Ed Solway had lost a good deal more than Clay Daggam and Cole together That was just another of the old sheriff's notions, like his idea that burning a tobacco bed was a capital crime. He thought of Mackenzie sleeping on the floor of Charlie McLane's cabin, eating greens and grease. As long as he used his authority to monopolize such jobs, leaving Sim Cole to manage the office and jail, being a deputy had its compensations

II

JUST as Cole finished cleaning the last spark plug, the thin hoot of the wood-burning locomotive announced that the shoofly train was in from the junction. He wiped his hands on a bit of waste, watching the station platform expectantly. Mackenzie ought to be on the train. Two days down in Buchanan certainly should have satisfied his conscience in the matter of that burned seed bed, whether or not he had accomplished anything

Cole grinned as the lean old figure appeared at the corner of the dingy station building and came slowly up the road. Mackenzie hadn't fetched home a prisoner, anyhow. He called softly to Daggam, at work under another car.

"Yonder's Mackenzie. Looks like he didn't have no luck."

Daggam crawled out. He wiped the grease from his hands, his lips twisted in a sly grin. "Le's have some fun with the old boy, Cole. Listen at me kid him along."

He lifted his voice respectfully as Mackenzie approached.

"Evenin', sheriff. What you done with your pris'ners?"

Mackenzie stopped. His thin, gentle old face relaxed in a sheepish smile, as if embarrassed. He took off the rusty black hat and ran his hand over his thinning white hair.

"Didn't fetch nobody in with me this time, Daggam."

Daggam achieved an expression of comical earnestness. He dropped his tone.

"Don't mean you left 'em hang him on you?"

Mackenzie shook his head.

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THE MILK BATH AND THE CARD CATALOGUE

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THIS is the story of the milk bath and the card catalogue, which is told to one another privately toward dawn by the night wardens of the great city prison of Chibosh, that marvelous modern metropolis that was governed by a press agent; of Michael F. Melody, that press agent, and the mysterious warning, so like a telephone number, which he received from an unknown woman over his secret and guarded private wire; and the singular and unprecedented manner in which he and his press agency were taken captive by a strange new type of politician by women politicians armed with a strange new political weapon that was not previously familiar in politics in Chibosh.

"You Done a Bum Job," Pronounced the Great Boss of Chibosh in a Voice as Cold as a Sentence of Death

He was conferring now—in the second week in March—with a much greater and much more secret power than he—with Chinese Meeghan, so called, that supreme and secret power, who ruled the politicians, the press agents and the office-holders of the great city through an old and very common weapon, the simple ancient political weapon of systematized blackmail.

The use of this weapon by Mr. Meeghan—as all the wardens, convicts and politicians in Chibosh knew—had for twenty years been very thorough and direct. For never, unless greatly forced, would he allow the nomination or election of any considerable officeholder in that city's government whom he did not have something on. And this being the case, an organization of government had been secured by him of a devotion and loyalty not to be surpassed in the world.

This was called party government in Chibosh. At its head was Chinese, or Silent, Meeghan, the great unseen party ruler, who heard everything and said nothing. The price of his silence had been the greater city contracts, through which he had become so fabulously rich. And day after day he sat in his secret place, gathering in the intimate information which was to qualify or disqualify new candidates for the future government of Chibosh, to hold close his friends and crush his enemies.

It was to secure much-wanted information along this line that he was now questioning Mr. Melody, the mayor's press agent, in the secret shabby room up that old private set of stairs of which so many whispered and so few really knew, from which were directed the great main policies of the city of Chibosh.

"Haven't you got anything on him yet?" asked Mr. Meeghan of Mr. Melody, his slits of eyes narrowing in his still, fat-jowled face.

He was asking, somewhat angrily, about a dangerous enemy of them both, a youngish red-headed attorney named John Henry Peters. This man was unusually antagonistic to Mr. Meeghan. He had first brought suit against the administration of Mayor Herman J. True to prevent his exceeding the debt limit of the city and so awarding any considerable contracts to Mr. Meeghan. Following that, he had been appointed special Federal district attorney in the recent grand-jury investigations of the Central Bridge collapse graft, the real purpose of which—an attempt not made in twenty years before—was said to be to fasten something criminal directly upon Mr. Meeghan himself.

"Only just what we had before," Mr. Melody admitted.

His face was still and his round, blue shallow eyes unreadable. But he was afraid always, as all men were, before the great sinister weapon by which this man controlled everyone whom he dealt with.

"Just that he collected an account ten years ago for the milk trust?" asked the master of all the politicians of Chibosh harshly.

"That's all," said Mr. Melody, striving hard to keep his emotionless face as emotionless as the other's.

"You done a bum job," pronounced the great boss of Chibosh in a voice as cold as a sentence of death.

For, although his own investigating force of old-line politicians had found nothing on this man Peters—and he had a wonderful information system—yet it seemed to him as if, with all the resources they had, and all the agents they had in that publicity factory of Mayor True, and all the reputation hounds they had in those great friendly newspapers, whose business it was to find the savory sins of men, they could certainly have dug out something more than that.

"What we've got will be enough," said Mr. Melody, "the way we'll use it."

The silent secret ruler of Chibosh regarded him with Chinese calm, considering. He had ruled the city for many years by the old politics, the old standard formula of having something on everybody all the way down the line; and though he well knew that he must now use it, he watched with question and concern the growth of the new politics since the moral awakening of the Great War—the government by press agent for God and the good, and the striking way in which it could accomplish so much with so little, even along his own line.

"You watch us! Play it up!" said Mr. Melody, the manager of that last word in the new-style politics—the frame-up shop, or Phantom Factory, of Mayor True.

"Well, get busy!" said the old-time ruler of Chibosh, still in a hard and dissatisfied voice.

His interview closed, Mr. Michael F. Melody went back in his florid green plush hat and his seal-collared overcoat, passed again with emotionless face through the blind entrance of Room 913 and, sitting down once more in his inner office beneath the grave identical Roman-nosed portraits of Mayor True, started in at once the new and critical campaign which faced his publicity factory.

Taking up a desk telephone, he spoke to his operator.

"Get me Goldfish & Goldfish," he directed.

"Over here?"

"Yes."

"Must they both come?"

"Yes," said Mr. Melody, for this was an important job.

II

MESSRS. Goldfish & Goldfish, two short, stout figures, sat regarding Mr. Melody on either side of his desk in the Phantom Factory, from under the two great identical campaign portraits of Mayor Herman J. True.

Mr. Abraham Goldfish, the father, who sat beneath the portrait which "took no rakes bidding," was president of the Herman J. True Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, without merchants or manufacturers.

Mr. Isadore Goldfish, the younger man, with the redder necktie, who sat toward the portrait "when on guard for the people," was president of the True Property Owners and Taxpayers' Association, without property. Together they formed the well-known legal firm of Goldfish & Goldfish, which had made such a specialty of creating legal issues and campaign organizations without members for Mayor True.

"Did you get to the servant girl?" asked Mr. Melody.

"We did," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"Sure, long ago!" said Mr. A. Goldfish.

"And she's coming through?"

"Sure," said Mr. I. Goldfish, who, being younger, always spoke first.

"Sure," said Mr. A. Goldfish. "She's already come."

"All the way?"

"Yes," they told him. "Yes."

"Has she put in the orders for the milk?"

"Sure, long ago," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"Every day, for seven days now already," stated Mr. A. Goldfish, the older.

"The weekly bills are already in," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

Being younger and more experienced, he was much calmer and more unemotional than his father.

"Sure, sure, with all the bills for the baths in it!" said the father, smiling always more readily and happily than his son.

"And will she swear to the milk baths?" asked Mr. Melody.

"She sure will," replied Mr. I. Goldfish.

"Sure, sure; she'll swear to anything we tell her to—to get the money," said Mr. Goldfish, Sr.

"And have you coached her up so she'll act up so he'll get mad and kick her out?"

"He's already kicked her out," said the younger, harder-faced, more fatalistic I. Goldfish.

"Now, already, yes—by violence," said the more excitable older Goldfish. "And she brings with her likewise already, too, the bills for the milk, so we shall have them all as evidence."

"She got his goat," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"The way we showed her how," said Mr. A. Goldfish. "He used her rough."

"He did at that," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"Then you're ready any time to file the suit?" said Mr. Melody, interrupting.

"Any time—from now on," replied the younger Goldfish.

"For fifty thousand," said the older.

"How about this afternoon?" asked Mr. Melody.

"The sooner the quicker," said Mr. I. Goldfish casually.

"Sure, sure; and the quicker money," said his more humorous father

"The papers are all ready now," said Mr. I. Goldfish.

"For the fifty thousand," his father added.

"File them this afternoon, then," directed Mr. Melody, "and I'll get out the publicity, the interviews, right now."

"Sure, sure," said the older and more amiable Mr. Goldfish. "And make it good and snappy for all the papers"

Waving good-by, they left Mr. Melody sitting alone between the two sincere judicial likenesses of Mayor True.

Thus was begun the case of Svenson versus Peters, the great milk-bath personal-injury suit which, through the earlier part of March, was to stir the great reading public of Chibosh to its depths.

The press on the succeeding morning rose as one body to this great new legal issue. The Morning Truth, the adviser of the administration and the plain honest common people, carried across its opening page the deep black question:

DID MILK BATH CAUSE VIOLENCE?

Following, in smaller caption, came the explanatory head:

HILDA SVENSON'S SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST JOHN HENRY PETERS, THE ONE-TIME ATTORNEY OF THE MILK TRUST

"Forbidden by her doctors to be seen," said the opening paragraph, "because of alleged personal injuries caused her by John Henry Peters, a former attorney of the milk trust, in connection with a misunderstanding over a milk bath, Miss Hilda Svenson, a domestic formerly employed by Peters, through her attorneys, Goldfish & Goldfish, filed a suit yesterday in the superior court for fifty thousand dollars damages, claiming extreme and abusive cruelty. The defendant refuses to discuss the matter."

Peoples Pictures, in its headlines, gave a slightly different interpretation of the case. It asked in this connection:

WAS MRS PETERS BATHED IN MILK?

MOOT POINT IN FIFTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR DAMAGE SUIT BROUGHT BY HILDA SVENSON FORMER MAID OF JOHN HENRY PETERS, A ONE TIME ATTORNEY OF THE MILK TRUST

Below this were photographs of Mrs. Peters, who was an exceptionally pretty woman; of the outside of the Peters house, with a cross marking the exact location of the bathroom window; photographs of large milk cans such as are used to carry milk to milk baths, also an earlier portrait, soon after her arrival in this country, of Miss Hilda Svenson, the plaintiff, who asked fifty thousand dollars for alleged injuries which her attorneys, Goldfish & Goldfish, stated prevented her from being seen, also a photograph of John Henry Peters, the attorney, special Federal district attorney and former

"Politics!" She Exclaimed. "That's What Politics Does for You!"

counsel for the milk trust, who had, Miss Svenson claimed, seriously bumped her with a large rolling milk can.

Quoting verbatim on an interior page from the legal charges as filed by the plaintiff's attorneys, Peoples Pictures explained that the plaintiff:

does state, aver and allege that on or about 8:30 o'clock on the morning of Friday, March eighth, being in pursuit of her duties, she did ask Mrs. Peters and afterward Mr. Peters, her employers, what to do with certain and divers milk cans secured, she believes and avers, for conveying large quantities of milk intended for milk baths in the Peters home and domicile, whereupon the defendant Peters exclaimed loudly, 'What's this?' and then and there suddenly and without warning to your plaintiff began kicking and rolling said large, heavy and unwieldy milk cans from the back porch; and one of which, rolling and bumping in an unforeseen and unexpected course, did strike your plaintiff in the lower extremity of the left leg, causing grievous and painful injuries to the tibia and fibula of the said leg, to her great hurt and detriment, from which she is still suffering.

There was no editorial comment in any paper on that morning. The damage suit of the milk bath was a matter of important first-page news, but it was not yet the great public issue it was about to become in the metropolis of Chibosh. Indeed, it was after reading over the papers with the attorneys for the plaintiff, in the Phantom Factory of Mayor True, that Mr. Melody, its manager, was now preparing the documents which were to make it such.

Upon the departure of Messrs. Goldfish & Goldfish, he pressed the button on his desk for Miss Spielberg, his stenographer, who promptly appeared, notebook in hand, in an entirely new toilet, and hairdressing to match

"Take a letter," said Mr. Melody in crisp, snappy tones, "to the mayor from Doctor Beagle."

III

IT WAS on Wednesday, the next morning, that the great reading public of Chibosh really first awoke to the great moral and economic significance hidden in this matter of the Svenson-Peters damage suit, involving the use of milk baths in the household of John Henry Peters, at one time attorney for the milk trust. The Morning Truth printed as its leading headlines:

SCANDAL IN MILK BATH CASE

DR. GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE'S CHARGES

Should Former Milk-Trust Attorney Bathe in Milk While Many Children Famish? Peters, the Defendant, Makes General Denial That He Ever Took Milk Baths

Below, after an introduction, it carried in full the letter of Dr. George Barclay Beagle to Mayor Herman J. True, and its charges. Although not directly a member of the city administration, being at the head of a large private institution for the cure of cancer without the use of knife or drugs, Doctor Beagle was a great admirer and defender of its work, having for years been a personal friend of Mayor Herman J. True. He was a large man, an impressive speaker and a trenchant letter writer, and greatly interested in the welfare of the children and mothers of the city. His letter to Mayor True said briefly:

Your Honor: I arise this morning to see staring me in the face in all the public press 'Milk-Trust Attorney Takes Milk Bath!'

I ask you, sir, can any man with any iron in his blood read these words without seeing red—especially a man of my profession, who knows that today in this great city of Chibosh, as a matter of easily ascertainable fact, there are thousands of children of six months or under who are daily deprived of their full proper modicum of milk?

Mister Mayor, this is a public scandal of proportions that no one can ignore. What can the long-suffering public do to defend itself? What does the city of Chibosh propose to do about this? What will you yourself do? Something I hope and believe, worthy of your previous record as a friend and guardian of the common people. And that soon!

Yours for the Mothers and Children,

GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE, M.D., F.R.S.S.

Supplementing this, on the back page, the Morning Truth carried a quarter-page sketch by its famous cartoonist, Snoggs, entitled Johnny, the Milkman's Boy, and showing Mr. Peters being called

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"Say, What Is This Thing," Demanded Mr. Melody Harshly and Hoarsely, "That You Think You've Got on Me?"

The City of Refuge

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Reniker Wright, Who Had Just Landed From the Local Steamer, Gazed at His New Home With a Sinking Heart

RENIKER WRIGHT was crashing, and he knew it. He was crashing as such financial adventurers usually crash, dishonestly and vilely, looting his own enterprises in the hope of staving off the evil day. In the downtown district of Wheatoria there were whispers, hints and uplifted eyebrows. But the public, that fat and trusting oyster which had so readily yielded up its pearls, was still blissfully unaware that anything was wrong.

Was not Reniker Wright a pillar of the church? Was he not the Grand High Hospodar of the Knights of the Boundless Prairie—a fraternal society that numbered hundreds of thousands? Had he not inspired the city-beautiful movement, and presented to his fellow citizens a magnificent self-advertisement in the form of Pocahontas rescuing Captain Smith from the stake—all of it in bronze, and so lifelike that spectators stood spellbound before it? Had not his munificence even extended to a Greek temple of love on Biggs' Point, where a policewoman was constantly on duty to chase off spooners? What oyster, no matter how cautious, could question such evidences of integrity?

But Reniker Wright was crashing, and he knew it. His great trust company was pounding on the rocks; his motor savings banks that had been such a novelty and sensation were floundering in the mire along with their ten-million-dollar parent, the National Thrift Bank; the Rock of Reliance Building and Loan Association was cannibalizing new members in order to pay 9 per cent to the old. Even the Holy Hope Cemetery, which gave you a nice free grave with every five-hundred-dollar, installment-plan, nonassessable, 10 per cent share, was in the pangs of financial dissolution. All were living on their own fat like castaways in a boat, with annihilation staring them in the face.

Reniker Wright was a short, vigorous-looking man of forty-five or so, with heavy shoulders and a round, fat, masterful face. Clean shaven and almost totally bald, big-jawed and ruddy, he might have posed for one of the later Roman emperors with whom in character he was so largely identical. He affected a rough and jovial manner. There was always about him an air of announcing, "For all my millions, I am just one of the plain people like yourselves."

To the ordinary American there is nothing more seductive. He reverences the millionaire who sold newspapers on the street and who tells droll stories of his humble beginnings. There are no jarring accents of culture here; no gulf of class distinction. You could walk right up to Reniker Wright anywhere and say, "Hello, Ren"—just like that. Yes, a splendid man, and as ready to shake hands with a plumber as a king, he that could sign his name to thousands.

Unfortunately Wright had been signing his name to forged mortgages instead. There were blocks of them a foot thick in the vaults of the National Thrift; blocks of commercial paper in the Mid-American Trust Company that were as valueless as old Confederate bills. When a one-man business becomes dishonest it can go to lengths undreamed of by ordinary corporations; that is, if the one man has nerves of iron and the memory of a blindfolded chess player.

Reniker Wright gambled away several millions in an effort to retrieve himself; lost and lost again; then coolly and methodically began to make his arrangements for flight. He had no intention of being buried under his own ruins, or of escaping penniless to starve in exile. He had decided that two hundred thousand dollars was an amount he could conceivably raise in cash; and with the sword hanging over his head, so to speak, and the door of state's prison certainly ajar, he struggled to accumulate this sum from the wreck of his tottering fortunes. Nor was it without its problems while accumulating. Banks keep a fairly close check on the numbers of hundred and thousand dollar notes, and these had to be juggled from one institution to another and through various intermediaries to obscure the trail that finally brought them to the Grand High Hospodar.

Had it not been for loyal old Clemm he would never have succeeded. Clemm personally was as honest as the day. Had he been made a confidant he would have washed his wrinkled old hands of the whole affair. But he had for Wright a devotion not uncommon in business. He was willing to see nothing and suspect nothing, even at the subsequent cost of being regarded as a dolt and a fool. He became a tacit confederate, though he had nothing to gain and everything to lose; did what he was told, asked no questions and kept his mouth shut. American business is built on Clemms. You can get them for about three thousand dollars a year, which seems remarkably cheap, all things considered. They are a carry-over from the feudal period, and attach themselves to predatory barons as naturally as an Airedale to a master. The crash killed Clemm. He went home and died. It was not exactly on his master's grave, but it amounted to it.

It was lucky for Wright that the American Government, after the Armistice, had made such a point of increased trade with South America. South America was declared to be our commercial salvation; was our one moneyed customer, pending the time half-ruined Europe could struggle to its feet. There was a regular South American boom inspired from Washington. Our banks pushed out branches in all sorts of Suns and Santas and Holy Trinities. The Shipping Board enthusiastically put on fleets of ships. Reams of semi-governmental papers were issued broadcast—all about credits, exchanges, llama wool, tonga beans, South American sensitiveness, and such unheard-of essentials as honesty, politeness, corresponding in Spanish and quoting in the metric system. Here were the keys of the treasure house at our door. Go to it, gentlemen of the business world, go to it! Reniker Wright went to it, and promptly lost forty thousand dollars in these fields of salvation.

But the experience taught him something well worth knowing—afterwards; taught him something that Washington itself did not know—the fact that the state of Carupano, in originally allying itself in 1816 with the Republic of Nueva Gerona, had specifically reserved the rights of asylum. There was the reservation in the Fundamental Laws of the Republic of Nueva Gerona, One and Indivisible, sonorously blocking extradition within the favored limits of Carupano. Wright's agent, a plausible but treacherous Knight of the Boundless Prairie named Mellinsip, who had been intrusted with the forty thousand dollars to start a phonograph agency in Bolivia, had betaken himself instead to this land where stolen money becomes one's own. He had been very cool about it; had quoted the Fundamental Laws in blurred typewriting while offering to return ten thousand of his defalcation if Wright would give him a legal quittance.

At the time the banker had been furious. Nothing outrages a robber more than to be robbed. He engaged the principal lawyer in Nueva Gerona and threw a lot of good money after bad. Then he had suddenly subsided, realizing that there were two sides of the question, and that he had here a bit of private knowledge well worth locking in his breast. He never sent the protesting letters he wrote to the State Department and to his two senators. He no longer exploded with the tale of Mellinsip when South America was mentioned in his presence. Circumstances alter cases, as everybody knows, and the time finally came when Wright looked forward himself to a home in Carupano and the shelter of the Fundamental Laws.

He did not bother about a passport. Getting a passport was too ticklish an undertaking. A sturdy old fellow, who had spent his youth in lake stokeholds, felt sure he could work things without these dangerous formalities. Nor did he disturb himself with any farewells to Mrs. Wright or his adolescent son and daughter. The Wrights were a jarring household, as is so often the case with common people who have shot up in the world. Mrs. Wright, who might have made an admirable wife for a fireman, was a dreadful

creature as a rich lady. Tud was an impudent, overdressed youth of the lounge-lizard variety; sister a vicious, pretty little heart breaker, with bobbed hair and a precocity in evil beyond her years. Wright gave his family scarcely a thought as he put on an old blue suit, stuffed twenty thousand and odd dollars in his money belt, and packed a hundred and eighty thousand more in a shabby suitcase below flannel shirts and spare changes. He was in a consuming fever to get away. Predatory barons in a tight place tend to become egoists, and are never much given to introspection. Wright's one idea was to be off.

Soledad, the principal town of the state of Carupano, was a rambling old Spanish town of three to four thousand inhabitants, with one main street, lined with half buried upright cannon that served as hitching posts. Few of the mud-brick houses had glass in their windows, and still fewer anything but clay for floors. It gave an uncompleted look to the place—these gaping embrasures through which one saw naked children sprawling in the dirt.

The more imposing houses were barred like jails, and went to the other extreme of a forthlike privacy. There was a cathedral, a city hall with peeling stucco and a clock that had stopped for good in some bygone age; a plaza with a tumble-down band stand; and a vast shed with serried green shutters that served as a custom house and stood in the midst of decaying packing cases and an indescribable litter and filth. Dingy-looking soldiers in pajamas and cartridge belts slouched about like bandits and gave a general air of insecurity to the picture, which was wholly slatternly, dirty and depressing. Renker Wright, who had just landed from the local steamer, gazed at his new home with a sinking heart.

But the sea sparkled in front and blue mountains rose majestically behind; palms and bananas grew luxuriantly in jungly little gardens; oxcarts, squeaking through the streets, were green with sugar cane going to the mill. Stately caballeros, in wide hats and jingling spurs, cantered by with the light flashing on their silver-mounted bridles and saddles. The universal squalor was relieved by these animating sights, and of course it was extremely sustaining besides to realize that one was infolded in the Fundamental Laws. The name of Frederick Mellinsip over an imposing general store confirmed an almost unnecessary reassurance.

A second look showed Mellinsip himself standing in his own doorway, an immaculate figure in white linen. He was still the same slender, good-looking young fellow, with the same alertness of eyes and manner, though he suddenly turned as black as a thundercloud as he perceived who it was that was trudging towards him, suitcase in hand. Wright was excessively hot. In his old blue suit and flannel shirt it was as though he were clothed in fire. Never was he less inclined for a trying interview. But here was Fred, and it was impossible to avoid him; Fred, tense and venomous, like a snake about to strike.

"So it's you, is it?" said Fred, adding a gross epithet that was all the more wounding for the low tone it was uttered in. "Well, let me tell you something, Ren Wright. You have wasted your time and your money, and if you stick around here I will make it hotter for you than hell in August. I am married to the governor's daughter, and I can have you run into jail quicker than scat."

"Keep your wool on," growled Wright in a voice that was not unplacatory. "I am not gunning for that forty thousand dollars, which you may keep and welcome. Listen, Fred! I am in the same boat as yourself, and am here for the same reason; and if you really want to know, I am grateful to you for blazing the trail and finding a place for me to fall easy on."

"Run away?" exclaimed Fred with a look of incredulity.

The banker mopped his brow.

"I guess you don't get the papers down here very regular," he said. "I skipped before the crash, and mopped up a few thousands to help me on the way. Yes, it's all gone, Fred; all toppled like a house of cards, and I am a fugitive with a price on my poor old head."

Fred, still doubting, asked some searching questions. He was far too wide-awake a young man to take a possible viper to his bosom. But once convinced his manner changed, and it was with the utmost friendliness that he invited Wright into an inner office for a cigar and a drink. In the expansive atmosphere thus engendered the Grand High Hospodar of the Knights of the Boundless Prairie was encouraged to ask the aid of his former subordinate.

"You could help me a lot in getting settled here, Fred, if you cared to," he said.

Fred's response was whole-hearted; there was nothing he would not do to make dear old Ren comfortable. A second drink followed the first. Fellows in the same boat should pull together—you bet they should! They shook hands on it. Welcome to Soledad, old chap! Not such a bad little neck of the woods, was it? A fellow could make himself mighty cozy in Soledad if he knew the ropes. It might be a bit lonesome, of course, at times; nothing happening from year to year except yellow fever and taxes. Oh, he was doing fine! He didn't mean that he wasn't. The store was a gold mine all right.

He had bought it all fixed up and stocked for a quarter of its worth. Ready money talked in this country; gold talked, especially if you knew how to use it on the side. Fred rubbed his thumb and forefinger together significantly. That was how he had got it so cheap from the custodian of enemy property, who had been quietly gobbling it up piecemeal—a ham one day, a bolt of print the next, and so on. Why, didn't Ren know that Nueva Gerona had been in the war? Oh, yes, it had lined up to make the world safe for democracy by seizing two fat and juicy Hamburg steamers and canceling sixty million pesos owing to the Hun—not to speak of houses and stores and plantations and mines. It was like dangling candy before a kid, you know. And now the Allies were going to send them a giant howitzer to place as a monument in San Cristobal, the capital, in commemoration of Nueva Gerona's heroic part in the Guerra Universale, ha, ha!

My, how good it was to have another white man to talk to! He hadn't laughed so much in a coon's age. It was like a new lease of life to meet an Amurikan again, and he so whole-souled and genial as Ren Wright. Fred shook hands again—was almost childishly exuberant. You see, there were almost no white men in Soledad at all. Nobody except old Captain Dow, the resident superintendent of the steamship company; and McGill, the ice-works engineer; and Doctor Aguirre, the port physician, who was a real Spaniard; and Father Vorst, the Belgian priest. That was all except for an occasional loafer and dead beat who

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"Kiss Her Hand," Commanded Fred, Though He Himself Had But Bowed

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By Elisabeth Marbury

GRADUALLY my business assumed large proportions. My various foreign branches were open and thriving until 1914. The London office has never been closed. My first associate there was Mr. Addison Bright, who had many very warm friends among the literary men of England. At his death I had the extreme good fortune of persuading his younger brother, R. Golding Bright, to replace him, so that from that time until now, my interests have been more than advantageously protected and fostered by this association. Golding Bright will always be a young man, at whatever age, for his is a young mind. He keeps ahead of the time and his acumen as regards the intrinsic values of a manuscript is astonishing. His judgment is rarely at fault. He does not indulge in emotional enthusiasms. A client's personality and a client's worth do not necessarily go hand in hand with him. He differentiates. His sense of humor is keen and his analysis of pretense cutting.

The common idea that the business of an authors' agent is merely an automatic function is most erroneous. The agent who is satisfied in only making contracts, in collecting fees and in directing his office mechanically will never rise above the level of mediocrity.

An authors' representative to be of any real use must have a mind that supplements what the author lacks. Added to his experience he must be permeated with an imagination which at times often exceeds that of the creator he would help He must not wait for opportunity; he must make it. While the author is moving slowly with his story, the intelligent agent must, in his mind, see this same story already produced. It is he who must transfer the characters of the play to the stage. It is he who must watch them move, speak, succeed or fail. He must be familiar with the pitfalls, so as to warn the author from tumbling into them. He must follow the pulse of the public with an unerring instinct; above all, he must know when to encourage his client and when to dissuade him.

He must, while pointing out his defects, be able to inspire him to achievement. A good authors' agent, one who is really worthy of the name, should indeed be a guide, a philosopher and a friend.

A Rising Generation

HOW many successful playwrights came to me in their youth, timidly showing me their first efforts! Among them were Hubert Henry Davis, W. Somerset Maugham, Jerome K. Jerome, J. M. Barrie and Stanley Weyman. I can remember the first successes of Arthur Wing Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Hall Caine, Sydney Grundy and Cecil Raleigh, then good old Brandon Thomas, whose popular farce, Charley's Aunt, was in my hands.

In America I can see Rachel Crothers, who had taught school in the Middle West, but who had a craving and a leaning towards all that savored of the theater. She had written The Three of Us and had brought the manuscript to me. I felt certain of its success, once we could be assured a production. We tried many doors, but our knocking was in vain, until finally the play was produced in the Madison Square Theater, and scored an immense success. Miss Crothers was established. I must recite one little incident which very likely she has forgotten. After a period of discouragement over this play, we were walking through Thirty-ninth Street when suddenly something fluttered down from a window and fell at Rachel Crothers' feet. It was a clean and crisp dollar bill. She had at that very moment practically made up her mind to quit playwriting and to return to the schoolroom. At the sight of this money I seized her arm and insisted that her fate was decided, that this bill was merely a forerunner of the fortune that she was to make in this city. I said that this was the omen of her future.

Perhaps one of my most useful qualities in my relations to authors is that I never lose faith in their potentialities once I discover in them a germ of talent. I hold on and hold them up. Rejected manuscripts, if I believed in them, have never meant the shelf to me. On the contrary, I work all the harder to prove that my judgment is right. Nathan Hale, for instance, one of Clyde Fitch's best plays, was written for E. H. Sothern, who threw it back on our hands. Manager after manager refused it until finally Nat Goodwin produced it.

The reason given for its rejection had been its sad ending. In those days there were stupid formulas which happily, in modern times, have been proved futile and mythical, but it took many years of education before the managers parted with their now obsolete and unintelligent objections

The rising American authors were Paul Potter, Charles Hoyt, Vaughn Moody, Rupert Hughes, E. E. Rose, Ramsey Morris, Thompson Buchanan, Louis Vance, Channing Pollock, Austin Strong, Martha Morton, her little brother Mike, A. E. Lancaster, Margaret Mayo, Fannie Aymar Mathews, Edgar Selwyn and, last but by no means least, Augustus Thomas. There were many others I might mention. Roi Cooper Megrue began his apprenticeship in my office. He and Crosby Gaige had collaborated in a play while running a lunch room at Columbia College. I had a vacancy in my office for only one. The salary, if I remember correctly, was less than ten dollars a week. I wanted someone who could receive the clients with a radiant good humor. Megrue's round face seemed to me encouraging, so he fell into the job. At this same time Archibald Selwyn was looking for one. He and Megrue became friends, with a result that they asked me to stake them in their first venture.

W. Somerset Maugham

Coney Island and Dreamland were growing in popularity. Selwyn had been promised a concession which involved the purchase of a slot weighing machine, but it would take about three hundred dollars to finance the enterprise. I agreed to lend them the money, and thus the firm of Megrue & Selwyn was started.

A Missing Fortune

BUSINESS began discouragingly. The public did not seem much interested as to whether they were fat or thin. The machine soon rusted as it stood in the open air. Repairs were next in order. These had to be paid for despite the fact that the pennies were only slowly trickling into the slot. However, on one prosperous Saturday the receipts reached thirteen dollars. Hot and weary after a day's hard work, the boys gathered up the coin, tied it in a large towel and together walked along Surf Avenue to find some place where they could eat at a moderate cost. In sitting down at the counter the heavy load of pennies was dropped upon the floor with a sense of relief. However, when the meal was over the young men, replete with anecdote and flushed with success and a few glasses of real beer, started to catch the return boat to New York. Arrived on board, they realized that their precious burden had been left behind in the restaurant. Back they ran. The tables and chairs were all upturned. The waiters were vigorously sweeping the floor. The hour for closing had come.

Panting with breathless excitement, Arch Selwyn asked whether anyone had seen a heavy bundle belonging to them. The answer was negative. Despair fell upon the firm of Megrue & Selwyn, when suddenly the bus boy appeared, exclaiming, "Gee, I guess that was the stuff I threw out with the rubbish! The durned thing was so heavy that I thought it was full of shells and stones what some guy was taking away as souvenirs "

Selwyn, the energetic, rushed to the rubbish heap, brushed aside potato peelings and carrot tops until he sighted the bundle of which he was in quest. Thus were the thirteen hundred pennies rescued for the enterprising owners of the Coney Island weighing machine. Roi Megrue, as the author of It Pays to Advertise, Under Cover, and Tea for Three, has made an independent fortune, while Archibald Selwyn has become part owner of many theaters and one of the leading managers in America.

Another conspicuous influence in the theatrical world is Alice Kauser, who came to me for her first position, acting for several years as my private secretary. She was living in Florida and had sent me her photograph. She understood and spoke many languages. I felt that provided she had the intelligence which was indicated by her letters, she was just the young woman I wanted.

My confidence in the experiment was justified, but this was my initial experience in creating a future rival. It was with me that Alice Kauser had her early training. Her knowledge of contracts was acquired in my office. Her introduction to the managers came through me. Therefore I have every right to be proud of the success she has made in establishing her own agency. She is a brilliant woman, and I have always rejoiced in the fact that I was instrumental in aiding her towards the establishment of her subsequent career, now of many years' standing.

Pavilion de Musique, Villa Trianon, Versailles

It may be interesting here to relate how often the writing or the acceptance of a play hangs upon a very slight thread. I had met J. M. Barrie in London, and both Addison Bright and I had advised him to dramatize The Little Minister. To this he agreed, and a contract was then entered into between him and Charles Frohman. Finally the play was finished and Barrie came to New York, bringing the precious script with him.

He stopped at the Holland House, which was a popular hotel. He had never at that time met Frohman personally. I had been their intermediary. On Wednesday, the day after Barrie's arrival, I called at the hotel for the play, which I was to deliver to Charles Frohman. On the following Saturday the latter was to give his verdict. As this was one of my most important transactions, I naturally felt nervous when I returned early that day to learn how the manuscript had impressed Frohman.

When I entered his office I was greeted with his usual cordiality.

"The play is all right," he said. "There is nothing the matter with it, only it is no good for me."

My heart sank.

"Why, what is the trouble with it?" I asked.

"It is a man's play," replied C. F., "whereas I am looking for a play for Maude Adams. I haven't any young actor I want to star as the little minister."

No words can convey the chagrin I felt. My mind was set upon the acceptance and production of this important property. I reflected for a few moments and then said, "How would you feel about it if Barrie would rewrite it, and make Lady Babbie the leading part?"

"Oh," answered C. F., "that would be fine; but I don't believe you can get him to do it."

"That is up to me," I said, and off I flew.

I found Barrie waiting for me, anxious to learn Frohman's opinion. I repeated our conversation and found the author stubbornly opposed to any reconstruction of his material.

I pleaded, I coaxed, I argued—all to no avail. However, realizing that time is often our best advocate, I urged that he would suspend his decision until Monday, when I would call for his final answer.

Jerome K. Jerome's Great Hit

ON MONDAY I returned to the Holland House. I found that Barrie had weakened to a very considerable extent. I pointed out that a play successfully starring Maude Adams, who at that time was nearing the height of her popularity, would bring fame and fortune to the author. This appeal had the desired effect. Barrie consented to make the necessary changes, and Frohman rejoiced at the result of my diplomacy. The Little Minister was produced. It scored a triumph. Barrie's career as a playwright was established. He became the author in chief who furnished Maude Adams for the remainder of her artistic life with her very best and most popular rôles. A long and lasting friendship between Sir James M. Barrie and the late Charles Frohman was the happy result of their first success together.

Another anecdote revolves around that wonderful humorist, Jerome K. Jerome. He had achieved popularity as a writer of fiction, and a few of his comedies had attracted favorable comment in London. Still he had not reached the high-water mark of success, and I found him one spring very downhearted.

Under Glass at the Left of the Picture is Pandora's Box, the Falconet Wax Group Found in a Dusty Old Shop of Paris

I urged him to pluck up courage, and insisted that he must have many stories in his mind which could be developed into plays. I asked him to bring me some plots so that we might decide together as to which of them he had better attack. Soon Jerome arrived in my office with six sheets of paper covered with his fine handwriting. They were numbered one to six, each representing the theme of a possible drama. The first, I remember, dealt with Russian nihilism. This was before the Russians and their theater possessed the burning interest which they do today. I advised against it. The stories which followed presented little more to arouse my enthusiasm.

After the fifth page had been read and rejected by me, Jerome was thoroughly disgruntled, and I was equally discouraged. However, the sixth remained.

"What is the use of my going on?" said Jerome. "If you haven't cared for the others, you are certain not to like this one. Not a manager in the world would consider this story for a minute."

"Never mind," I said. "I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, so go to it and read me the last."

It was the story of The Passing of the Third Floor Back.

I jumped from my seat with glee. I threw my arms around Jerome with enthusiasm. I knew that we had struck a bonanza.

The play was finished in the autumn, but certain as I was of the value of the material, Jerome had been right so far as the difficulty of persuading a manager to produce this play was concerned

Golding Bright, however, convinced Johnston Forbes-Robertson to try out the property at least His success in both England and America is the convincing proof of the correctness of our judgment

Robertson, who was then far from rich, made a fortune out of this play, and Jerome K. Jerome never before or since registered a success that was so positive and so permanent.

The Agent's Business

THE Christian—that wonderful play of Hall Caine's—scored through a bit of reconstruction which altered its fate and which insured its popularity. When the author turned in his original version there was no prologue. The convent was the opening scene. I persuaded Mr. Caine to introduce Glory and John as boy and girl together, in the very beginning of the play. I felt sure that the audience would want their first impression of them to be one of sunshine and of romance. The reception of this play in this form proved that this suggestion was of benefit to the author.

I might add that rarely is a manuscript turned in which cannot be improved through the advice and criticism of the skilled reader and representative. My principle has always been not to submit a play to a manager until it has been gone over and over and improved from every possible angle. Managers judge by their first impressions. They have not the patience as a rule to help the author to a successful revision of his material.

If an author's representative had merely to sit at a desk and receive a completed and perfected manuscript, the agency business would be one of ease and certainty. As it is, however, a play is rarely placed as first written. It is the rewriting of the play which requires all the help and the encouragement which the agent can give. And even then, when the author has patiently toiled over his manuscript, when the agent has tried, with all the confidence and the persistency of which he is capable, to convince the managers of its merit, the result may be one of heart-breaking disappointment and the play may never be produced.

There is no prejudice whatever against a young and unknown writer. That is a mistaken idea. But the average manager is so impressed by his own ability to judge of a play that he often allows a veritable gold mine to slip through his fingers. It would be a very beneficial thing perhaps to prepare a list, not of the successful plays which were finally accepted, but of the successful plays which were primarily rejected.

Some of the very biggest hits with which I have been associated went the rounds to be returned to me over and over again until I found some man who had more confidence in my judgment than in his own. In face of this fact, it is interesting to note that there are still a few managers who refuse absolutely to read any manuscript which has

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Interior Drawing-Room of the Villa Trianon at Versailles, Where Once the Royalty of France Lived

MY BOOK AND HEART

"How Would You Like to Live in Nashville?" He Asked Suddenly. "We Could Do It," I Answered. "It Can be Managed," He Said

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN you have passed the meridian of your years, if you should undertake to copy your life into a record you would discover that you must write now and then about a stranger who bears no resemblance to the man or woman you have become. If you have done much in the way of living, you will either discover that you are no longer merely the descendant of your parents, but that you are everybody's descendant. You will find that you are kin to the Jews as well as to the Gentiles. They were the first Christians. We might still be mere Sadducees but for Jesus and Paul of Tarsus, both of whom were born Jews. Spiritually speaking, we bear a strong relation to the Hebrews. They were the scripture-bearing race. And you may think you are a Protestant, but that will not deliver you from feeling the need of a priest when it comes to the liquidation of your sins, even if he is your own pastor, and a Methodist preacher at that. None of us are Protestants except doctrinally speaking.

By nature we crave the symbolism of altars, the visible images of invisible things. We are spending vast sums on fine churches and rose windows—look at St. John the Divine in New York. We even imitate the Christians of the Middle Ages in the length of time taken to build this cathedral, with all the modern facilities for construction, which they did not have when they built their marvelous churches. We are boasting about how this man or that one has worked half a lifetime already on this cathedral, building up medieval legends about a modern church, you understand—an artless affectation, no harm in it; but what does it mean? That the tone of time must be associated with religion, even if we plagiarize the tone of time; and we are tending more and more toward the ritualistic forms of worship. The less spiritual we are the more we require the mere formula of religious idealism to stimulate spiritual emotions.

It comes to this: We are the physical offsprings of our own parents and the descendants of all men, arts, books and religions besides. These complications show up in us as the years pass. Therefore, I say, when it comes to writing your own life you will not do it. You will not set down all of it if you have a proper regard for yourself. You will not tell on everybody by telling everything on yourself. You will rustle up copy which you instantly reject as foreign matter, stuff you lived in another personality, pages of lost years blown away in the high wind of events which drift back now on a tide of memories. You let it drift. You realize suddenly that the faculty of forgetfulness is one of the best faculties we have, and ought to be cultivated.

So far as I am concerned, I expect to find at least three of me standing before the bar in the last day to be judged, condemned and praised—that first woman I was, with the simple blue-eyed soul, the strange and vivid one I became in Oxford, and this one I am now with the peaceful sense of firm foundations, like a good old house that has weathered the storms and feels the sunlight upon its roof at last.

But that woman I happened to be in Oxford was no more than a shanty built upon the sands. She could not have lived the life I have lived, nor endured my griefs nor have accomplished my rewards. I can see her clearly now as I never saw her then, sitting always in some bright place, nursing a lame foot, never complaining, ready to laugh, always talking, exercising a rash and unscrupulous wit, flirting the wings of a thousand fancies, mocking the ancient wisdom of men, praising God like the outlaw of every creed, a pale unlovely creature with a powerful personality and a glittering mind—heavens, what a picture! Nobody could love such a woman, and everybody did—and Lundy pacing back and forth somewhere, committing a Greek text or a sermon to memory, as far removed in mind and spirit from her as the Parthenon and the Cross!

Still, I beg you not to question her goodness. As near as I can make out at this great distance of time, she had erred into the regulation piety of a church-bound community. She had a gift for persuading other men's souls into the kingdom of heaven, but she appears to have lost for a time the wing-hovering relation to her own husband. She seems to have slumped into a merely conventional wife. This is a fault common to many good women. I have seen much of it in these latter years—noble outside interests which divorce wives from their husbands and mothers from their children. It is a remunerative form of hypocrisy.

I had a fairer reputation then than I have now. At least I think so. We really know very little about our reputations. But as a matter of precaution I would advise women to leave the souls of men alone, especially their adolescent souls. They consist entirely of amorphous spiritual substances. They have as many rings of sentiment and vaporous eloquence around them as the planet Saturn. It is easy to guide one of the pulpy things into the church; but when you have done it you do not know whether you have committed a blasphemy or an act of salvation.

I experienced no such doubts as these in those days. I had a good conscience based upon an invincible ignorance of bifurcated human nature. This is why I set less store than formerly upon merely a good conscience. The only way to avoid making a fool of yourself before the Lord is to add wisdom to your virtues. All this in spite of the fact that my work among the students at Oxford lasted after a fashion.

One winter day not long ago I came in and found a man sitting before the fire in my cabin. He looked defeated, slightly dog-eared, if you know what I mean; a dark man who had faded into a sort of precocious middle age. In spite of his good clothes, he gave the impression of having been rolled many times in the dust of the road, of being merely brushed up temporarily for this occasion. Adversity was a confidence man who would frisk him and dust him again tomorrow or next day.

He was the kind of man you recognize as someone you have completely forgotten. The moment he stood up I remembered him as one of the boys whom I had nurtured

into the church thirty years ago at Oxford. Apparently he had stopped by in passing to tell me that he was not good, he was a sort of decent failure; but he wanted me to know that he had never forgotten my kindness and my interest in his soul, regarding me vaguely during this speech as if he had long since misplaced this soul but liked to revive memories of it by talking about it.

I did not consider him much of a dividend on my religious activities. But the sight of him brought back a vision of Lundy, my dear blind saint, walking in his shadows while I sat with the sun in my eyes and a senseless peace in my heart, teaching the gospel to youths who were to become men like this one. Sometimes when I think of them, the time I wasted on those young tomcat boys, I have a sort of hasty feeling toward heaven; not to be there, you understand, but just to see Lundy privately for a moment to tell him how much I regret the folly of my misspent religion in those days, and how if I had them to live over I would never take my thoughts or prayers away from him. I would sit like a wind-blown candle in his darkness. But if I could see him and tell him, I know well what he would say in return. He would take my hands in his kind hands, regard me with that deep-blue gaze which will not have been changed, and he would say, "Why, my dear, I do not remember that you ever neglected me. You did everything. You were a good wife. I have missed here the warmth and tenderness of the home you were to me. The fault was in me." He would certainly say something like that.

The thing that amazes me now is that I could have been so blind to his condition during this last year at Oxford, and to the swiftly approaching fate that was to sweep us forever from the life and scenes of those dear days. Maybe without being aware of it I had formed the habit of helplessness peculiar to invalids. Maybe it had to come, and my blindness to the terrifying future was providential. I have noticed this in people about to die—some change takes place in them. They experience a sort of ease at the very last. If they remain conscious they become mysteriously somnambulant in the spirit. Their flesh lets go. Their mortal fear of death passes away. It is taken away. So that they tread the measures of a dream out of life into another life. Something like this may have happened to me at that time. For I was about to die, not as they die who are laid peacefully to rest in their dust, but mine was to be the living death of one who loses every hope, every friend, all the familiar associations and pleasures I had known.

This is what happened: At the close of the spring term in June of the year 1898, Lundy, exhausted by the double work he had done in the Greek and English departments, suffered a complete nervous collapse. With one final flourish of despair he resigned from the chair of Greek in Emory College, surrendered his license to preach, and made up his tragic mind to take a vacation from God.

Sometimes one should be merely historical and state no more than the facts, especially if you are recording your own life. It is more decent than flinging your hands over your head, giving yourself the airs of a tragedienne and inviting the world to take notice of the tears on your face The world is a thoughtful old person and knows you have laughed many times since you shed those tears twenty-five years ago. Besides, it is not my purpose to go down in this record as a sorrow-stricken woman. My idea has always been to take life standing up, face forward, and not to snivel no matter how high the wind of adversity blows.

There is really no such thing as adversity. It is a sort of honorable degree the Lord confers upon you in living if you have the quality and courage to earn it. I have taken, I reckon, two or three minor scholarships in adversity and my experience is that it does not soften your countenance, nor make you lovable to little men; but it certainly will dry the tears upon your cheeks and give you a grand total inside. It does something to you, I admit that. The strength and the peace I have earned make me less agreeable to many people. The world seems far less important than it might have seemed if I had lain down and called for help during my adversity tests. This is probably one reason I never accept invitations to show forth, nor to make a speech, nor to read from my works, nor to preside over something, nor to be on a national committee in any of the great affairs about which we talk so much and can do so little. Speeches are for publication. The gavels we use do not restore order. I have not the strength to keep up with the brisk pace of our times. Such powers as I have have been used quietly and privately. Silence impresses me as a very good place to sit

Still, it's no use to give myself airs at your expense if you are doing your duty conscientiously in the public eye on the rostrum. You have more courage, my dear, than I ever had or you would not be there. And no doubt if I had written my life during those terrible years it would have been a shrill tale, an eloquent bid for your tears and sympathy. But I was too busy then to think about my own life. Now it is spent, and I am sitting like a staunch old period of myself, boasting about it. We must be vain to the last. Maybe it is an immortal trait. Anyhow, I have grown so old and homely and serenely vain that I do not expect to be flattered even by my ultimate reception into the kingdom of heaven.

My feeling is that I have earned a place in at least five of the seven kingdoms of heaven. I shall already have covered the great distances. One must, you understand, in order to arrive. My idea would be to choose a short,

Continued on Page 34

I Was No Longer Under Lundy's Spiritual Thumb. His God Was Still My God, But Never Again Was I to be Controlled by a Long-Distance, Prayer-Dimmed View of Heaven

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1923

Milestone and Monument

EVERY week that has elapsed since the death of Mr. Harding has thrown into bolder relief the extraordinary character of the services that he rendered the country during the two and a half years of his presidency. Those services were so fundamental in their nature and so free from superficial gloss and glitter that during our late President's lifetime many a man was disposed to undervalue them or to ignore them entirely. His last notable achievement was to leave his office in such smooth and automatic motion that when it passed into other hands between supper and breakfast the transition was without hitch or jar. Even the stock market, which financial writers like to refer to as "the nation's most delicate psychological seismograph," displayed less disturbance than it had registered a little time before when a few bucket shops went to smash.

Mr. Harding's first year in office, including as it did the acuter phases of the deflationary period following the most devastating war in history, was an exceedingly critical time. Just how critical it was we can now see far more clearly, regarding it as a whole, than we could when we were living through it day by day. There was something almost Washingtonian in the steadfast calmness with which Mr. Harding faced and grappled with the national and international problems that confronted him. He was encompassed by pitfalls. His long working days bristled with opportunities for making irretrievable errors of judgment. He was constantly importuned by those who urged him to do or to say the wrong thing. And yet, such were his caution, his quiet courage and his firm adherence to sound principles of action that he came through that trying year without a single major error fairly chargeable to him. Unlike those cocksure statesmen who have an infallible nostrum for every public ill, he was always slow to commit himself to drastic action until he was sure the course he contemplated would not work more harm than good.

Looking back on Mr. Harding's first year in the White House we may devoutly thank our destiny that we escaped so many dangers and entanglements into which a Chief Magistrate less clear of vision and of purpose might easily have led us. In a period of worldwide unrest, discontent and demoralization we lost nothing by Mr. Harding's aversion to spectacular methods and theatrical effects. What we needed, and still need, was a balance wheel, not a pinwheel; a steadying influence rather than a dashing leader with a gift for blundering brilliantly and occasionally triumphing by luck or audacity.

But Mr. Harding was more than a balance wheel, more than a steady-handed steersman. His summoning of the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament proved that he had imagination of a lofty order and could, at the call of his vision, with his people solidly behind him, embark fearlessly upon a line of action that was without precedent and without parallel. The highest purport of that great event has not yet been fully realized. Even now we scarcely know what lasting history was made in Washington that November afternoon in 1921 when the delegates of the powers, assembled in Continental Hall, listened in amazement as Secretary Hughes read in clear grave tones Mr. Harding's specific proposals for partial naval disarmament.

Had this scene been enacted in the mirrored hall of some storied Old World palace we might have overestimated its significance. Staged as it was in a lesser government building in our own capital city, we took it too lightly and forgot it too soon. History will not forget; nor will it fail to assign to Mr. Harding and to the peace-loving millions behind him full credit for the establishment of this towering memorial of America's good-will toward the world at large.

If it needed uncounted centuries to raise man out of that state of nature in which to see a head is to hit it, and to implant in him recognition of obligation toward his fellows, a sense of must and must not, a negation of the primeval law that might makes right, how much longer must it take for the nations of earth to get the same moral schooling! But social evolution is on its way and a great American has left a white milestone to mark its progress.

Nothing can more fittingly or more enduringly serve as his own monument.

The Wrong Way to Reduce

MEDICAL men are considerably exercised over a new danger with which the public, and more especially the feminine public, is threatened. It is a novel phase of the ancient patent-medicine evil. Old-fashioned nostrums depended mainly upon alcoholic ingredients for their kick, and upon opium or its derivatives for their soothing or pain-relieving qualities. In recent years the use of wines, liquors and narcotics in these so-called remedies has been largely curtailed; but the ingenuity of patent-medicine manufacturers remains undiminished. Unhampered by law, they are now using thyroid extracts in certain classes of nostrums. This is particularly the case with certain preparations sold to women as flesh reducers.

Thyroid extracts are known to have a flesh-reducing tendency; but their use, except under strict and intelligent medical supervision, is in the highest degree dangerous. These extracts vary widely in potency, and there can be no trustworthy basis of dosage unless every individual batch of extract is carefully tested out and its precise strength ascertained by laboratory experiment. Indeed, physicians are so thoroughly alive to the uncertainties of these glandular extracts, and of the desiccated glands themselves, that they much prefer to prescribe a standardized derivative whose strength and effects can be definitely foretold.

So delicate is the physiological balance that must be maintained between the functioning of these ductless glands and the requirements of the body chemistry of the individual that if the glandular secretion is either increased or decreased, naturally or artificially, by a comparatively small amount, health is likely to give way to disease, and often disease of a serious character. There can be nothing more foolhardy than ignorantly tampering with this thyroid balance; but it must be said in behalf of the unfortunate victims of the flesh reducers that they are usually quite unaware of the nature of the drug they are taking and have no conception of the perils that may overtake them.

Patients whose thyroid secretions are insufficient for their needs are often benefited by the scientific administration of the active principle of the thyroid glands of animals. Such cases have nothing in common with that of the overnourished lady, fond of her sweets, starches and limousines, who is secreting all the thyroid material her system needs and then swigs more of the same from a bottle. This foolish forty-two has no right to look forward to the continued enjoyment of good health, even though she may become as thin as a flapper and as sleek as a smelt. A reunion of long-parted hooks and eyes is a joyous event; but it is still possible to pay too high a price for this happy consummation. A self-denying forty-two will achieve a far safer and much more wholesome slenderness by adhering to the regimen of diet and exercise prescribed by her family physician than will her short-cut sister who hopes to arrive at the same goal by the easy but dangerous method of blindly monkeying with her thyroid balance.

We are not prepared to define with exactness the restrictions that should be imposed upon the unauthorized sale of glandular extracts as ingredients of patent medicines; but we believe that if the medical fraternity would make a thorough study of the situation it should be possible to give adequate protection to the public without working any very serious hardship to manufacturers of honest remedies.

Speaking of Bananas

THERE are two statements of frequent occurrence in the metropolitan press that we have lost all patience with, not so much on account of their endless iteration as for the reason that they are so meaningless.

The first of them daily falls from the lips of the prominent citizen who is returning from abroad and is interviewed at Quarantine by the ship-news reporters. Sometimes he is a partner in a firm of international money lenders, but he may be a bush-league congressman or merely a well-dressed tourist. At all events, he rarely fails to say: "My study of economic conditions abroad has convinced me that we ought to come to the assistance of Europe and help her to reestablish normal conditions."

Critically considered, this declaration carries just about as much intellectual punch as if the oracle had murmured "Yes, we have no bananas today." How we wish some truculent reporter would ask: "Just what does your statement mean, sir, if anything? Do you mean that you favor the cancellation of international war debts, an issue that has already been enthusiastically settled in the negative? Or do you mean that we, as a Government, should voluntarily offer to finance new European wars and disasters? Or would you like to see our clerks and schoolteachers put their savings into some foreign loans of highly problematic value? Or is it possible that you actually have in mind some well-matured plan for helping Europe that will bear the scrutiny of twenty different sorts of experts, and then have some real chance of adoption and success?"

Of course if these seagoing oracles had anything to utter except a hollow formula, as well worn as a slick nickel, the press of the world would be open to them and they could get more free publicity than the Leviathan. Unfortunately they have nothing of value to deliver. Secretary Mellon, we are glad to recall, was not guilty of uttering any such twaddle.

The other indefensible instance of speaking of bananas is to be found in that old familiar dispatch bearing a Berlin date, to the effect that the German Government has been straining every nerve to bolster up the falling mark. Everyone is aware that this is untrue. During the war, when the economists were making just as bad guesses as the rest of us, they set Germany's financial blow-up for the day on which her volume of paper currency should cross the thirty-seven-billion-mark level; but that limit had to be left far behind before the money presses were even tuned up for the real work ahead. About a year ago predictions were made that by January 1, 1923, there would be nearly a trillion paper marks in circulation. There were. Recently the money printers were accused of slacking on the job if they turned out less than a trillion in a single week.

In the meantime the value of the mark as expressed in cents has been chased so far to the right of the decimal point that it is hard to find it. But the good old dispatch keeps on appearing year in and year out, and we keep on reading it without a smile.

We sometimes wonder if our national sense of humor is really as keen as we like to think it is.

WHY MEN CRACK

IT HAS been just my luck! I've seen why they do! I remember that when I was in short trousers, a good many years before I ever saw my name in print or my photograph in a rotogravure section, grown folks used to ask me what I would like to be when I grew up. Even then I had an instinct which, of course, I could not express. If I had been able to express it I would have said, "The circus isn't the greatest show on earth; the greatest show on earth is the performance of mankind. When I grow up I want to be a spectator!"

And I have been one—and a lucky spectator. I am not nodding in any chimney corner yet, and I can still show chest muscles and pull my old belt up to the last hole; but luck has been with me, and I have seen more of the show than most; and a good many times I've sat close enough to the ring to see the look of pain behind the grease paint of the clown, and I have been behind the scenes when the principal performers take off their silks and satins and tinsels.

Qualifying as an Expert

I MEAN by this that, although I have led a fairly active life myself, I have had a chance to look on. It has been in various parts of the world and all over America, with inside views of the lives of a variety of the great and almost-great and the not-at-alls. I was born with the faculty of getting behind men's scenery and discounting those stage effects which make the audience of public opinion applaud—for a little while. I have been in close-ups with statesmen and politicians, because I've been in politics. I have been in close touch with bankers and business men, because my profession is one which they require. And I have sung off the same song sheets with artists and actors and writers, because with the creative urge and with those who are bitten by it I find my fun.

I have known three Presidents and two great European premiers well enough to be able to keep from telling what they would do next. I have sat up till early hours in the morning with men who were at their wits' end in the hard contests which sometimes come to those who are called big financial figures. Kellar showed me how he did his tricks. I have slept in the same bedroom with Big Bill Haywood, the I. W. W., and been shot at by feudists in Kentucky. I had a great deal to do with picking young men for one of the largest corporation services in America. I have helped to plan the policy of newspapers and have assisted in hatching the program of one of the magazines which appeal to self-interest, self-improvement and personal success. I have written planks into national party platforms and reorganized motion-picture companies and have been sent abroad on missions to see if there was any danger that certain nations would make a separate peace with Germany. And so on. I have had a rich life, damned, some say, by having been Jack-of-all-trades and by having given too much good advice or too many ideas to others because I believed they could carry them out, at the time, better than I.

All this misses the point. The point is not that I am still comparatively poor, although I have owned my own houses in city and country and can go more or less where I wish, or that I might have been better known if I had sawed on one stick of wood all this time. The point just now is that I have been primarily a spectator—a lucky, adventuring spectator; an intimate spectator—and I have a much better idea than most men as to why other men crack.

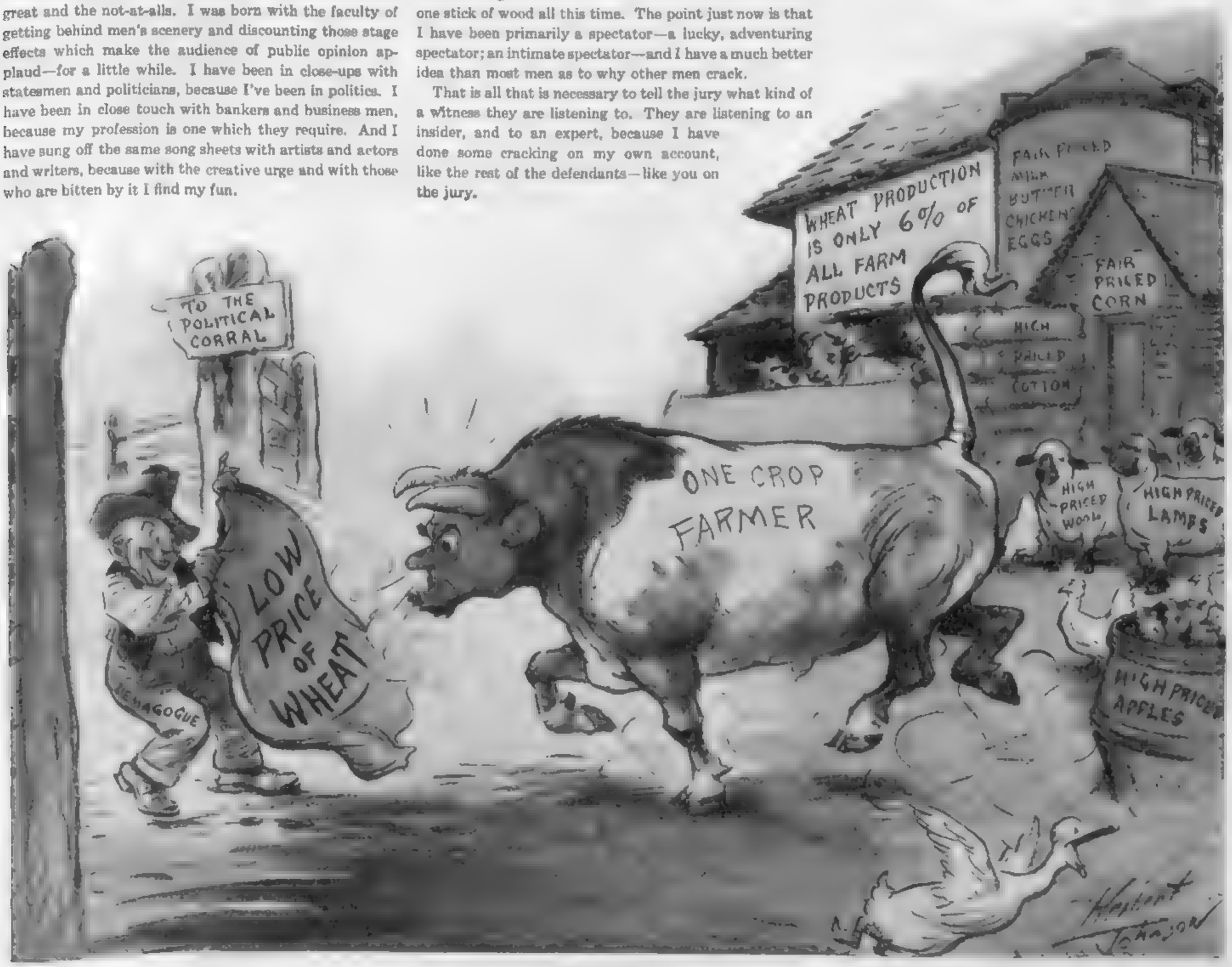
That is all that is necessary to tell the jury what kind of a witness they are listening to. They are listening to an insider, and to an expert, because I have done some cracking on my own account, like the rest of the defendants—like you on the jury.

It goes without saying that a good many men are born sunk, and that a much greater number grow up sinking. Charge that to parents. Charge it to disease and folly, to some inherited weakness which cannot be avoided and a whole lot of inherited weakness which could be. Charge the growing up unfit to the parent who breaks the spirit of the child, or cuddles it into egotism and temperamental nervous bankruptcy and lies to it and gives it the deadly homemade examples of violent quarreling, lie-a-bed laziness and whining. I have raised Airedale terriers. Anybody will admit an Airedale terrier is not the sensitive organism a child is, and anybody who has raised good Airedales knows that one would ruin a litter by the cruelties under the name of discipline or the petting under the name of devotion which are dealt out to human offspring.

The Question at Issue

BUT this question of men who come to maturity completely out of the race before the pistol is fired has nothing to do with the one I want to ask and answer. I want to know about the men who in various large activities of our national life get to going, are on their way toward the top—and then crack. It is useful to know that. Not perhaps

(Continued on Page 44)



STIRRING HIM UP

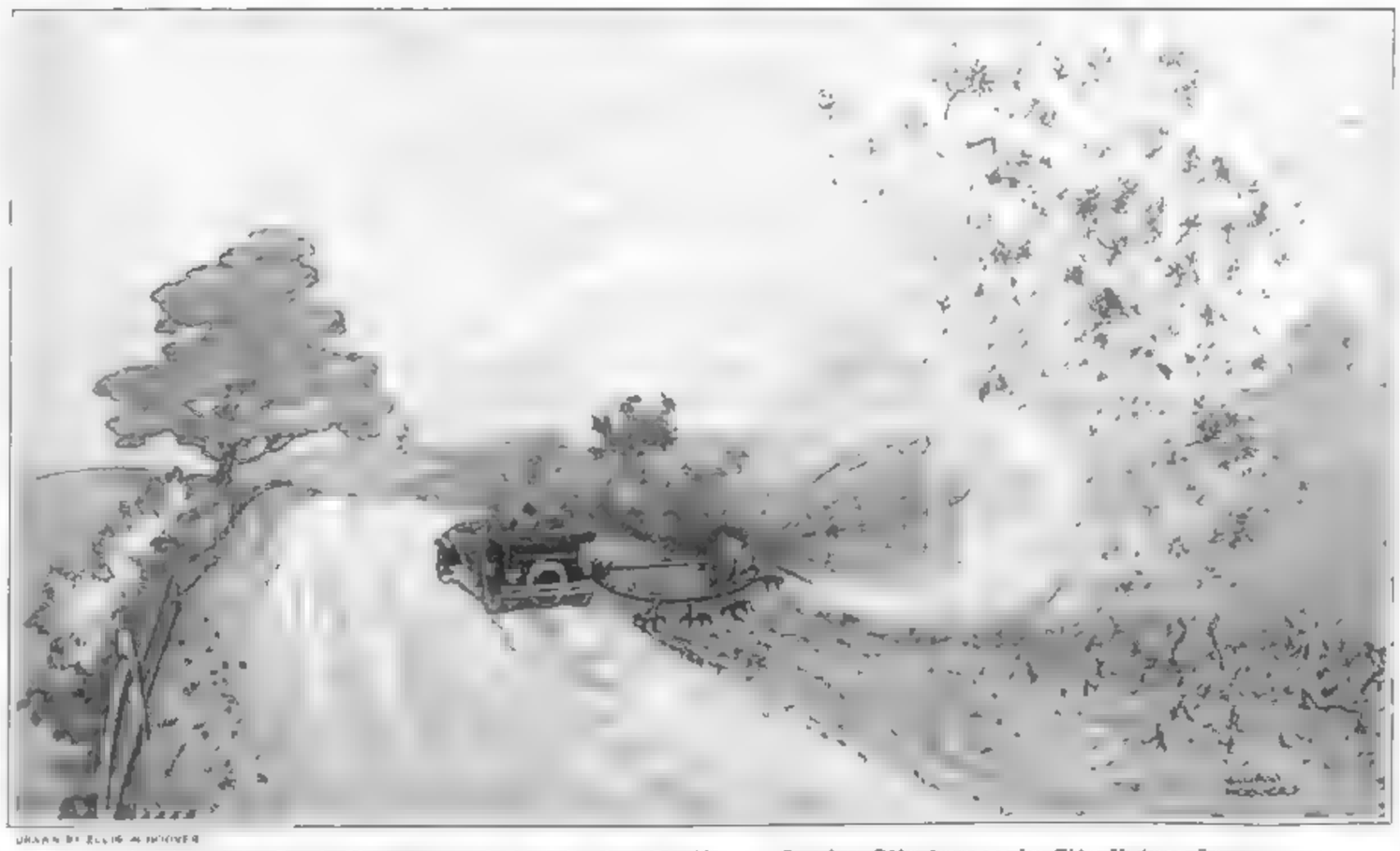
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Farmer and the City Chap

IT WAS a city boarder and he met a rural gent,
And to himself he smiled a smile of genial merriment.
"For years I've read in comic prints of these bucolic folk;
I'll give this ancient hick the razz; 'twill be a pleasant joke"
And so he doffed the sporty lid that graced his urban head,
And to the aged rural gent the city boarder said:
"Waal, how is crops? Dod gast it if it isn't Farmer Brown.
A right smart purty spot yeou have out here away from taown.
It's lonesome though, I reckon, when the city folks have gone.
Gosh ding! Dew tell! Dod gast it! Gosh all hemlock! Waal I swan!"

The farmer fixed upon the youth a gentle gaze but shrewd,
And said, "Your dialect is strange; your diction rather crude.
To grasp the purport of your speech I must confess I fail,
Although I took philology at Harvard and at Yale.
I seem to find allusion to the quiet of this place.
It's true a life agrestic lacks the driving urban pace,
Though when I care to see a show or buy the wife a gown
I jump into my snappy six and motor into town.
I read the daily papers every morning with my meals;
Each evening at our picture house I see the latest reels.
In fact there's very little that I do not do or see,
For the simple-minded farmer isn't what he used to be."

A look of kindly merriment was in the farmer's glance.
The city boarder staggered like a person in a trance.
And the farmer heard him mutter, "Waal, I must be getting on.
Gosh ding! Dew tell! Dod gast it! Gosh all hemlock! Waal I swan!"
—*Newman Levy.*



Combination Bush-Mangler and Root-Puller, for Use on Sunday Pilgrimages by City Nature Lovers. Saves Stopping to Break the Bushes and Pull Up the Flowers. Attach to Any Car

Making Arithmetic Modern

SCHOOL-TEACHERS and parents are unanimous in agreeing that arithmetic, as it is now taught in the public schools, is drab and uninteresting.

Why not give them problems with a little more pep?

The following are calculated to take the curse out of the study of mathematics:

1. A popular motion-picture actor makes $3000 a week and works forty weeks a year. He pays $300 weekly alimony to one ex-wife and $425 weekly to another. What is his remaining yearly income?

2. At a charity bridge party the prizes cost $34, the refreshments $16 and the cards $8. Thirty players each gave $2 for the privilege of playing. After deducting expenses, how much money was left for charity?

3. Two automobile thieves steal a car from in front of a police station and start to speed 42 miles an hour. A police car starts in the opposite direction from the same point one minute later, at the rate of 38 miles an hour. How long will it be before the police are four miles from the thieves? How long would it take the police to catch the thieves if the police were to follow them at the rate of 44 miles an hour?

4. The management of a Marathon dancing contest offered a prize of $5 for each minute the winning couple danced in excess of the average time danced by the other contestants. Twenty-six contesting couples danced a total of 598 hours, and the winning couple danced 46 hours and 22 minutes. What was the total cash prize awarded them? —*Roy H. Fricken.*

Under a Spreading Chestnut Tree

(The School-Teacher's Friday-Night Dream.)

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
'Twas the night before Christmas, in '75—
Hardly a man is now alive who remembers,
Who remembers the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in
At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power!
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
O Douglas, O Douglas! Tender and trewe.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The words she to him then did say.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid and ask,
"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay."
The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames rolled on; he would not go!
And this is what he said:
"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be!"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
And Wynken and Blynken and Nod."
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with John Gilpin on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
—*Helen Pendleton Miller.*

Lion: "You've Been Raising and Raising—Now I Dare You to Beat Me!"
Monkey: "I Guess I Ocean't—I-I Only Got a P-pair of D-deuces!"

Hollywood Takes Up the Bard

SCENE: *Motion-picture studio, Hollywood.* DIRECTOR *and* CAMERA MAN *are discovered seated at table littered with papers.*

DIRECTOR: Jack, I got orders to do a Shakspere in five reels.

CAMERA: Good.

DIRECTOR: But I don't know anything about this guy.

CAMERA: Trust in your Uncle Dud. I'm the original little Shakspere authority. I'll even write the stuff for you.

DIRECTOR: Never mind. Gimme the traditions of these characters, will you? Sir John Falstaff—who is he?

CAMERA: Fat guy; carries a cane, see? That's where he gets his name. Dry country—cane with a hollow barrel—green river—false staff! See?

DIRECTOR: Fine! We can work in some wet-and-dry stuff—curse of drink and all that. Here's Romeo and Juliet.

(Continued on Page 54)

The main dish!

They're like meat for nourishment. You'll want them often for the principal food of the meal—lunch, dinner or supper. Tasty and filling!

Slow-cooked
Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

RÔLES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XVIII

WITH a little scream of fright and astonishment Eva Grahame struggled to her feet, tearing the chiffon and lace of her lovely negligee as she scrambled from the sofa, and pushed away with both hands the strange man who had taken her in his arms.

"Who who ——" she gasped, staring at him, and then realized that this tall, bewildered, kind-looking man must be Oliver.

Oliver—Gwynne's husband! Her husband! For she was Gwynne!

"Oh!" Eva breathed, growing very pale and putting out a hand to clutch the sofa.

"What is it?" asked Oliver, alarmed. "Why, Gwynne, what's the matter, dear? Did I startle you?"

"Startle—me?" cried Eva, her breath still coming in gasps, and then she burst into hysterical laughter.

"My poor darling, you're ill!"

He would have taken her in his arms again, but she shrank away, putting the sofa between them. Standing behind the sofa, clinging to it with both hands, Eva struggled to regain her composure while Oliver looked at her helplessly.

"Can't I do something? Get you a glass of water? Shall I ring for Delia? Gwynne! Gwynne! Tell me what's the matter! I've never seen you like this before."

"I'm not Gwynne!" Eva wanted to cry out. "Go away! I'm not your wife!" But she dared not. She remembered Gwynne's threats of only an hour before, and there was something in this man's face that made Eva fear disclosure of her secret too. His expression was kind, even gentle; but that firm mouth, those steely gray eyes were too honest not inexorably to demand honesty. She could imagine him stern, unforgiving. And what would any man think of the story she would have to tell to establish her identity? What had before seemed only a light-hearted adventure, now began to appear a somewhat dubious transaction. Why, he might even think her a thief! Wearing Gwynne's clothes, her jewels, her wedding ring and engagement ring! Eva's hand went up to the string of pearls at her throat.

"Oliver," she ventured timidly in a choking voice.

"Yes?"

"Why didn't you tell me? I didn't know ——" she stammered. "You frightened me so."

"I'm sorry ——" he began. Then a gleam of surprise shot through his eyes.

"Frightened?" he asked. "You frightened, Gwynne? Isn't that something new for you?"

Eva realized her mistake. She was not playing her part properly. She must cease to be soft, timid Eva Grahame, and become her cool, imperious double. What would Gwynne say in these circumstances? Summoning all her courage, she looked at Oliver as coldly as she could.

"You've broken your promise," she said, trying to edge her gentle voice. "You promised to stay away. Do you think that's playing fair?"

Oliver's mouth tightened.

"I wrote to you—I explained," he said in a hard voice. "You knew I was coming."

"I didn't! I didn't!" Eva cried wildly. "Do you think I'd have stayed here if I'd known?"

His face went gray.

"Do you—hate me so much then?" he asked in a low voice.

Eva stared at him without answering. She was desperately anxious to have him go. But she could not say that she hated him. It would be like striking a cruel blow in a defenseless face. After all, it was not his fault. He had not meant to frighten her. Nothing was his fault—only Gwynne and herself to blame.

"Please go away," Eva whispered.

"You must have had my letter. I hoped that you would understand," he said in a dull voice, looking down.

"I'm Not Gwynne!" Eva Wanted to Cry Out. "Go Away! I'm Not Your Wife!" But She Dared Not. She Remembered Gwynne's Threats of Only an Hour Before

"No—no—I hadn't any letter. I don't understand."

"Will you sit down and listen, then, while I explain? It's not very comfortable talking to you standing, and across a sofa too," he remarked dryly.

"After all, Gwynne, we needn't make a drama out of it, need we?" he added.

"I don't want to talk! I want you to go away!" cried Eva Grahame. "It's long past midnight."

He stared.

"But you always stay up late," he said.

"That doesn't matter. I want you to go away."

"Really, Gwynne," said Oliver, trying to cover the hurt in his voice with a forced lightness of tone, "I've never had such a truly royal welcome."

"You had no right to come."

A jet of anger stirred his eyes.

"I can assure you I shouldn't have broken my promise without your consent."

"My consent?"

"I took your not answering my letter as consent. You are not usually silent about things that don't suit you, you know. Besides ——"

"But I ——"

"Yes, I know. You didn't get my letter. I'm sorry. Why is it, I wonder, that only important letters go astray? Well ——"

He took a step toward her, held out his hand. She shrank violently back against the wall.

"Upon my word, Gwynne!" he exclaimed in sharp annoyance. "Kindly don't act as if I were in the habit of beating you!"

Her hands went up to her throat. He could see the pulse throbbing frantically under the delicate milklike whiteness of her skin. And her eyes, bluer than he had ever seen them, blue as periwinkles, and misted over with a fine veil of tears, implored him.

His face softened and his eyes grew kind. Kneeling on the sofa, he stretched out his hand and gently took hers.

"I was only telling you good night, dear," he said, turning her hand over and kissing the rosy palm very lightly. "We'll talk things over in the morning, since that is what you prefer."

And without looking at her again he went out quickly. Eva ran to the door and locked it.

The telephone! She must telephone Gwynne at once! But she did not know where Gwynne lived. And it was too late now to find out from the theater. Tomorrow then—early—before Oliver could come back. Tomorrow? But tomorrow was Sunday! The theater would be closed!

XIX

DELIA, called into consultation early the next morning and thoroughly alarmed at her own share of complicity in the plot, was dressing Eva in a delightfully poetic new frock; for Delia reasoned, very wisely, that come what may, no man can get quite so angry with a pretty woman as with a plain one. And in this dress of gray-blue crêpe de chine, appliquéd with a design of tender pale green representing willow trees, with a yoke and hem of palest silver gray resembling the billowy clouds that float across a summer sky, Eva looked like a pond lily in a tree-bordered pool.

"Blue's Mr. Oliver's favorite color," remarked Delia complacently. "And I must say, miss, your arms are almost as white as Miss Gwynne's, though your hair's not such a real gold, of course. But if you'll take my advice, miss, it would be better if you could try to act a little more like Miss Gwynne, for your ways aren't a bit alike."

"I know," sighed Eva. "I'll try. But do you really think, Delia, we ought to keep it up?"

"Keep it up, miss! What else is there to do until we can find Miss Gwynne?" cried Delia, alarmed. "Mr. Oliver would never forgive the three of us—for he'd be blamin' you an' me, miss, as much or more than Miss Gwynne, you may be sure, since it's her he's fond of. An' us not even knowin' her address! Can you imagine the poor man? And his own wife lost in this wicked city!"

She began picking up scattered garments and making the dressing table tidy.

"Mr. Oliver's a great one for likin' everything right an' proper too," remarked Delia. "It wouldn't suit him at all bein' married to a stranger."

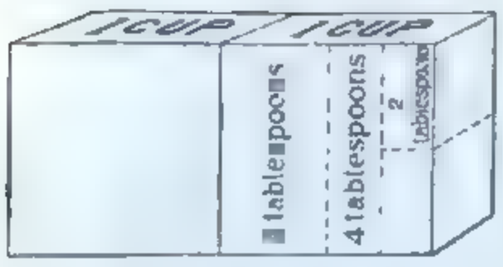
"You don't suppose it suits me either, do you?" Eva exclaimed indignantly. "If I thought only of myself I'd tell him the truth at once."

"Oh, you mustn't do that, miss! You couldn't!" cried Delia in a panic. "Mr. Oliver, for all he's so mild-seeming, can get terrible angry. An' Miss Gwynne—if she

(Continued on Page 30)

The convenient way to buy lard

One pound—*in a sanitary carton*



Use this simple, easy way to make measures

When you get your next carton of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram above. Thus you can measure quantities as needed, without the time and trouble of packing and leveling spoons or measuring cups

THOUSANDS of women are finding it most convenient to buy Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard in the carton.

The carton contains exactly one pound, a modest purchase and a great convenience in measuring as shown by the diagram at the left.

The lard is doubly-protected with a waxed paper wrapper inside the staunch outer carton; it comes to you with its purity and freshness unimpaired.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is always uniform, always pure—an ideal lard for all shortening or frying uses.

You can buy it from your grocer or your butcher in the 1-pound cartons or in pails of 2, 5, and 10 pounds. Identify it by the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

(Continued from Page 28)

was upset, too, there's no tellin' what she'd be doin'! An' whatever happened to you at all, miss, and whichever way things turned out for anyone else, I'd be losin' me place. An' that I couldn't bear, me bein' with Miss Gwynne ever since she was a baby, an' her like my own child. An' it's not my fault at all, an' me never wantin' this botherin' business, as you well know, miss!" wailed Delia.

"Very well," said Eva, touched by the plea of the one innocent victim. "I'll wait until tomorrow, when I can reach Mrs. Sheldon at the theater, or get her address. There was only a watchman there today when I telephoned, and of course he didn't know. By the way, Delia," Eva added, remembering Oliver's letter, "have you been forwarding Mrs. Sheldon's mail to the theater?"

"No, ma'am. Miss Gwynne's orders were to keep all her letters until she'd call for them. I've got everything put away safe against the time she'll come, though when that will be heaven alone knows," complained Delia, "an' it bein' over a month an' no word from her."

Eva walked with as much courage and composure as she could summon into the drawing-room of her suite where Oliver was waiting. She was aware that she must play the most difficult rôle of her career; and for the first time she regretted the comparatively easy part she had left behind in the theater.

"I am sorry to disturb you so early," Oliver said, coldly and formally, as she came toward him.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I've been up for ages," replied Eva, attempting Gwynne's nonchalant manner.

"You've had breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, long ago. Do sit down, Oliver."

Eva sank down on the sofa, with an admirable imitation of Gwynne's careless grace and indifferent manner.

"Thank you," he said dryly, taking an armchair. "I'm glad you have recovered from your attack of nerves, Gwynne. You seem to have changed in a great many ways since I saw you last."

"Oh," cried Eva, startled and blushing, "do you think so?"

He looked at her keenly.

"Blushes!" he said. "And fright! And early rising! What else, Gwynne? More surprises up your sleeve?"

It seemed to Eva that his eyes penetrated her secret. She was terribly frightened, and her carefully built-up impersonation crumbled.

"I—I don't think I've changed," she stammered childishly, blushing still more.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked. "Will you have a cigarette?"

"Oh, no! I nev—I mean, no, thank you."

"What? Changing all your habits? Really, Gwynne, if I didn't know you so well I'd think you were trying to please me."

"To—please you?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes." He leaned forward, took her hand, which she surrendered to him helplessly. "I don't know what is the meaning of this new incarnation," he said, looking at her with an amused and tender smile, "but I like it immensely. Have the styles in personality changed, Gwynne? Are they going back to 1860 like the dresses? I hope so. I like it, you know. I like you this way."

"Don't be absurd, Oliver," replied Eva, recovering the Gwynne manner and withdrawing her hand from his. "I'm just the same as always, really."

His smiling eyes darkened.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. "At any rate, you haven't changed toward me." He breathed deeply. Then his words came in a rush.

"Why do you hate me, Gwynne? What have I done to you?"

A sharp pang went through Eva at his bitterly unhappy voice.

"Oh, I don't hate you!" she cried involuntarily.

His face, so responsive to her moods, warmed and brightened. There was something almost pathetically young in his eyes, though he was middle-aged; as if the little boy that he had been still lived in his eyes—still with a child's firm faith in happiness.

"You—don't—love me, though?" he asked.

"Oh, please!" said Eva. "Don't let's talk about it!"

He laughed shortly and, jumping to his feet, began pacing up and down.

"I've made a fool of myself, as usual—with you, Gwynne. I don't know what it is in you—I know you don't care anything about me—and yet I can't help making love to you. I've often wondered why—why! You are not the sort of woman I admire. You are not the woman I'd have chosen—if there were any choice in love!" he added bitterly.

"Oh, don't!" said Eva, feeling the cruelty and the shame of his exposing his most intimate self to a stranger. "You mustn't talk to me like that, please. Please don't speak of personal things at all."

He stopped short, laughed again and sat down.

"Quite right. You always bring me back to earth, Gwynne. Strange for a beautiful woman to be so—practical."

He lit a cigarette with fingers that trembled very slightly.

"I suppose you want to know why I've come. Is that it?" he asked.

"Yes, I should like to know," Eva said gently.

He darted a curious look at her.

"What a contradiction—your sweet face, your soft voice—and you!"

"Please don't talk about me."

"Fascinating subject to most women. But I dare say it has to be the right man speaking. Well ——"

He was silent a moment, then looking at her earnestly, said, "I want to ask a tremendous favor of you, Gwynne. You've always been sportsmanlike, even if you haven't always been kind. And so—I count on your helping me."

"Yes?" asked Eva, as calmly as she could.

"Since you didn't get my letter, I must explain first—my mother is arriving today on the Mauretania."

"Your—mother?"

"I don't wonder you're surprised. We thought she would never come back, that she could never bear to see Midland again." He hesitated, then went on as if it were hard for him to choose his words: "I dare say you can't understand such love—such a great love, Gwynne. But I want you—I must beg you—to—respect it."

Eva's heart was beating rapidly, her head whirling at this new complication of her problem.

"I—I don't think I know what you mean," she murmured, playing for time."

"I thought you wouldn't," he exclaimed harshly. "You've never really cared for anyone in your whole life, have you? Not anyone!"

"But I—but what have I got to do with it? I wish you'd explain."

"Very well, then. Some women could understand without an explanation. But I realize, of course, how strange such devotion must seem to you—sentimental, ridiculous perhaps—that my mother couldn't bear to live in Midland after—my father had died there."

The bitter voice caught, and Oliver set his teeth and turned away his head.

"She's been living abroad five years now, as you know," he went on in a matter-of-fact tone. "I don't know what's made her change her mind—made her want to come back to Midland for a little while—but it will be a cruel ordeal for her. And so I want you to help me, Gwynne. You must help me—to help her."

Eva was silent, helpless before this new dilemma that confronted her.

"She imagines that we are happy," Oliver went on in a hard, stern voice. "I don't intend to add to her sorrow by letting her know our—my trouble."

Still Eva was silent, looking at him with wide, frightened eyes.

"I wrote you all this!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I thought you understood. I took your not answering as your way of agreeing to my plan."

"But—what do you want?" Eva managed to say.

"I want you to go back to Midland with me."

"But I can't do that!" Eva cried, jumping to her feet. "I can't!"

He rose and faced her. His eyes were like steel.

"You must," he said quietly.

"Must? How dare you tell me I must?" she exclaimed, clutching at Gwynne's manner for rescue.

He caught her by the wrist. His grasp was as steely as his eyes.

"Gwynne," he said, "I've given up to you in everything, all our life together, ever since I've known you ever since you were a little girl. But this time I am going to have my way. I won't hurt my mother. I won't have her hurt by you. After she has gone away you may do anything you please. I—I'll let you go forever if you like. But now you must come back to Midland and be—at least pretend to be—my wife."

Continued on Page 32

Staring at the Intruder, Careful Not to Betray Herself by the Wrong Word, Gwynne Came to the Natural Conclusion That This Self-Assured Young Man Must be Eva's Fiance

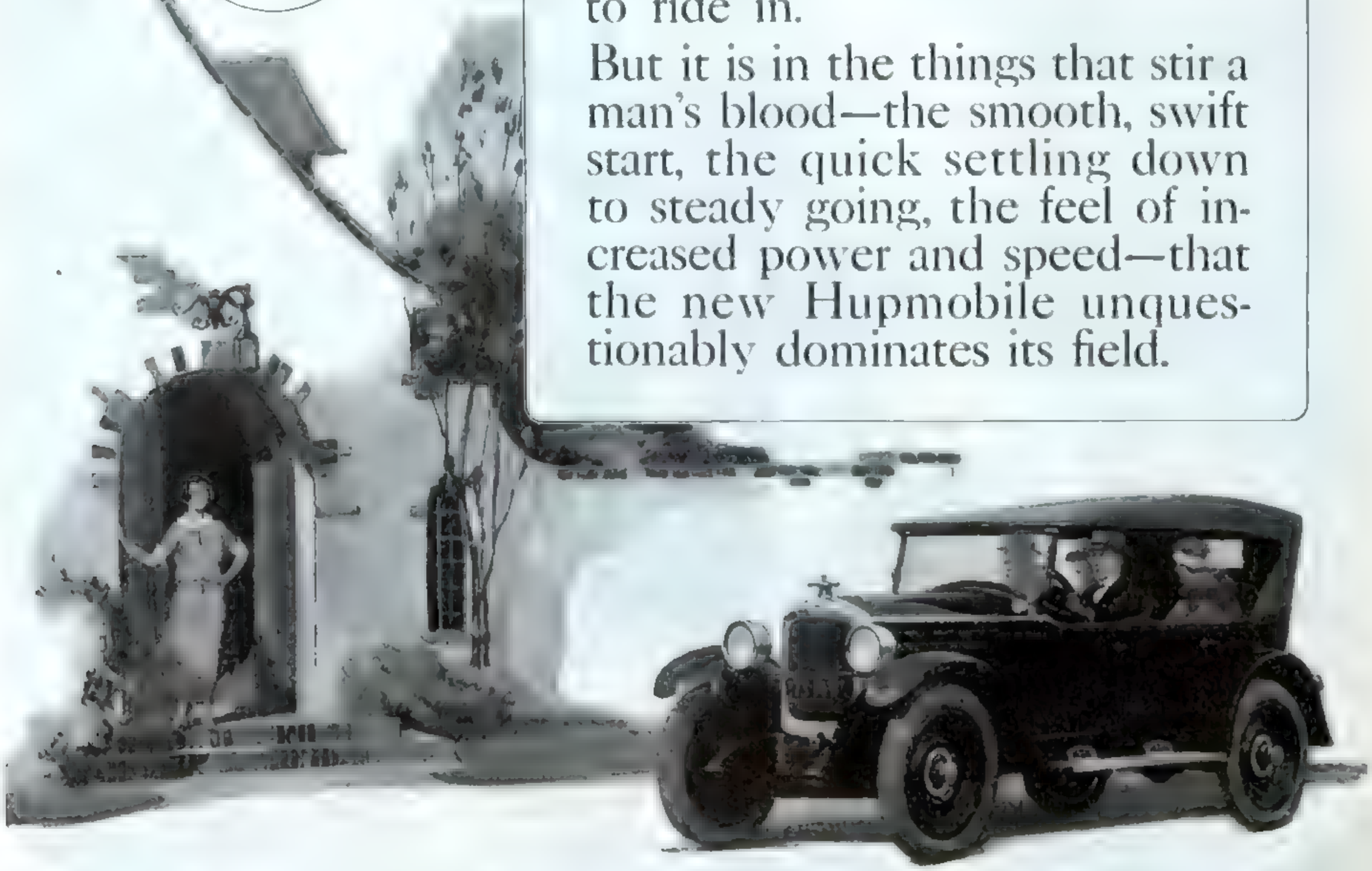
The New Hupmobile

GOOD WORDS, all over the country, for this latest Hupmobile.

Everywhere it is fulfilling all our promises of still finer performance and higher value than even the Hupmobile had ever afforded.

It is longer and larger and more beautiful, and more comfortable to ride in.

But it is in the things that stir a man's blood—the smooth, swift start, the quick settling down to steady going, the feel of increased power and speed—that the new Hupmobile unquestionably dominates its field.



In the Special Touring Car there are an individuality and a good taste which tend to increase the car's re-sale value.

Body finish is in an extremely attractive Cobalt blue, with striping of cream.

The disc wheels have a color scheme of blue and cream that lends a touch of gaiety in pleasant contrast to the more sober colorings customarily used.

There is flash and sparkle to the nickel-plated radiator, head lamps and cowl lamps; and the additional finishing touch of step-plates on the running boards.

The top is the regulation black with option of special Burbank material. In either case, the curtain equipment is the special type designed for the Hupmobile, with rigid metal frames to keep the lights from becoming scratched or cracked and make the curtains fit even more closely. Curtains are stored flat in a special pocket at the back of the front seat.

The superior performing abilities of the new Hupmobile—its increased power and speed, its quicker get-away and pick-up, its greater smoothness and freedom from vibration—add much to the satisfaction of owning such a car.

And this satisfaction becomes the greater when it is found that the Special Touring Car has a re-sale value directly in line with the high marks that have distinguished the Hupmobile for so long.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 30)

"Oh! Oh!" whispered Eva, so aghast, her voice deserted her. "It's impossible!"

"I have made our reservations on the evening train."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight."

"But I can't go! I can't! You don't understand! Oh, Oliver, won't you at least wait—wait until tomorrow?"

"No; I shan't give you time to invent excuses or to slip away. I know you."

"Then suppose I refuse to go?"

"That won't do you any good."

"You can't take me by force."

"I can and will. You'll go if I have to bind and gag you and lock you in your stateroom on the train."

"I'm sure that would convince your mother of our happiness."

"Oh, come, Gwynne, be a good sport! I've always played your game. It isn't fair for you to spoil mine. You like to act and here's a chance to show your powers. Pretend to care about me just for a little while, and afterward I'll do anything you say. If you—if you want a divorce, I'll make it easy for you. But if you won't help me now, I'll fight you to a finish. You couldn't get a divorce from me in any court in the world if I fought the case, and you know it!"

"I don't care—I don't care anything about that!" sobbed Eva, breaking down. "What do I care about a divorce? That's not the point!"

"Why, Gwynne," he said tenderly, taking her in his arms, "do you mean ——" She pulled herself free.

"I mean," she cried hysterically, "I mean that I'm not ——"

"Pardon me, Miss Gwynne," interrupted Delia's determined voice from the doorway, "but they've telephoned up that the car Mr. Oliver ordered is waiting. An' shall I start packin' your things now, Miss Gwynne?"

"Yes, Delia," Oliver answered her. "But bring Mrs. Sheldon's wrap and hat first. You're going with me to meet mother, of course, dear," he said to Eva.

XX

Dear Eva: I've just received your very-special-delivery letter, and I'm answering it at once in the theater. I'll get Salusha, my maid, to address the envelope, as Oliver might recognize my handwriting, though heaven knows it's been long enough since he's seen it! However, I ramble. To come to the point—just why are you so upset? And what do you expect me to do about it? Of course, I know Midland's a bore, but you don't mind bores so much as I. And you tell me that your suddenly acquired mother-in-law is sweet, and that while you are situated in the east wing—my rooms; nice, aren't they?—Oliver is established in the west. So, really, I don't see what you are complaining about. The whole affair was unexpected—unfortunate, perhaps—most annoying. I apologize, of course, for my impulsive husband. But I'm not going back to Midland, you know.

Besides, how could I? Think of the practical difficulties in the way of our reëxchanging ourselves. You can't get away to New York. Shall I appear boldly in Midland—two of me? Or shall we do a movie stunt? You to appear in the station, heavily veiled, popping into a fast Eastern-bound train, just as I pop, heavily veiled, from an incoming Western express? Or me slinking out of an automobile, as you drop down into it from an aëroplane? Honestly now, can you think of any scheme, short of confession or murder, that could get us out of this mix-up? And I know that it would be most embarrassing for you to confess to a rather puritanical gentleman—and his more than puritanical mother—that you have been impersonating his wife for a little over four days. Midland wouldn't forget a scandal like that in a very great hurry, you know; and, of course, it would leak out. And nobody in that town would believe the story about east wings and west wings, though of course I do. I know that Oliver is the soul of honor, or I shouldn't dream of leaving you in such a scrape. Though it isn't a scrape, really, dear Eva don't be angry with me—if you'll only look at it sensibly. Just stay quietly in Midland until your mother-in-law's visit is over, come back to New York when she does—she's sure to go abroad again soon—and then we'll see.

Frankly, even if everything could be beautifully arranged, I wouldn't give up my part now. I couldn't. Surely you understand that it would ruin the play for you to come back into it. I'm brutal, I know, but then you never pretended to be an actress, did you?

If you are simply furious with me—as I know you must be by this time—just show this letter to Oliver and blow up the whole works! You have a perfect right to. I shouldn't blame you a bit.

But you wouldn't get back your place in the theater even then. I'm good enough now to keep the part, whether I'm called Eva Grahame or Gwynne Sheldon. And not Oliver nor anyone could make me give it up—no matter how much fireworks! And so you—well, my poor Eva, I'm afraid you'd be the only loser all round. Sounds like a nasty, blackmailing threat, I know, but I always believe in appealing quite frankly to self-interest, as that's the only thing that appeals to me. Look at it calmly and practically. No one will ever be the wiser if you don't tell, and so the only harm that can come is through yourself.

Remorsefully, apologetically, but quite decidedly,

GWYNNE.

P. S. It wouldn't have done you the slightest bit of good to call up the theater, even if it hadn't been Sunday. They've got strict orders not to give my address to anyone.

P. S. again. Lucky Aunt Fannie's at White Sulphur. She's my only intimate friend. Delia can give you the dope on everyone else. Better give up that neuralgia bluff. You can't stay in bed forever, you know. Besides, I'm never ill.

"Run downstairs, Salusha," said Gwynne, "and tell Parker to get some stamps somewhere and mark this letter special, and then take it to the nearest post office—a mail box won't do. I want it to go off as soon as possible. And then he can come back for me."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Salusha alertly and importantly. "Kin I go pos' of's with Mr. Parker, Miss Grahame?"

"Why do you want to?"

"Laks to ride roun' in dat big, fine cah," said Salusha, exhibiting every tooth. "Whoo-ee! Ef some dem niggers in Social Circle, Jawjah, could see me a-ridin' roun' in dat cah!"

"Very well. Tell Parker to hurry back." Salusha ran out, only to return almost immediately and quite out of breath, to announce, "Oh, Miss Grahame, dey's gemman downstays wan' see you."

"Just Stay Quietly in Midland Until Your Mother-in-Law's Visit Is Over"

"Well," said Gwynne, at the mirror pinning up a loose strand of hair, "who is it?"

"Whoo-ee! Dem stays!" gasped Salusha. "I run down 'em so fas', an' nen I run up 'em so fas'—dey sho ought have el'vatuh in dis here place. Nev' see no place so high up befo' in all my bawn days."

"I asked you who the gentleman was."

"Yes, ma'am. I gittin' roun' to dat. Whoo-ee! Soon's I kin git breff 'nuff to talk."

"Well?"

"I don' know he name."

"I think you might have found breath to tell me that at once," exclaimed Gwynne. "Didn't he give you a card?"

"No, ma'am. I hear dis here gemman axin' doorkeeper is Miss Eva Grahame heah. Look lak he kin' mad an' impatient, so I runs up tell you 'bout it. Oth' actress ladies I wuk faw always wan' me kin' of warn 'em like fo' I lets in young gemman ac's like dat. Once dey was young gemman near 'bout bus' one o' my ladies' do's down. Cain' ev' tell how young gemman goan ac'. Men is so peculiar when dey riled. Look like dey ——"

"Shut up!" cried Gwynne, her nerves jangled by the dreadful surmise that the stranger might be Oliver. "Is that gentleman tall and sort of blond and not very good-looking?"

"No, ma'am! He tall an' da'k an' mighty fine-lookin', han'some gemman."

"I don't know him," said Gwynne with a sigh of relief. "Go down and tell him that Miss Grahame won't see him, and that there's no use for him to wait."

"Yes, ma'am!" said Salusha importantly, quite delighted. "I fix him. Ain't none dese heah stage-do' Johnnies goin' git by Salusha an' 'noy none o' huh young ladies!"

She bustled out, her feet clattering lightly down the stairs.

Five minutes later, a tall, handsome and dark young man walked quietly into Gwynne's dressing room.

Mrs. Attleby, who, from the vantage point of her dressing room next the stairs, had watched with curiosity Salusha's hurried flights up and down, observed the young man ascending toward Gwynne's floor.

"Now!" said Mrs. Attleby, who had followed with daily increasing excitement the daily increasing evidences of Eva's profligacy. "Now just wait and we shall see ——"

And, although she had been on her way home at that moment, she sat down again at the open door of her dressing room. But though she waited for some time, she saw nothing else. And when the house electrician began flicking out the lights all over the theater, Mrs. Attleby hastily scuttled down the stairs, her soul writhing in the delightful throes of moral indignation.

XXI

"I'M NOT surprised that you're angry with me, Eva," said the young man as he walked into Gwynne's dressing room.

She had whirled around from the mirror, indignant words rushing to her lips, but she checked them, and for a moment stood looking at him silently, tall and lovely in her clinging, soft gown of tortoise-shell color—blond silk just a shade darker than her own hair, and amber beads, still another shade darker, that hung to her knees. Her arms were bare, and a huge sash that resembled a bustle drew her slender, pliant figure slightly backward, with a piquant suggestion of other days, quainter styles, gentler manners.

Staring at the intruder, careful not to betray herself by the wrong word, Gwynne Sheldon came to the natural conclusion that this self-assured young man must be Eva's fiancé. But was it credible that any woman who possessed so good-looking a fiancé would not have bragged about him—even a little?

He had a head of bronze, features cut with hawklike clearness, a body as beautifully assembled as a fine motor car. Long and hard-muscled, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, perfectly proportioned. His gaze was quick, direct, his lips thin and a little scornful; impatient, unhappy and ardent eyes, reddish brown like wine. Not an easy man to have or to hold—fascinating to women. To get him, a triumph over other women; to keep him, a triumph over himself. Gwynne smiled at him slowly.

"Why do you suppose that I am angry?" she asked in a voice like cool, flowing water.

"You must have thought it strange for me to stay away so long," he said.

"No," she answered, "I thought it very sensible."

"So you are angry! That's why you sent me that ridiculous message. Who was that girl?"

"Salusha."

"Salusha! Salusha? Oh, I see—Salucia. Is it the feminine of salacious?"

"I don't think so. She's a prude, like all clever maids."

"So you have a maid now, Eva?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad. I like for you to have luxuries."

"Indeed?"

"I'd like for you to have all of them—everything! A beautiful woman ought to have a beautiful frame. If I had my way, Eva, there should never be anything ugly or sordid or commonplace near you."

"How very good of you!"

"Yes, isn't it?" he exclaimed bitterly. "To talk of giving you luxuries! That's all I can do. That's one

(Continued on Page 87)

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
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7½ x 9	feet	11.25	The pattern illustrated is made	3 x 3	feet 1.40
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Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 23)

stout pair of domestic wings and settle down as a peaceful old gray pigeon saint in Paradise. No harp or glittering crown for me, dear Lord! I should leave all that stage-costume stuff for the public-spirited saints. What I want is a chance to put my head under my wing and dream of the shining spaces through which I have passed, of the stars I have met along the way, of the rough roads over which I came on time—ever think of that, how we boast about a hard journey after it is finished?—I suppose I shall remember the grass on the wide green hills at home where I was born, and the shadows on the long dusty roads Lundy and I traveled together. And if I do recall that terrible night of our passing out of Oxford it will be like many another troubled night through which we passed into the clear, calm mornings of kinder days.

I sent Faith to spend the summer with relatives in Elberton and found a refuge for Lundy and myself in a little village far up in the mountains.

I must have had my fears during this dark time, but I do not remember them. What I recall now with considerable amazement are the fears I did not have. The world we had lived in had been blown away. Lundy's prospects were gone. I could not worry about the future, because there was no future. We had been reduced suddenly and completely to the will of God and nothing else.

He lay like the hot skeleton of himself upon the bed for weeks, eclipsed in that kind of silence a man finds when he loses God. Even after the fever abated he had no power of life left in him. I knew that he wished above all things for the release of death. But I was determined that he should not die. That was selfish. I should have let him go then. But if he had gone I could never have become the woman I am. We have no wisdom, my friends. In our noblest manifestations we are still the creatures of blind instincts, seeking our own good to the last.

I had sense enough not to simulate cheerfulness and not to be feminine, nor to thrust a single Scripture at Lundy during this time, nor to show so much as the tip end of a hope. The only thing I did was to stick around like Providence, in a neat house dress, appearing and disappearing to him with a glass of water in my hand or a bowl of soup. It does not sound very tragic, but we make most of our tragedies with words. We can endure the real thing very well by keeping our mouths shut; but once you keen your nose to the world or even to the heavens, virtue goes out of you. The nearest I came to doing this was the first time I caught Lundy regarding me once more with human attention, as if I were the good little faded beatitude of the wife he used to have. My knees suddenly weakened and I dropped down beside the bed, buried my face in his pillow and sobbed quite convulsively. He was moved. From that moment he began to mend. If I had thought to weep sooner he might have recovered faster. Men are more malleable to women's tears than they are to Thor's hammers of Fate.

I do not know how it may be with others, but I have produced quite a number of miracles in my life without ever having had the least intention of being miraculous. For example, I had been an invalid for years when we left Oxford; but after that I was no longer ill. To this day I do not know what became of my lame foot, because from that time on I have had two splendid feet for traveling. This happened years ago, mind you, when our spiritual powers were devoted to spiritual things and not to the straightening of our legs or the curing of an ailment as they are now. I could mention other improvements in me quite as remarkable, but I have no desire to stir up the psychopaths who have their little spiritual patents for working off diseases. To tell the truth, I would rather die with a stitch in my side than risk one of them.

I was born on a plantation where there were hundreds of negroes. The voodoo methods of their old witch doctors were more primitive, but the principle of hypnotism involved was precisely the same.

When Lundy was up and about, and strong enough for me to leave him, I went back to wind up our affairs in Oxford. We had no money and no prospects for earning any. I was reduced to selling our household things at auction. By rights this should not happen until after one is dead. It is too painful—like watching people casting lots for your clothes before the stones have done their work.

It is horrible to see all your sacred personal things out of which you have created a home turned topsy-turvy in the front yard, and strangers staring at them, appraising them with a meanly diminishing eye. I remember my old shoe box, with the lid flapped open, sitting under a rosebush with the churn and a lot of fruit jars, the kitchen utensils piled in a bed of verbena, the range sitting high on the front veranda; and the pang I felt when somebody bought for fifty cents a picture which Lundy had given me. It was a chromo representing a herd of wild horses flying through a prairie fire. I always thought it gave dash, action and color to my parlor, where it hung over the mantel.

I wanted to weep, but I had to be sensible and get as much money as I could for these things. But I distinctly remember the sobbing grimness with which I watched that sale, and how time and again I wanted to rush out to save something very dear to me.

At last everything was sold except Lundy's books. There is no sale for wisdom in this world, not if it is secondhand. We were accompanied for years by these books. They are all lined up now on the shelves in this library, not to be had for love or money; but it does seem strange that nobody would buy them, that people care so little for a bargain in the harvest of the ages in wisdom. Especially when you can sell a thirty-third-hand car of a deceased model with every valve in it stuck and probably a bootlegging past with no trouble at all.

Lundy's health improved so much toward the end of the summer that he went back to his Bible and began to keep company as usual with the apostles and certain Old Testament saints like Isaiah. He belonged to the Scriptures as truly as ever David did, and when he got out of them he was not sane.

Shortly before the beginning of the fall term he was offered a position to teach in one of the secondary church schools which was located in this town. The salary was three hundred dollars a year. We lived on it and contracted no debts. It is our desires, not our necessities, that account for the high costs of living. There could be no such thing as profiteering if we bought only what we needed.

I used the remainder of the money received from the sale at Oxford to place Faith in another school. I should have been thankful for the turn in our affairs; but no sooner were we settled in this dull monotony of defeat where so many people meekly pass the remainder of their lives than I became secretly restless and unhappy.

This was partly due to the fact that now at last I had time to take a long-distance view of the situation. Lundy, earning his bread teaching high-school texts to yearling boys and girls, with no possible hope of advancement, while I sat in a dingy room with nothing to do, nowhere to go, nothing joyful to think, staring at the inevitable, which I have always despised as the illusion of weak men. In my opinion it is not respectable to recognize anything as inevitable but death and immortality. So I no longer felt highly respectable. It was like sinking into one of the lower breeds of men, if you know what I mean.

For the first time in my life I suffered from loneliness. I was homesick for Oxford, for the college clock telling the hours, for the dear companionships I had enjoyed there. But without calling upon them to do such a thing, the rocks and the mountains seemed to have fallen upon us. We received no letters or messages from our former friends. We were like two forgotten graves in these high hills.

It is one thing to give up the world, dear brethren, for some grand reason you have of self-sacrifice, because in that case your own pious conceit sustains you; but it is another experience altogether to have the world dismiss and forget you. That hurts like death and dishonor. I reckon this is why so many men who have been unfortunate lose their grip in the game for a moment, disappear like criminals and are never seen or heard of again by the friends they used to have. Maybe this is the wrong way the world has of doing right by us and giving us a chance to come again under our own steam. But it gives you a queer sinking feeling, and I suppose a good many do sink.

Doctor Lovejoy was the only visitor we had that year. He had a shepherd's instinct toward people on the bleak and windy side of life. I do not remember that he prayed with us, but I remember how he laughed and talked. He had a beam in his eye as if he knew something pleasant about us—maybe a surprise of some kind. He enjoyed his dinner, which was invariably a very meager dinner, and he regarded us approvingly, like a good father pleased with his children. I always felt dangerously omnipotent after one of these visits.

Lundy had gone back to his devotions and spent his spare time visiting the sick, the poor and the totally lost and damned about town. It was the circuit rider's life over again with none of the hopes, comforts or rewards of such a life. His meekness and patience touched me. But he was far from suspecting what was going on in my mind. I was determined to get away from this place. There was something reducing to the soul in the conditions under which we were living.

My attitude to the Lord began to change, and it has never been the same since. Before this time I had been submissive to Lundy's ideas. Now it became clear to me that Providence was under considerable obligations to those who trust in His promises. So I had my eye on God without saying a word of prayer. There were the Scriptures; let Him act up to them if they really were the words of life. This may sound blasphemous to that class of saints merely circus-trained in the pieties of a good life, but not if they believe really and personally in the good will and power of the Lord further than the formula of a creed ever takes us. The whole of life is a test of our obedience and faith in Him. But how can we believe in a God who fails to stand the test of our faith in His promises? And why should we approach Him as hypocritical courtiers approach an earthly sovereign, with unctuous flatteries and bootlicking attitudes? The language of our prayers and creeds frequently does imply that the Lord is vain and subject to spiteful tempers.

Anyhow, I remember well the day I worked myself up to having an interview with the Almighty about our affairs. I was far too desperate to make a worshipful choice of words. I was not after worshiping at all. I wanted help such as only a real God could give.

We lived in a house across the village square from the village church. Every morning at dawn Lundy went over there for an hour's prayer in this empty church. He had been doing this for six months and nothing had happened, no blessing or anything. The fact is his salary had not been paid for two months and something had to happen if we were to keep breath in our bodies.

One morning I followed him and hid in the back of the church. I could barely make out the kneeling form of my husband before the altar.

Never have I heard such a prayer. He was speaking with that strange eloquence of submission which only saints have, a sort of stricken willingness to endure all things, however grievous, if only he might feel the presence of his Lord. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee." He chanted the whole of this Forty-second Psalm into that prayer. Now and then I recognized a woeful passage from Isaiah.

Until this time I had trusted him implicitly to do our praying. I had been, you may say, no more than the copy-cat amen of these petitions for twelve years. Now it came to me suddenly like a revelation that he was not the one to represent us in this emergency before the Lord. He was still seeking holy visions and the kingdom of heaven, when we were by nature far from that place and in need of better fortunes here. He did not have the faith or the spiritual sense to ask for what we had to have now before we died.

I have my doubts about whether a real saint ever sustains a sufficiently practical relation to his Maker, who is obviously a very practical God. The only intelligent religion is a faith that will not buckle or sidestep the real issue into a kind of helpless kneeling piety. It has always been my impression that the blessing Jacob wrestled for was some earthly protection—say, from Esau—or a few more sheep, or a better pasture.

Sitting in the darkest shadows of this church, eavesdropping Lundy's prayer, I must have been a sort of female Jacob getting ready to wrestle. Memory is a wonderful mirror. You have only to look into it to see some image of yourself as you were years ago, which at the time you were not conscious of making. I remember now exactly how I must have looked that morning, buttoned up in a little faded tight-waisted muslin frock, maybe like a wavering spot of light with a pale face and burning eyes in all this vaulted dimness; and I distinctly remember slipping down out of sight between the benches when Lundy finished his devotions and came stepping down the aisle.

The moment the church door closed behind him I stood up and said a few things I started off in a whisper, having always whispered my personal prayers and not being accustomed to praying in public, which is out loud anywhere, and no telling how many angels are listening, even if nobody else is about. I mean this is the kind of feeling one has. But as I went on my voice grew louder, more confident. I began to speak rapidly, as a woman does when she is about to go to pieces and wants to relieve her mind before she bursts into tears.

I cannot now recall all the words of this prayer, which was not so much a prayer as an anguished brief of the situation and a pretty clear call for relief according to the promises. I remember only calling the Lord by his name of Almighty, and winding up by asking Him to confound our enemies and to send us help and friends. This last word escaped from me in a sob as if it were attached to a pain in my heart. I dropped upon my knees and wept aloud. It was a great relief, those tears, and the feeling of having been perfectly frank with the Lord. Not exactly peace, but as if I had placed the responsibility of our fate where it belonged, and if there was any such thing as Providence we were now safe.

The whole thing sounds blasphemous, but I suppose this is because our ideas of God are still shot through and through with superstition and a sort of cringing notion of deity.

This was the first day of May in the year 1899. Mark the date, for something did happen presently a thousand miles distant; not what any merely rational person would call a miracle, no more than the opening of a door which enabled me to become the woman I am now, and to endure the hard years to come with courage and cheerfulness.

Nothing was farther from my mind than embarking upon a literary career at this time. I had already tried that during the bright idle days in Oxford. I wrote a sort of nightmare tale which was published in the Atlanta Constitution. The thing was totally devoid of merit. But I did not know this. The fact that it was published conspired to deceive me. So I wrote another one entitled Nichodemus Toppinglow, which was published in the New Orleans Picayune.

Editors must have been easy marks in those days, or they had not worked up the advertising business and were hard up for copy to fill space. For this story was also without merit of any kind. But seeing it in print convinced me that I was an author. I never have felt so keenly and pridefully like an author since. I did not go so far as a certain lady who appeared in a pink silk negligee spattered with ink when some friends called on her. But I do remember laying the scenes of my future career on top of my desk—sponge, paste, eraser, pencils, pens, ink, clippers, everything writers are supposed to use, but rarely do. I topped it off with a litter of manuscript and an old secondhand swivel chair which was very uncomfortable. I am wondering if I am the only writer who ever did this, or if my airs were characteristic of the amateur who never makes good. The smart old bareheaded woman of me who always sits in the back door of my mind, keeping a sardonic eye upon my literary performances, never has had any confidence in me as an author. She suspects it is a trick I turn. For years her secret criticisms have embarrassed and hindered me in my work like the snicker of an unfriendly audience sitting off somewhere in the dark.

I wrote one more story after this desk was furnished. It was published in a musical journal—of all places!—which went into

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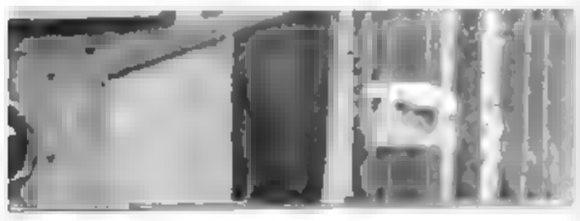

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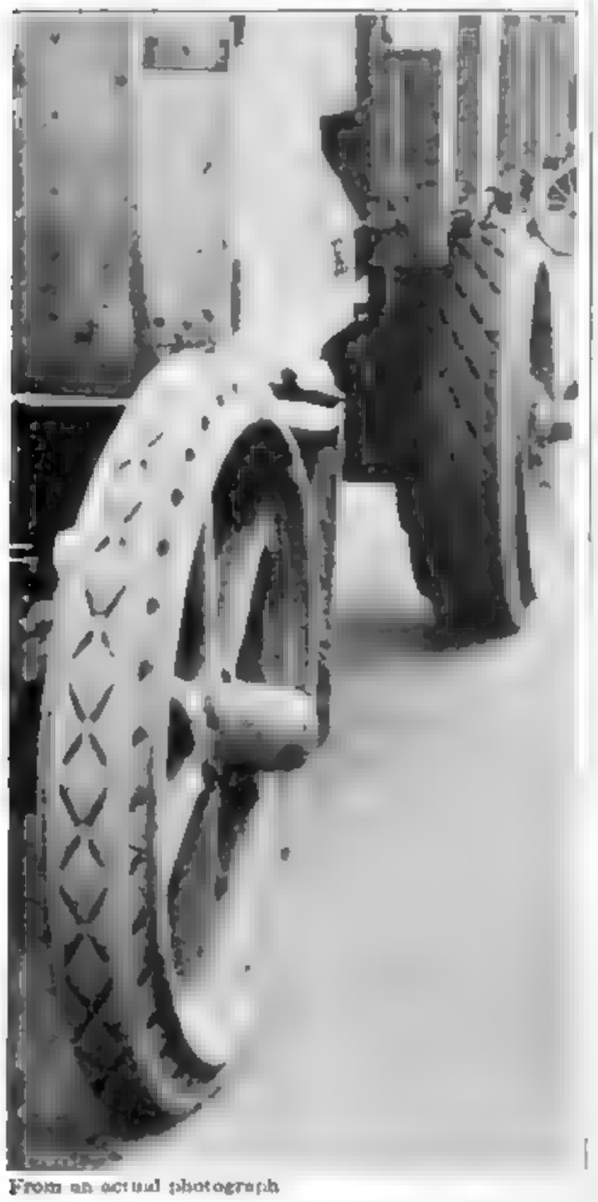

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bankruptcy immediately afterwards. This was merely a coincidence. Any editor who would publish such a thing was doomed to failure. I seem to have been afflicted by this time with a fatal facility of words. I omitted to lay the scenes. There was no ground, no floor, no roof, no sky, not even a settee. The hero and heroine simply talked ten thousand words of affectionate copy without standing, sitting or leaning against anything.

This was the beginning and end of my first literary career. I should never have had another but for the misfortunes that drove us from the Eden of Oxford. Just get yourself wedged for twenty years between disaster and the elbows of the Almighty and see if the experience does not give you Promethean emotions and a power over words that might easily be mistaken for genius by those who do not know the facts of how this awful knowledge of life came to you. If you have any quality, any valor of the soul, you are bound to spew up into something even if it is nothing but fiction.

In April of this year of which I was writing awhile ago somebody was lynched in Georgia—a colored person. It was one of those crimes we have been driven to commit from time to time by way of counteracting the teachings of Northern sentimentalists which have had a regrettable influence upon the vicious element in the negro race. I will not go further into the discussion of this matter. Fortunately it is now being settled by a strange retribution. These apostles of purely emotional idealism are reaping what they have sowed. The late Henry Ward Beecher's prophecy may be fulfilled, but never in the South. The class of negroes made dangerous by these teachings have gone North. They continue to go, cleansing the South. In twenty years you will see something doing up there among the altruists. The mills of God grind slow; but heavens, how they do grind in time! They settle everything with frightful justice—time and these mills of God.

As I was saying, we had this lynching. The people, preachers and press of the North were horrified as usual. Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of The Independent, was especially indignant. He was a great man, a distinguished scholar and a Christian gentleman. He wrote a masterful editorial about this lynching. There were majesty and honest wrath in the thing, a sort of noble perversion not of the facts, but of the cause behind the facts.

I do not know how I came to answer it. Maybe because I was in so much trouble and pain I wanted to horn something. Anyhow, I wrote a letter to him, giving the Southern woman's explanation of lynchings, which was by no means a defense of this regrettable practice among Southern white men, but placing the responsibility where it belonged so clearly that it amounted to an indictment.

To my amazement, this letter was published in the next issue of The Independent, dated May 17, 1899. Judging by the furor it created, I must have hit the nail on the head with considerable force.

Presently I received a letter from Doctor Ward, passing with forbearance over the short-sentence shots I had taken at him, but inviting me to submit something else to his publication.

That let me out. The Lord certainly does know how to answer prayer, no matter how awkwardly we have learned how to live! I went to work. I had no desk, none of the ornamental conveniences I had once provided for this business, and no literary style; but I had acquired a terrible wisdom of life in a very short time, and I was not sufficiently burdened with a grammatical education to be humble about the construction of sentences. I used words much as a bird uses his wing feathers with which to fly, sticking in an industrious little verb every chance I had, and going back over my copy to slay adjectives, which are frequently only the parasites of ideas. This is the way I learned to write. It is not an art, but a delicate medium for producing the truth of life, which cannot be imagined or portrayed at all if you do not know it yourself.

I was terribly happy in spite of the fact that I worked slowly, laboriously and could earn very little with the articles and editorials I produced. What we needed, I discovered, was not money but a chance, the slimmer the better. If you have ever had the satisfaction of getting both feet into the stirrup of adversity you know what I mean. You come to rejoice in the hardships of a rough journey.

I have always held that it is a good thing to be born at all, a compliment, a sign that you have been personally chosen to live; and, of course, it is essential to be born again in the scriptural sense, even if you are as privately born spiritually as a Presbyterian, who will never say anything about it, and always looks embarrassed if you do.

I Stood Up and Said a Few Things. I Started Off in a Whisper, Having Always Whispered My Personal Prayers

But I am telling you it is a grand thing to be born again in the worldly sense. I have had this experience several times, and my chief regret about growing old is that I may not have it again. But, after a hard time, to feel yourself suddenly come again with a new set of faculties, fresh strength and a vision of promised lands! If I had been Moses I should have died happy, as I have no doubt he did.

This was how I felt in the tail end of that bad year. I was no longer under Lundy's spiritual thumb. His God was still my God, but never again was I to be controlled by a long-distance, prayer-dimmed view of heaven. I had got the witness of my own spirit by some power in myself to achieve life here with joy and courage. I had a revelation of how things are in this present world as clear as Saint John's vision on Patmos of the kingdom of heaven. It amounted to more than inspiration. It made me wittily unscrupulous about getting on here among a lot of other wittily unscrupulous people. I do not mean wickedly unscrupulous, you understand; but I had somehow received the gift of being as wise as the serpent, though I hope I have remained as harmless as the dove when it was possible to be.

What I mean is that it is useless to ask the Lord for help unless you have sense enough to place yourself in line of promotion where Providence can reach you. You get more salvation here by this method, and it is not contrary to the divine will. There is a lot of worldly advice in the elder Scriptures. Read them for yourself and see what smart things the Lord told Abraham, Jacob and the Jews in Egypt to do. Our God is a sensible God. You may endure all things, and suffer all things and be called blessed for that; but if you want to accomplish all things and suffer less His counsels will not fail you. I wish the preachers would preach more along this line. It would go far toward restoring the faith of men in God.

I made up my mind to go ahead and take Lundy with me without confiding my plans to him, because he had a nervous, flighty conscience and was always getting balled up in some scruple. I do not think he had enough moral elasticity.

Up to this time I had always accepted the government of our church as the earthly part of the divine plan. I do not doubt that yet, but you had better watch the earthly end of any divine plan. Our church is controlled by good men who practice all the policies and much of the craft of politicians. You may as well recognize this fact and act accordingly if you expect the Lord to bless you personally. Service, prayer and honest confession of your sins will surely land you where Lundy landed after Oxford, or at the tail end of the procession on a circuit where there is no parsonage and five churches to serve.

Lundy had lost the influential friends who advanced his fortunes in former years. This was now my business. I had no influence, but I had never confessed my sins to anyone except my Father in heaven, and I came from a long line of world-bred people who had developed much talent for voting men and controlling politics. I went about advancing Lundy's interests with my father's gifts.

It is astonishing how many talents we have buried in a napkin which we may never use unless some emergency arises that calls for the exercise of them. I was pardonably successful in my efforts. Some people thought I was unpardonably so. We moved from one position to another with such swiftness during the next few years that Lundy believed the Lord certainly was with him at last. I also was with him, a very active medium for the conveying of the Lord's benefits.

We had been back in the itineracy nearly four years. We were stationed at the place called Celestial Bells in A Circuit Rider's Wife. Everything went well with us. Lundy was serving a congregation that prospered under his ministry. Faith had grown into a slim, pretty girl and was a freshman in the girls' school at this place. I was working sixteen hours a day at my desk, attending every church service and every meeting of the Woman's Missionary and Parsonage Aid societies. The only rest and sleep I had were between midnight and daylight of the next morning—and I was keeping open house. When you are in the itineracy you must. I was also in politics, though I doubt if the prominent preachers who came there suspected this. Long before Marconi was old enough to think, I had one of the best wireless receiving stations ever set up for getting news of what was going on even in the uttermost parts of our church, where vacancies were likely to occur, and what kind of positions were open to be filled. My heavenly Father knows how earnestly and prayerfully I kept my eyes searching for any chance to better Lundy's fortunes. I have often condemned this spirit in preachers; but I was not a preacher; I was the wife of a good man who had published his past, and I did not feel safe. It was a big stick he had given the brethren. I expected someone would use it presently. I was getting to be very smart in mortal psychology.

All this required an outlay beyond the pastor's modest salary. I worked furiously to earn what we lacked. Do not tell me that ambition is the great incentive. Love is undoubtedly the inspiration of the greatest achievements. Behind all that men do that is worthy of confidence or admiration you will find the vision of love. In addition to signed articles, and a few short

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stories, I read and reviewed twelve hundred books, mostly novels, between 1900 and 1904. I was well and strong and I had a mind as fresh and bracing as a keen spring wind blowing over living fields. I did not know anything as knowledge goes in this world, but I remember writing articles on anything from literature and religion to politics, which were copied all over this country.

I am not boasting, you understand; I am merely making this point—that if you have in you the power of devotion and an inkling of the will of God, and no diminishing hypocrisy about self-sacrifice, you can come precious near knowing more than Solomon ever dreamed of. Your output depends upon your capacity to produce in acceptable form what you know. My capacity was limited. I had great difficulty in relearning the use of words—that they are our secret thoughts made visible whether they reveal the truth or tell a lie; that they can be written into sentences more dangerous than swords, more destructive than war, or made into a hymn to praise God; that they have more life and pigment in them than all the genius and colors artists command; that you can make a picture with one hundred words more enduring than a masterpiece in a museum, which can be learned and repeated and believed by all men. It would not surprise me at all to discover that the wing feathers of saints and angels are fine words grown and spread to their full meaning. This I know now without the capacity to prove it, but for a long time after I began to write I retained a sneaking fear of the mere grammar of language. It was years before I understood that grammar sustains the same relation to language that creeds do to religion. You obey the rules of it as a trained saint obeys his creed, if you lack the sense and courage to write according to your own knowledge of what parts of speech can be made to do regardless of whether a fool can parse what you have written or not.

But no matter how you feel, you cannot labor like this and look very well. My recollection is that I was a pretty dingy specimen in those days. I could give so little attention to my appearance that I practically lost my appearance. The only thing I can say for myself is that I never descended to kimono or dressing sack. The rest is silence, so far as my workaday clothes are concerned. I recall only one of these frocks. It was of a damnable brown color with a narrow trellis of bright yellow blossoms and green leaves running from the top to the bottom of it once in so often, so that I had about two trellises behind and in front of my bodice, and probably two dozen in the skirt. I suppose the reason why I recall this dress is because the very thought of it invariably causes me acute anguish.

Skirts were made full during this period, and more than touched the ground. They swept it. I remember trailing off to church every Sunday in a funny black dress with a scallop of turquoise silk let lengthwise in the sleeve from top to bottom. I felt splendid in it, which proves that I retained some sort of perverted feminine instinct about looking well. Years later I realized that I had no talent for choosing my own clothes. I can dress a heroine as well as any author in this country, and that without plagiarizing her hats or frocks from a fashion magazine; but when it comes to assembling a costume for myself, I have never had one that would soften and mitigate me as other women's things do. I invariably look like an honest old feminine verb with an unbecoming hat on its head and good sensible shoes on its feet. Nothing in the way of trimming or drapery can give me a light and frivolous air. I am a trifle bleak, with a humorous mouth and sardonic eyes, if you want the unvarnished autobiographical truth—which is sad when you consider that I have another kind of heart altogether.

In this connection I recall a delightful incident of that year at Celestial Bells. I had been invited to visit the Hamilton Holts at Woodstock, Connecticut. Mr. Holt was an editor on The Independent, who had taken the most interest in my work and showed amazing patience. Now, as a further, kinder proof of interest I was to visit the Holts and their kindred, Bowens, who had their summer homes in this ancient village of Woodstock.

If you bear in mind that up to my seventh year I believed that all Yankees were blue, with long forked tails, you can understand what a valiant adventure this seemed to me. I was to learn presently that they are very hospitable and probably kinder to the stranger within their gates than we are since the Civil War.

With this visit in prospect, clothes were a serious item. I was not so anxious as I should have been, but the women in our church were tremendously concerned. If I had been a baby about to be born they could not have been more enthusiastically interested in providing a layette. They hastened to contribute generously to my wardrobe—from their own wardrobes, you understand. They were well-groomed women, that is true, but not made by the same pattern. Some of them were short and plump, others were tall and thin, while I was disposed to be both tall and amply proportioned. You get some idea of the trousseau I took with me on this journey, and how I was obliged to contract and expand in order to wear these frocks. I must have made an indelible impression upon these Northern friends as the long-and-short-dressed lady. But if so they were as polite about that as I was silent about my earlier impression of Yankees born with forked tails. I had a great time, and came home refreshed and hopeful of my own future, which was a part of the future that had never before engaged my attention.

Plans were made to have Lundy's orders as a deacon restored to him at the meeting of the district conference in July of this same year. But this was never done. I perceived that his future in the itineracy was gone. One must work very fast to save a sinking ship. I worked the church wireless for all it was worth in this emergency; and I remember turning again frantically to God, which I never do so long as I can keep my own nose above water. But I can recommend Him as a God who has never failed me at such times. I have not been preserved from any sorrow, because, I suppose, sorrow is good for growing souls. It is the dark side of great blessings, as death is undoubtedly a blessing, and the last one we receive from Him in this world. But when I needed strength or courage for the weather ahead I always received it.

There is a sort of scratched, blurred place in the time-table of my memories here. My mind was probably too much

The Call

disturbed again about the future to register dates. The only thing I recall is that we had company one day. Three preachers came in for lunch, although there was no hiving of preachers that day anywhere in our neighborhood for a conference or any of the various interests which frequently draw them together. I must have been annoyed, because I had a piece of copy to finish that day and no time to spare.

We had what every housewife would have recognized as a frantic meal; that is, one which you hastily provide for twice as many as you were expecting to feed by using all the eggs which would have lasted your own family a week, and by making croquettes of the cold meat which you meant to stew into a small dish of honest hash, because by adding the cold potatoes you were keeping for supper and bread crumbs and another of your precious eggs you produce quite a platter of croquettes. I also used my last can of California peaches for dessert. That is all we had that day save one dish, the name and substance of which I refuse to reveal here. But it turned out all right, because nobody died or even had indigestion. The itinerant stomach is a remarkably durable organ.

After the table was cleared and the brethren were settled on the front porch, I went back to my work on the side porch, where I kept a chair or two and a table littered with books to be reviewed, with leaves of notes sticking out of each volume.

Presently one of these preachers sauntered around the corner, folded his coat tails, sat down and regarded me with a portentous air, as a man always will look at a woman when he knows something that she would give her eyes to know. I recognized the expression, closed the book I was reading over my forefinger and waited, because it is no use to ask a man a question when he has this puffed-up air of secret news. It is his nature to keep you in suspense for a while. We talked of various matters in which we were not interested. Then I let a silence fall. That is one of the shrewdest ways of pumping a man.

"How would you like to live in Nashville?" he asked suddenly.

"We could do it," I answered.

"It can be managed," he said.

Then he told me of a vacancy about to occur in one of the connectional offices. A new secretary had been elected for the board of education. He would need an assistant. Lundy would be the man chosen. He was given this place, although at the time of which I write I doubt if the new secretary of education knew himself that he was about to appoint him.

We moved to Nashville at the end of the year 1902.

I have come now to the end of my efforts to advance Lundy's interests. He held this position in Nashville until a few days before his death. My services for him were of a different nature after this, and I had time at last to achieve my own life. I may as well copy in here the obituary of the woman I ceased to be. For fifteen years I had been the vassal of love, with a devotion that consumed me as a spiritual fire consumes a fanatic. Sometimes I have felt like a whole battle line drawn up in defense of this love. I, who was not meant by nature or inheritance to be deeply religious, have felt like that angel of the Lord with six wings infolding him. I was a great woman then. Since that time I may have grown in the world's regard, but it does not feel the same. I miss the invisible crown on my head that I used to feel sometimes, and I no longer wear the side arms of a warrior for love. I am never aware any more of the awful nearness of God, because I have no such pressing need of His power and presence to sustain me. Now I am good only by habit, not by valiant choice. My troubles are the ordinary cares of an ordinary person. My success is something people know about, like the achievements of other successful people in the world. There are no longer any great tribulations or hardships to lift me lark high in the spirit. I have been let down at last into the green pastures beside the still waters, and I have found it a lonesome place. I do not seem to need all this goodness and mercy for just myself. My cup runneth over because there is no one to share it with me; and I do not care so much about dwelling in the house of the Lord forever. I should prefer to dwell in a humbler place with those whom I loved, and even to feel again the keen edge of sorrow for their sakes.

(TO BE CONTINUED

The Health Doctor *says*-

Anything soiled by contact with many hands is a menace to health. There is protection constant use of a Health Soap which really purifies the skin

"If they could always be safe from dirt"

Freshly tubbed, the soft flush of slumber glowing against snowy linen—wouldn't it be wonderful if your babies were always as safe—never exposed to the menace of dirt?

Yet tomorrow they will touch and tousle a hundred dangerously dirty things—stray animals, unclean playmates, the fruit of peddlers. Dirty hands carry these dangers to nose, mouth and food. Germ laden street dust will grind into chubby knees and palms.

How can you—the mother—the "Health Doctor"—guard these precious lives?

In just one way—by keeping them *clean*—scientifically clean.

Lifebuoy Purifies

And please don't mistake mere perfumed daintiness for the honest, wholesome, pore cleansing purity that results from vigorous use of Lifebuoy Health Soap. Lifebuoy does more than remove surface grime. Its rich, creamy lather releases a wonderful antiseptic ingredient which is carried down deep into every pore, combating the health foes ever present in dirt.

The pungent odor of Lifebuoy tells you that it is more than soap—that it is a genuine health protector—a skin purifier. *The odor vanishes but the protection remains.*

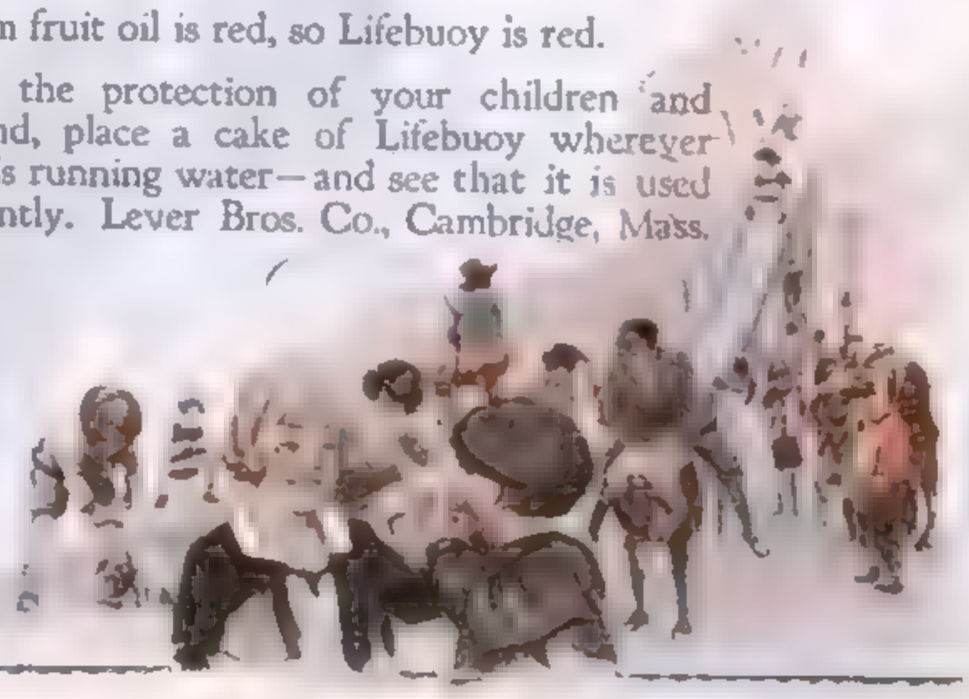
Soothing to Tender Skin

Yet Lifebuoy is as pure and bland and skin beautifying as any soap ever made. Its pure oil of palm fruit and cocoanut oil are soothing and healing, especially to a baby's petal skin.

Lifebuoy is wonderful to use during housework when you wash your hands so constantly to avoid getting germs on food or dishes. It not only *purifies* the hands but keeps them delightfully soft and smooth.

Palm fruit oil is red, so Lifebuoy is red.

For the protection of your children and husband, place a cake of Lifebuoy wherever there is running water—and see that it is used frequently. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



An Encore Picture

WHAT would you think of a man who poses as a regular demon aviator and is almost unnerved when a toy plane whizzes by him on the hotel verandah

SURELY a bright particular star of first magnitude is now up in the motion picture firmament. In the constellation Hilarious. Name Douglas MacLean. To be seen with the naked eye in "Going Up."

If you saw Douglas MacLean in "The Hottentot" or Mary Roberts Rinehart's "23½ Hours' Leave," you know that speedy comedy like this is his element. Wherever you see theatre signs announcing "Douglas MacLean in Going Up," check your troubles at the ticket window for two hours of joy.

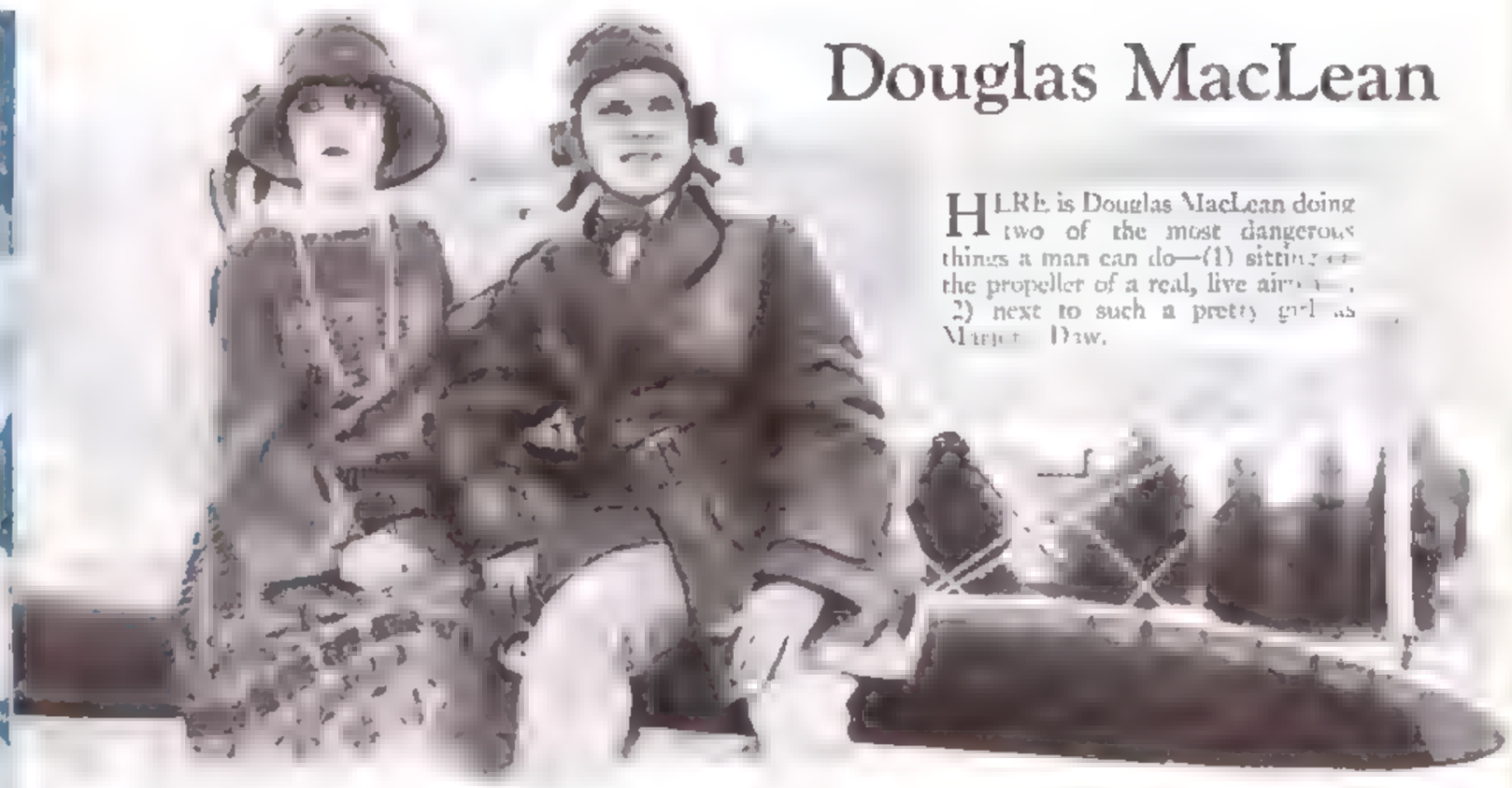
Associated Exhibitors, Inc., Arthur S. Kane, President, 35 West 45th St., New York City. Pathé Exchange, Inc., Physical Distributors.

Now you can really get "Better Pictures"

IF you would like to have all the better motion pictures shown in your town, form a Committee of Ten. Every month you will receive impartial reviews of all worth-while motion pictures—not Encore Pictures alone, but the best pictures of all producers.

Committees of Ten work in conjunction with the National Committee for Better Films and the local motion picture exhibitor.

Any representative citizen interested in better motion pictures can obtain the Committee of Ten plan, reviews, and complete information by addressing Arthur S. Kane, 35 West 45th St., New York City.



Douglas MacLean

HERE is Douglas MacLean doing two of the most dangerous things a man can do—(1) sitting on the propeller of a real, live airplane, (2) next to such a pretty girl as Margaret Daw.

No place to go but Up

Douglas MacLean in "Going Up"

Adapted by Raymond Griffith
From the great Broadway Stage Success
"Going Up" by Otto A. Harbach
and Louis A. Hirsch
Based upon James J. Montgomery's
play "The Aviator"
Directed by Lloyd Ingraham
Produced by Douglas MacLean Productions

HOLD tight . . . . for we're "Going Up" with Douglas MacLean. Up, up, up,—till this world of high taxes and household cares drops out of sight—till you see the silver lining of all the clouds—till you grow dizzy with thrills and joy. For Douglas MacLean has made an altitude record of hilarious fun.

It's a wholesome human play of youth and dash and love. Delicious complications happen fast to the handsome young author of an airplane love story whose press agent makes him out a daring aviator. Aviator? Why, he is so scared of airplanes that flights of imagination are the only kind in which he leaves the ground.

When the French ace challenges him to fly, and The Girl is looking on how can he back out? Broken heart or broken neck—which wins? You double up with laughter.

For there's a zip and a swing and a rush—a soaring loop-the-loop spirit—to this mile-a-minute picture. If you saw the musical comedy "Going Up," more than one solid year on Broadway, you know what a peach of a show it is.

So fasten on the safety belt . . . . drop the ballast of dull care overboard—and take off with MacLean to the seventh heaven of mirth. "Going Up"—another great Encore Picture.

AFTER the tenth trip with this load, the bellhop protests. He won't lug the things up and down again. You see Douglas MacLean is [illegible] that sort of [illegible], it's "Get the [illegible]" or "Lick 'em [illegible]" with [illegible] or pout of his adored one.

THE slightly portly gentleman at the right teaches flying—his thirtieth pupil crashed the day before so he now has time to teach another. And notice how thoroughly Douglas is *not* enjoying his lesson. He's really a most adventuresome fellow—in his novels.

THE CHAIN STORE IN YOUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 12)

"He said he could not see where the chain stores had anything to do with it, except that they got the business which belonged rightfully to the regular local merchants.

"'Just the same,' I went on, 'I believe I can convince you that the chain stores have had something to do with your local people spending their money at home. In the old days people went to the city largely because they believed you small-town merchants could not give them the same values as the city establishments. When the chain organizations opened branches here your town took on added importance as a shopping center. People knew the policy of the chain stores was to sell merchandise at the same price everywhere, so there was no longer the suspicion that higher prices prevailed here. You may not realize it, but this confidence on the part of the public extends to the regular local merchants as well as to the chain stores. Big-city standards of value have been set; a shopper can go along the main street and compare prices; he knows you old-time merchants are up against the same competition as the city merchants. The outstanding fact is that local money is being spent at home where formerly it went out of town. If you old-time merchants don't get your share of the business it is simply because you don't go after it hard enough.'"

In the minds of many retail merchants there exists a great deal of misunderstanding as to their chain-store competitors, some going so far as to predict that it is only a matter of time when the independent trader will be crowded out altogether. As a matter of fact, neither the chain-store organization nor the chain-store branch manager has the easy time that some independent merchants suppose. The general manager of a well-known organization with more than a hundred retail branches throughout the country recently told me this:

"We have only one advantage over the individual local merchant, and that is the fact that we buy our merchandise in very large quantities, thereby effecting a certain saving. But even this economy does not amount to so much as appears on the surface. We do, of course, buy direct from the manufacturer and so get around the wholesaler's profit, which is something the individual merchant cannot always do. But just because we eliminate the wholesaler it does not mean that we save all the wholesaler's profit, because automatically we have to take on many of his functions. We have the expenses of warehousing, of stock keeping, of transportation, as well as the item of depreciation. If the wholesaler's ordinary profit in any line is, say, 15 per cent, we are lucky to save 5 to 6 per cent."

Chain Store Handicaps

"For purposes of argument, let us say that a chain organization owns its merchandise 10 per cent cheaper than the regular retailer, which is certainly a liberal estimate. Now let us see what that 10 per cent has to accomplish in the way of evening up our chances for success against the competition of independent merchants. In the first place, when we open up in a town we have to get the most prominent and therefore the most expensive location. A local man may establish himself around the corner or on a back street and depend on his acquaintance and reputation to bring business; but for us that would be suicidal. The chain stores are often blamed for raising business rents; the fact is, we don't want to pay high rents any more than other people, but it is one of our handicaps that we must.

"A chain store, you see, has no personality and it has to pay for that deficiency. We have to spend more money than the regular retailer on our store fittings, on our display fixtures, on our window trims; we have to burn an extra quantity of electric light; if we advertise in the newspapers we have to use big space. All these things, remember, are necessary in order to make up for our lack of personality.

"The criticism is frequently made that chain organizations handicap themselves by limiting the authority of their branch managers. It is argued that we hire good men as managers and then refuse to let them use their own judgment. I was a branch manager myself once, and I used to resent the way I was held down. But now that I am running the show from headquarters I know that such a course is our only salvation. What would happen if, with our hundred stores, we let each branch manager run his place according to his own ideas? We would simply own a hundred separate stores, gambling on the judgment of the men hired to run them.

"It costs us more to sell merchandise than it costs the individual dealer, and the only way we can make up for it is to have certain ironclad rules that we believe will minimize expensive errors. When an organization gets to be as big as ours and is doing business all over the map, it has to have rules that are as near as possible foolproof."

More than once I have heard retail merchants express the idea that the life of the branch manager is a carefree one, containing no such problems as constantly confront the man who has only himself to depend on. In a certain Western city there is a club composed of business men who meet once a week at luncheon to discuss all sorts of human activities, and at a recent meeting, when I was privileged to be present, there was a debate between a retail merchant and a branch manager of a chain-store organization on this subject: Resolved that it requires more ability to run your own business than to be a corporation executive.

The Deciding Paragraph

Speaking for the affirmative, the merchant made a pretty strong case. He pointed out the constant worries that beset the business man who has to be his own general manager, sales director and advertising executive, and at the same time struggle with his banker in the matter of finances to keep his enterprise going.

"My friend across the table," he said, "doesn't know what real trouble is. All his problems are settled by his home office. Never does he have to worry about meeting a bank draft or the Saturday-night pay roll. All he has to do is to concentrate on selling merchandise."

When the merchant sat down he had the club members fairly convinced that the lot of the independent business man is a hard one, requiring almost superhuman ability to attain success. Then came the turn of the branch manager.

"I admit the truth of many of the things my opponent says," he remarked; "but I would remind him of this fact: As an independent merchant, he is free to carry out any policies he thinks are good. I can't do that. All my policies come to me ready-made from a central office a thousand miles away, and many times they don't fit local conditions. I have to take what is handed to me and turn it into success."

It was his closing paragraph that won the decision of the judges on the merits of the argument, which was as follows:

"I wonder," said the branch manager pleasantly, "how many business men in this audience would like to have every mistake they happen to make subjected to the scrutiny of a board of managers sitting in an office in some far-off city. As a branch manager, everything I do is checked up. No one checks up on the independent business man except himself, and he is apt to be lenient. If his mistakes are not too serious he has a chance to rectify them. That is precisely what I cannot do. I have to be efficient every day in the year or stand the consequences."

I have mentioned the one great advantage possessed by the chain organizations in the matter of buying merchandise at lower figures than is possible for the individual retailer; but even that is subject to exceptions. The chain organization must buy in large and standardized quantities so as to have similar goods in all its branches. The independent merchant who is in constant touch with the market and able to pay cash can frequently pick up bargains that cannot be used by the chain organization simply because small lots would not fill the latter's requirements. In the long run the future of the independent merchant will depend on his individual efficiency. I will quote again the general manager of the chain organization with more than a hundred branches.

"I do not expect the chains to make the same advances in the future that they have made during the past ten years," he said, "and it will be owing to the fact that the individual efficiency of the independent merchants will increase. The chains have acted as a test of ability. Men who were in no way fitted to be merchants have had to drop out because of chain-store competition, leaving the more able ones in the field. Speaking of my own organization, we have a fixed rule never to locate a new store in a community where there is a dealer in our line who is seen to be operating his business on live, aggressive methods, buying right and watching his finances. We know such a man would give us too hard a race."

There is, in upper New York State, a certain town with which I am familiar that for years had the reputation of being a poor business place. With a population of less than ten thousand, it managed to have three or four retail failures every year and few of the merchants who survived were especially prosperous. A good proportion of the local business went to near-by towns or to a large city forty miles distant. Four or five years ago a chain organization, with headquarters in New York City, operating many general stores throughout the country, opened a branch in the town.

This branch began to do a paying business almost from the start, and the local merchants did correspondingly less. As in a great many small towns, there was little cooperation among the merchants, mainly because they were in competition with one another. Being a small place, each merchant believed he had to carry a little of everything in order to swell the volume of his sales. With the coming of the chain store, operated on efficient up-to-date lines and carrying complete stocks in every department, the prospects of the independent dealers seemed blue indeed.

At this juncture one of the older firms showed signs of financial distress. Most of its indebtedness lay with a New York wholesale house, and the credit manager of that house made a trip to the town to see what might be done toward salvaging the account. He spent a couple of days going over the firm's books and walking around the business section, at the end of which time he went into conference with his debtor.

"I'm afraid you're up against a hard proposition," the credit manager said. "All you local merchants are pulling against one another when you ought to be pulling together. I know you aren't the only one who is in bad financial shape. What are the prospects of getting the dealers together on some kind of coöperative basis?"

The merchant replied that there was little chance of getting the local dealers together on any kind of basis. They were, he said, the most jealous lot of individuals in the world, any one of whom would rather have business go out of town than see a local competitor get it.

Cutthroat Competition

The credit manager had at one time been a small-town resident himself and, besides, was something of a student of human nature.

"I think I have an idea," he said, "that may work out. I need a vacation and I believe I will take it now, spending the time in your town. The first thing I am going to do is to get all you storekeepers together for a heart-to-heart talk."

The merchant protested that a meeting would do no good, even if the storekeepers could be got together, which he doubted; but the credit manager persisted, and a day or so later succeeded in rounding up most of the merchants in Fireman's Hall for a conference. The talk he made them went something like this:

"The trouble in this town, as I see it, is that you people are all competitors. Your drug stores aren't content to be drug stores, but dip into the sporting-goods line and the electrical line and the grocery line. Your two jewelry stores feature baseball bats and fishing tackle as much as they do watches and watch repairing. More than half the stores up and down your main street carry little dabs of stationery and office supplies.

"Now don't you see what all this leads to? You are all trying to be department stores because you think you need to sell a little of everything in order to make a living. But because business here is limited,

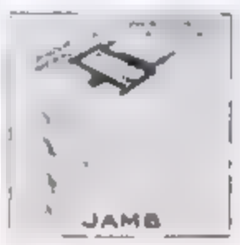
Open them *wide* to the invigorating air

Truscon Standard Casements fairly *reach out* to welcome fresh air and sunlight into the living rooms.

The full window is thrown open to the outdoors. You get 100% ventilation, double the amount obtained with the ordinary sliding window. In stormy or wintry weather Truscon Casements close tightly and give added daylight from the same window opening.

Simple—graceful—enduring—they impart artistic charm and distinction to the home. You will be delighted with their effect once you have seen them, just as you will be impressed by their enduring strength and perfection of design.

There is no need to be deprived of the full ventilation, comfort and convenience of Truscon Steel Casements; they cost no more than wooden windows because of large production in standard sizes.



Furnished in three sizes—Width (two light)—1'-11⅝"

HEIGHTS

2 lights	3 lights	4 lights
2'-0"	3'-4⅝"	4'-4⅝"

Prices in U. S. A. (without glass) complete with hardware

$8.00	$10.00	$10.75

These casements can be combined to give various widths and heights of window openings. Arranged in bays with narrow steel mullions between window units, more pleasing effects and a greater amount of light are obtained than with ordinary wooden window groupings.

Window and frame of sturdy unit construction; double contact weathering to keep out wind and rain; copper steel to resist corrosion. Easily opened and closed; never stick nor need repair.

The name "Truscon" in raised letters on each window is for your protection. Carried in stock by local dealers. Write us for any further information.

Copper Steel Resists Corrosion Better Than Ordinary Metal

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN OHIO ··· U.S.A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see 'phone books of principal cities. Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Export Dis.: New York.

TRUSCON COPPER STEEL STANDARD CASEMENTS

We Face Men

At a difficult hour
Yet this test wins them—nearly all

Gentlemen:

Changing men's habits on Shaving Cream is not an easy matter. In the early morning in particular men are hard to please.

But we send a ten-shave test. And those ten shaves have won men by millions to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

They will win you—no matter what your preferences, no matter how hard to change.

We have perfected a matchless shaving cream. It excels in five important ways. It is made by men whose soap creations are world-famous. It is the final result of making and comparing 130 separate formulas.

The appeal of this cream is resistless.

Kindly accept this test

We ask merely a test at our cost. What we say counts for little. But what this cream does wins nearly every user.

Give it this chance to prove itself, in fairness to yourself and to us. Send us the coupon.

5 Reasons:

1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

2—It softens the beard in one minute.

3—It maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting. That's a prime essential.

5—The palm and olive oil blend leaves the face in fine condition.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

TEN SHAVES FREE—SEND COUPON

2161

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-557, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

_____

_____

you can't afford to carry representative stocks in any line; you have little dabs of this and that, but not enough of a selection in anything; and consequently when people want to buy anything of importance they go out of town for it. There is enough business in this town to keep you all going nicely if each one of you specializes in his particular line and carries enough stock in that line to meet the reasonable demands of the buying public. This chain store that has recently come to town shows what can be done by businesslike methods. Unless you gentlemen change your methods there are going to be more chain stores here and fewer independent merchants."

The credit manager's remarks seemed sensible enough to the assembled merchants, but there appeared one bad flaw, which was pointed out by one of his hearers

"That's all right," volunteered this man; "but how are we going to become specialty stores? We've got our money tied up in these various side lines and none of us can afford to sell them off for the forty or fifty cents on the dollar that we would have to accept."

"Just that," said the credit manager, "is what I was coming to. I know you can't afford to sacrifice these side lines at forty cents on the dollar. But you can swap your side lines to one another and get full value. I was in the sporting-goods store this morning and saw a little show case of jewelry that looked as though it had not been disturbed since last Christmas. Why not trade that to the two jewelers for their stocks of baseball bats and fishing tackle? I know the book-and-stationery store has side lines it could profitably swap for the little stocks of stationery I have seen up and down the street. There is scarcely a man here who hasn't something he had better be rid of which someone else could use profitably. Why not have a general swap-fest and become first-class merchants instead of second-class variety dealers?"

Scouting Methods

This is the story precisely as I got it from the New York credit manager, who was the central figure. His advice was accepted by the majority of the local merchants, with the result that there is a great deal less out-of-town shopping than formerly. And during the past two years, the credit manager states, the town has not had a single retail failure. All of which, I submit, is a lesson that might well be studied by retailers in much larger communities than the upstate New York town.

A few months ago I chanced to be stopping for a few days in a town in the Northwest, and while there fell in with an executive for a chain-store organization who was scouting for new locations for his concern. It was a prosperous-appearing town of perhaps fifteen thousand population, with a good back country. The executive told me his concern had been considering it for some time and he had come to make the final survey.

The thoroughness with which this man worked would have been a liberal business education for many men who go blithely into the most important transactions trusting to luck and to their own optimistic feelings. He had a list of all the local dealers in his line, with a credit-agency report on their financial standings and an estimate on the amount of business each had done during the preceding year. He counted the number of farmers' conveyances around the public square on a Saturday afternoon and compared the total with the number in town on a Tuesday. He hired a car and drove out on the country roads, studying the conditions of the highways for twenty miles around, to see whether a spell of bad weather might divert the trade to other towns. From a real-estate man he got information as to the rent each merchant on the main street was paying, and at the courthouse he learned the separate rates at which merchants were taxed on their stocks and their fixtures. During the space of a week he had collected enough information to have made him eligible for a position as secretary of the town's chamber of commerce. On the last day of his stay I asked him what he was going to do about locating a store.

An Unpromising Field

"It's a good business town," he said; "a mighty good one. But I'm going to pass it up. Come along with me and I'll show you why."

We went out of the hotel and down the main street until we came opposite a fair-sized store, to which he called my attention. It was not the largest store in its line, the main characteristics that claimed my attention being two good-sized show windows very nicely trimmed, with a colored porter on a stepladder polishing the glass. Inside I could see a number of women sitting on settees near the door, evidently country people who were waiting for their menfolks to join them for the ride home. Three or four clerks were waiting on other people and a well-dressed man was circulating agreeably around, overlooking everything with an air of proprietorship.

"That fellow walking around in there is the reason I am not going to locate a branch in this town," my chain-store friend told me. "Since I have been here he has changed his window displays three times. Everywhere on the country roads I saw his advertisements tacked on trees and fences and he has fresh ads in the newspaper every day. I wired my people for a special trade report on him and got a reply stating that he buys in small lots, but always discounts his bills."

We left the place and walked back toward the hotel. What the chain-store man had told me was all in favor of the merchant, but I could not see why the situation should stop a millionaire corporation from opening a branch store in the town. The chain-store man enlightened me.

"We always shy off from competition like that," he said. "My reports and my personal observations convince me that this fellow is a first-class business man, and he is giving the public what it wants at reasonable prices. Discounting his bills and always being able to get money from his bank to pick up bargain lots, it is likely he buys his merchandise pretty near as cheap as my concern does. That part of it wouldn't worry me so much; but did you notice the people in there waiting around as though they were at home? Besides being a good business man, he has managed to throw his personality into his business, and there is just where he would beat us. I'm taking the train out tonight."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LELAND J. BONNEY

Blackfeet Indian Chiefs at Iceberg Lake, Glacier National Park

The Hill-Climber

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Wherever there are steep hills and mountain trails, the Superior Chevrolet leads in sales among all low-priced cars. It climbs steep roads and trails with ease, often in high gear, and always without over-heating.

The power and flexibility of the motor, and the strong, quiet spiral bevel rear axle gears that give it this exceptional hill-climbing ability, also ensure quick pick-up in crowded traffic, and steady, cool speed on long trips. These desirable qualities are not obtained by the sacrifice of economy; on the contrary, the Superior Chevrolet averages the lowest cost per mile per year, price, maintenance and operating included.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Superior 2-Pass. Roadster	$490	Superior Light Delivery	[illegible]
Superior 5-Pass. Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	[illegible]
Superior 2-Pass. Utility Coupe	640	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550
Superior 5-Pass. Sedan	795	*Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.*	

These new low prices effective September 1st

BRUNSWICK

SEDAN CORD

We crossed out the word, *ordinary*, when we started to build Brunswick Sedan Cords. They are exceptional tires—special in construction, and unusual in service. Built to carry the weight, and strain of heavy closed cars, they give an extra margin of comfort and dependability to any car. Strong, robust tires, their ruggedness is re-inforced inside by interlayers of pure rubber. Friction-proofed, they keep cool, and last. A quality tire for quality cars.

THE BRUNSWICK TIRE CORPORATION

Akron, Ohio

"FRICTION PROOF"

WHY MEN CRACK

Continued from Page 25)

for those who no longer give out a ring when you tap them because they are cracked already, but for those who are on their way up, fast and strong, or apparently steady and sure, and do not want to crack. This is written for the man under way—the man who is off the ground and going and doesn't want to crash.

If I have learned anything by watching them closely it is that the difference between men who can reach the time to die with all their foliage on and those who are ready for the ax long before it—the difference between success and failure—is often so small that it takes a microscope to see the causes. All the holes in the mosquito netting appear to be the same size, but it is the mosquito that tries every one that gets through the screen.

I remember that I once had the job of looking over college graduates who wanted the advantage of being employed by a corporation which gives great opportunity to young men. I used to say to them, "What kind of a job do you want?" It was laughable to find out how many of them would say "An executive job." And how their faces would fill with blank amazement when I said, "Good! What is it you want to execute?"

One day that spring a new fledgling came in, and when I asked "What kind of a job do you want?" he said, "Any kind of a job." I said, "There isn't one open now—not even of that kind—but if there is, I will notify you to come in again."

"How many others will you notify?" he asked.

"Several."

He grinned, and as he went out remarked, "It's no monopoly."

A few days later the job ripened. We needed a good man in a hurry. I sent out seven telegrams to seven applicants. His was one. The stenographer had hardly delivered her texts of these telegrams to the mail department before in walked my applicant with the telegram in his hand.

"How did you get it?" I gasped.

"Well," said he, "the other day as I was going out I stopped and got a job from the door man as office boy. I thought it would be nice to be where I could hear the news quicker than the others."

The Too-Agreeable Banker

I do not say this man, who, of course, got what he wanted, was any better than the rest. They were all picked men—men who were already off the ground—from technical institutions or colleges of the highest grade. Some of them, no doubt, were better men than he. But I do say that he had a remarkably keen appreciation that the difference between success and failure has to be weighed in a fine druggist's scale.

There is a large financial house in America. It is said that a partnership in that firm usually will mean a comfortable fortune for a man who can hold on to it for a year. A certain Western banker, a few years ago, came East on the invitation of a friend of his and met the head of the partnership at a dinner. The Westerner suspected, as was the fact, that he had been considered as a possibility. He was not invited to become a partner.

It is within my personal knowledge that the head of the firm said to a member of his family after the evening was over, "I don't want him. He agreed with everything I said—every view I put forth. No two men can agree as well as we did on every subject. That means to me that our Western friend was insincere. I don't want men who will agree with me. I want men who will disagree with me when I'm wrong."

I felt that some allowances should have been made. With the embarrassment of a first meeting, under strain and ambitious expectation, this prospective partner was not the man he usually is. The years have shot by, however, since that day and the Western banker is still holding down the presidency of a small bank, and is still wearing out his sole leather and the city's bricks on his way home to the residence district on the hill. The difference between, on the one hand, dying with a name almost unknown and, on the other, of having had a great field of international finance and world outlook where the betting is good that he would have become a national figure, lies on a pretty fine balance. The man himself may read this, and for the first time learn how thin a margin there is between the top and mediocrity.

I know an engineer who contracted to do one of the biggest engineering jobs ever completed in the United States. You would know it very well if I mentioned it. Under the contract he had to put down so much money and so much work every month. He was not a rich man, and he expected that he could get financial aid from the banking houses of the big cities. He knocked on all their doors and there was nothing doing. He knew if money could be had for his backing that he would do a great work and become a millionaire by doing it, but he was down at last to his final penny. It was a few hundred dollars obtained by common consent of himself and his wife from the sale of her jewelry that allowed him to hang on to his right under the contract and carried him into the month when a large financial house undertook the backing of the project. At a critical juncture, courage, which to many men would have appeared as folly, but which must be valued now on the basis of results, bridged the narrow chasm between success and failure and produced an example of a man—and his wife—who did not crack.

Unseen Handicaps

The hairbreadth difference between success and comparative failure is less often found in crises or emergencies than in the constant effect of some almost unnoticeable quality of character—some little and often hidden weight in the balance which tips the scale against the man. There are in existence today two great national figures whom I know well. I have watched them closely for years and done my best to analyze the fine infinitesimal reasons why neither has nor will ever reach the goal which each has so hungrily in his secret mind—the Presidency. I have said to myself, "Will their failure be chargeable to fortune or to the fact that there are men larger and more capable in general fitness than they?" And I have had to come to the conclusion that there is nothing on the surface which would stop their climb to the height of their ambition. But under the surface, unseen by most men and unseen, of course, by themselves, each carries a little load which promises eternally to make him weak in the pinches. What are these loads? In one man it is a contempt for the intelligence of the average man. This is a subtle poison. Sometimes it makes him so impatient that he will not take pains to explain his actions or his policies. They may be right and almost always they are clear, direct and courageous; but he is so irritated when public opinion needs education that he gives up and wishes this were a world where he might become a benevolent mental tyrant who could say, "World, you big nut, do this! Do that! And none of your fool questions!" That's his trouble. And not even his closest friends see it.

The other man has the greater power of analysis. He reaches safe and sane conclusions. He does not lack courage. He is a tower of integrity. But he is wise enough to know that most truth is not black and white, but various shades of gray. Ask him how bad and foolish Bolshevism is and he will say, "I estimate it at 83.33 per cent foolish and bad." That is, he strives for fractional truth, and all truth has an unfortunate tendency to be fractional. For some minds this fractional truth has value, but for most minds it has little value. Most minds are not satisfied with fractional truth and therefore fractional truth is an unpopular article in the open market.

Perhaps it follows then that the leader who is really useful is the one who is contented when he has pronounced something good or something bad, and is so clear in his expression that it sounds to the world as if he had the idea that things were good or bad 125 per cent! Mankind does not like to split hairs or chew fine-cut truth. That is why this other big national figure never will be President. A powerful man with a just mind, he nevertheless cannot think in terms of 100 per cent, or even express himself in these terms. He always leaves the people of America hungry for something which has the flavor of finality upon which they can think and act. He is like a baseball umpire who would yell, "The man is—more or less—out!"

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PACKARD
SINGLE-SIX

It has to be a pretty good Yankee car that can overcome my initial prejudice; but when after doing that it contrives to fill me with an uncontrollable lust for possession, then I can assure you it is something right out of the common rut.

The Single-Six Packard costs (*in England*) something under nine hundred pounds, and is, in my humble opinion, as near being the very best car in the world as makes no difference. This is heavy praise, I know, but it can't be helped—I must speak as I find.

If I had leisure and one of these cars, I would like to drive it round Coventry and Birmingham and Manchester, and other places where motors are mostly made, and take British managing directors out for a run, just to show them, you understand.

The plain fact is that this is a car in which I simply cannot find a fault.

It is as docile as an angel, but goes like the very devil. It is supremely well sprung, it is uncannily silent, it is a miser on petrol, it steers no heavier than a wisp of cigarette smoke, it climbs like a chamois—in short, it just does anything that it should, and does most things a good deal better than you would think possible.

Mind you it is not one of these undergeared contraptions, for without any fuss or flurry it will do its modest seventy on the level, nor has it got a huge engine, yet it will do White Hill, Henley, with four up, at a minimum of twenty-five miles an hour. The Hindhead brings it down to about fifty-five! The Single-Six is, of course, not to be confused with the Twin-Six.

Yes, believe me, people, the six-cylinder Packard is a very wonderful car indeed. I wish it were made in this country, and I can't for the life of me see why it shouldn't be, though owing to the higher cost of raw material over here it would naturally come out more expensive.

I heartily wish the Packard were British.

It is easily amongst the first half-dozen best cars in the world, at a figure which has hitherto been associated with, comparatively speaking, mediocrity.

—*Reprinted from The Tatler, London, England; issue of April 11, 1923*

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

CDE

The one big thing you ought to know *before you buy a raincoat* . . .

IF you decide solely by appearance, texture, or feel in buying a raincoat, you have no right to be surprised if it fails to keep you dry.

The quality that keeps a raincoat waterproof is hidden—it's *inbuilt*. It depends not only on the grade of the materials used, but on the way the rubber and fabric are joined—on unusual care and skill in manufacture.

That is why the only guarantee of real raincoat protection is the name on the coat and the reputation of the maker. And that is why thousands of people today have learned to rely on the name Raynster.

Every Raynster is backed by all the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world. Raynsters are a complete line of raincoats for men and women, boys and girls—from rugged rubber surface coats to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside.

Our little booklet entitled "A Scotchman Started It" will help you to distinguish raincoat quality. Mailed free to you. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Raynsters

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—A *type for every need*

(Continued from Page 44

Each of these men I have cited would make a good President of the United States, and the qualities which will prevent them getting the job are so subtle that even with close acquaintance it has taken me a long time to put my finger on them. It illustrates how slender and hidden are these cracks which prevent a man from giving out a loud, clear ring when he is tested by the tap of Destiny's finger nail.

It is not only the mosquito that can try every hole in the screen that can get by; it is the mosquito whose calibration and flexibility are almost imperceptibly more favorable than those of the rest of the flock.

Mark it down that it is this fact the fact that between success and failure there is often only a difference of less than a hair—which gives so much emphasis in the world to the element of luck. The very fineness of differences between men being hard to see makes it easy to put the blame on luck

I start out by saying that nobody but a fool, or one who has not observed the careers of prominent men, would say that luck, as it is called, does not play a big part in some men's flights. I have seen men go up by luck to success and I have seen men come down by bad luck from great heights. I know there are moralists who like to tell youth that luck does not play any part in men's affairs, and, of course, this preachment is intended to have a wholesome influence by preventing youth from passing the buck to alleged bad luck. Now I did not say and I will not say that good luck will raise a man to greatness. It cannot. It never did. It never will. I only said it would sometimes raise a man to success, and I've seen it do that many times and I'll give some evidence in a minute. Nor did I say that bad luck would make a man less truly a great man. But it can and does often make a man less of a success.

To come down to cases: I know a man whose father left him the ownership of three coal carriers which had been in the coastwise traffic. The young man went to New York to sell his property to a buyer who had telegraphed him. The young man stayed in his home city to go to some sporting event. He was late in arriving in New York. When he did arrive the prospective buyer had drunk so much bad liquor that he was dying in the alcoholic ward at Bellevue. A few days later the Great War pounced down on Europe, and within a short time the value of ships went to the sky. Now the young man has three motor cars, a shooting lodge, a New York house, and kicks about his income tax. It cannot be said he showed any great merit in being late for an appointment. Anyone would be a fool who said he was to be credited for the other man's thirst, and, unless I am mistaken, he did not cause the war. But he is rated as successful.

His One Big Order

Not long ago a newspaper in Japan held a popularity contest. The idea was to have selected by the readers of the paper the most popular statesman, scientist, industrial leader, and so on. It turned out that the most popular of industrial leaders was the head of a great metallurgical industry. A reporter was sent to obtain an interview as to the qualities to which the magnate attributed his success. The answer was brief:

"Good luck and sufficient stupidity not to interfere with it."

I used to know a man in one of the New England States who made about six hundred dollars a year out of an invention. He invented a patent coat-and-trousers hanger. He had a kind of pliers, and we used to see him at county fairs in his ragged old clothes, bending up the wire into a finished product which he sold for ten cents. He had a great dexterity with the pliers. One day he had a stroke of good luck. An accountant who worked for one of the large chain-store systems which sell articles for a maximum of ten or fifteen cents happened to see the device.

He said, "Go to New York to this address. Take this card. Show this coat-and-trousers hanger of yours to our main hardware buyer."

The lucky dog borrowed forty dollars, looked around his little cabin and patch of ground, put his fiddle on a high shelf where the squirrels would not gnaw on it, and went to New York. He exhibited his device.

"How many of these can you make?" asked the buyer.

"As many as you want," replied the other.

"I'll take half a million."

The poor devil could not speak. Such luck! He went up Broadway until he found a saloon. A week later the police boat picked him out of the North River, and the only thing he left was a plot for a story which has been written and published by one of the contemporary fiction writers. Such good luck!

Even those who are willing to admit the element of luck are not always willing to say whether it is possible to tell the difference between good luck and bad. I remember vividly something Colonel House said to me once.

He said, "Sometimes, looking backward, it appears to me that every piece of good luck I ever had led directly to a bad result; and all the things I thought were bad luck when they happened, in the end turned out to be the foundations of opportunity."

Birth itself is a piece of luck. I am thinking of one of America's rich manufacturers. He had everything he wanted except freedom from one thing he did not want. It was an inherited disease. He fought it for years. Perhaps his claim to greatness could be well founded upon the fight he made, with self-discipline, restraint, courage and sweetness of spirit. He died, when still comparatively young, a horrible insane death; and unless one is willing to say that a human being rather than luck chooses one's parents, his entire life was cast in the shadow of an overwhelming piece of bad luck, certain in the end, no matter what he could do, to make him crack.

Uncle Joe's Story

Having admitted the fact that luck makes and breaks some men, the next thing to say is that it makes or breaks very few.

A good deal of the time you will hear men saying "That's just my luck" when it is not a matter of luck at all; and often enough you will see instances of bad luck which affect two men. One will bow his head and whine and the other will go up, scrambling for the top harder than ever. The same piece of bad luck will crack one man and make another.

A famous senator, who is still in the United States Senate, was complaining one day to Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois, about a piece of bad luck which threatened his reelection.

Uncle Joe said, "Yes, it reminds me of the colored boy who came home and said to his father, 'Pap, de front of dat new buildin' on Tenth Street done fall out onto de street and mashed dat poh ole man Peasely. Ain't dat jes luck?'

"'No, it hain't, honey. Dat ain' luck. Ef I'd been in his place, by de time de buildin' had squnched down on de sidewalk I'd been passin' Hundred an' fohty-second Street!'"

The truth is that outside of the luck which lays a man down at birth with certain inheritances or certain conditions around him in those helpless years—which, I have no doubt, count more than any others—I would not say that luck needs to be blamed for making most men crack. Anyhow, what can we do about it? It's hardly worth examining when there are at hand so many things that can be avoided, which, if not avoided, are certain to make men crack.

As I try to view the men in public life, business, professions and the arts—the parade of men who have interested me enough for me to analyze the causes which have made them stub their toes—I see a shockingly large proportion who rise, remain poised for a time on the heights, and then drop into oblivion.

I do not want to mention names, because it would be cruel. But where is that young man who had a brilliant record in his state politics and almost became the candidate for President of one of our great parties, when two contending factions almost compromised upon his nomination? I asked a senator from a neighboring state the other day.

He looked surprised and said, "I don't know."

I said to an editor of one of our largest magazines, "Where is —?"

Five years ago his name was in every mouth a humorist, an author of novels. Editorials were written about him. Everybody wanted to see him and entertain him and be able to say, "I know him personally."

(Continued on Page 48)

PIERCE

Where one finds persons of distinction, one also finds cars of distinction. At the door of the fashionable country club, for instance, the modern Pierce-Arrow closed car is an accustomed sight.

Of the twelve Pierce-Arrow types, the Enclosed Drive Limousine is the most widely sought, for it is suitable in town or country, summer or winter. Because of an exclusive method of construction, it is the *only* car which is completely convertible from a Limousine to a companionable seven-passenger Sedan.

Pierce-Arrow distributors in all principal cities will be glad to show you the utility, luxury and comfort of this or other models, and to demonstrate the impressive performance of the famous Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve, Dual-Ignition Engine.

Open cars are $5250; closed cars, $7000, at Buffalo. Government tax additional. Prices in Canada furnished upon application.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y

"Pride of its makers makes you proud in possession."

When in Buffalo visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Courteous guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow cars are built.

An ingenious and staunch body construction permits of a plate glass partition that is practically full width. It disappears with the turn of a handle, instantly converting a formal Limousine into a companionable, family Sedan.

ARROW

Making it easy to have clean hands

You can afford to always keep a generous supply of ScotTissue Towels ready for instant use—in the home, office, factory, automobile and garage. Towels that are spotless. Towels that are for your use only. Never used before—never to be used again.

The longer you use ScotTissue Towels the better you'll understand why millions of them are being used and why they are changing the towel habits of people everywhere. People, like yourself, who were at first reluctant to change but who have through actual use come to appreciate the softness, whiteness, and instant drying-power of Thirsty Fibres, found only in ScotTissue Towels.

150 in a dust-proof carton for 40c (in Canada and parts of the Rocky Mountain zone 50c)—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

Price per case is $6.15 F. O. B. factory, Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Price even less for 5, 10 and 25 case shipments.

If your jobber or dealer cannot supply you, send us your order and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures, we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

The millions of soft, white Thirsty Fibres in every ScotTissue Towel assure cleanliness, comfort and maximum drying power. Thirsty Fibres leap to their task of drying.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

(Continued from Page 46)

But yesterday, when I asked where he was, the editor said, "I don't know."

Then what has become of a great theatrical producer—a young man who made his millions quickly? I asked someone a year or two ago; I asked a man who owed a large part of his own success to this young Napoleon of the entertainment world.

He said, "I don't know; but I'll find out."

He did find out. The young Napoleon was dying in a New York hospital, almost without twenty-five cents or a caller on visiting days. Yes, and where is ——, who was once ambassador of the United States at one of the principal courts of Europe? What has become of the man who went over to Wall Street from one of our other seaboard cities with a tremendous reputation for invincible speed and for a little time was president of a seventy-five-million-dollar corporation? I don't know.

What happens to them? What makes them crack?

I have drawn up a list of a hundred and fifty of the men I have known who had a good chance to reach the top and hold the top in public service, in money-making or in the arts—and have sunk or are all through. I have checked off the list with the various causes which I believe make men crack, and I have the result I expected. Ninety-seven of these men fell down, according to my conviction, clearly because of lack of health.

Lack of health does not mean critical breakdowns necessarily. I see some critical cases on my list. One playwright was hit by tuberculosis; one man who had first-rank promise in national and international affairs was taken onto the sidelines because of nephritis; two bankers have a serious kidney disease which has driven them into retirement. There are four or five cases of knock-out illness I know nothing about, and a few others at which I can only make a guess. But looking over the whole lot, there is no marked proportion of men whose health has blown up with a sudden loud bang. That is not the picture. Look around at your own acquaintance and see if it is. No, the fact is that men who crack because of lack of health crack slowly and noiselessly. The picture is of a tragical number of men, who at thirty or forty were off the ground and had shown speed, direction and safety. At forty-five their engines were missing fire; at fifty they are looking for a landing field; and at fifty-five some of them may still believe they are in the clouds, but others know that they are down on their rollers for good.

What Doctors Do Not Say

What is the matter with this great majority? Doctors who look them over will say, "Nothing much." But doctors are calloused to these cases of slow decay. A man is passably well if he isn't in the little lot or in bed. Those doctors who realize the truth are reluctant to tell it. If they told it they would say, "Why didn't you come to me twenty-five years ago? I'm no liar. I can't make you over. I can't give you a new stomach and intestines or a nerve system. You're like an old watch. There isn't anything particular the matter with it. Everything's the matter with it. I can make you run comfortably for a good many years but, like the watch which has been abused, you are entered on the list of the irretrievably unfit. The worn-out watch isn't going to explode in your pocket and you won't explode in the face of your family and friends. The watch is a piece of mechanism which has seen its day. So are you."

No, the doctor almost never talks like that. What would be the use? It's too late. Furthermore, the doctor would let himself in for this question: "What caused me to wear out?" His answer to that would be even more unpopular than his diagnosis, because everyone, particularly rich business patients, want the answer to be, "It was just one thing. It was ——" But it never is just one thing in these cases, and particularly it is never just one dignified thing. It is never overwork or brain strain or the burden of heavy responsibilities. These sound well, but they are not the truth. The truth would be something like this:

"You are all wrong and all through, and you will go along to the end, fighting to come back because of the following disgraceful silly causes of which little warning is ever given, because for one reason nobody ever listens to these warnings: You have overeaten and plugged your organs with moderate stimulants, the worst of which are not only alcohol and tobacco, but caffeine and sugar—which you and Hooverizing housewives thought was so necessary, although the Romans and Greeks never knew cane or beet sugar. You have slept with your mouth open and let months go by when your skin has never been thoroughly wet with sweat. You haven't half chewed your food. You have let your organs all slide down until your chest and stomach have swapped girths. You don't drink enough water and maybe you've been fool enough to drink ice water. You sit like a bag of meal and stand like the letter S. You cross your legs and shut off the circulation so that you pump your heart. You take cathartics. You wear collars that press on the important glands in your neck. You have neglected your teeth. And on top of everything you have been irregular—you take irregular meals, irregular sleep, irregular work, irregular play. Heaven knows what else caused it—about everything. All the twisted parts in your machine—you twisted; all the poisons in you were not made by any chemist other than you. You never would have neglected your motor as you have yourself, and you never willingly would have swallowed from without the poisons you have been making within during all these years. You are a complicated mess."

When Genius Overeats

Out of the ninety-seven men I have marked as having cracked because of their health, the great majority would have to admit that no one cause could be found and no one day named when they passed from fit to unfit, when their promise of success or distinction or greatness and the right to be remembered, slipped out between their fingers. It was always a case of plug, plug, plug, Nature crazy trying to avert the damage until the time came when either the man himself, or the outside world for him, had to say, "He's on the descent. No nose dive. No great crash. But he's grounding at fifty when he ought to be trying for altitude."

How I have seen them! I remember a man who came to Washington from the Middle West and quickly promised to become a party leader—a good one, a forceful one; one with integrity; one we needed to restore the respect for our representative system. He had been in Washington two years and he lived at one of the luxurious, comfortable hotels. Almost every night he went out to dinner. I knew the table where I could find him between one and three when Congress was not in session. He was entertaining, and whether at the dinner party or the luncheon, folks gathered around him. He had a limousine; he rode everywhere and walked nowhere. One day I went back to Washington and met him in the lobby of the Shoreham. He had lost his hardness of cheek and stomach. He had been stringy almost to the point of gauntness. Now he was almost roly-poly in the wrong places and he yawned in the middle of a sentence. I asked him how a certain favorite measure of his was coming on.

He said irritably, "I'm tired of fighting other people's battles."

I felt like saying to him, "Senator, for God's sake stop eating so much!"

He's gone. He cracked. Overeating rich predigested foods! And sometimes when I think of the dining out done by members of successive cabinets in Washington I believe it would pay the taxpayers to provide a payment to cabinet officers of, say, a hundred dollars for every dinner engagement they refused.

The district known as Wall Street is becoming more canny than most places about overeating; but go up to the Banker's Club between one and three and see the quantity of meats and sweets tricked away by those whose misled American parents transmitted to them in easy youth the idea that the quantity an individual ate was the measure of his well-being. Contrast this regimen of stuffing with the diet of the Romans before Rome had come to its down-grade imperial glories, and when a hardy, virile race lived on meals of little cakes and a drink of mild juice and considered it vulgar and utter folly to go gorging through every day.

We arrest men for being drunk; it would be a better thing to arrest them for measuring more at the equator than around the

(Continued on Page 50)

It took all these people to make your telephone receiver case—*right!*

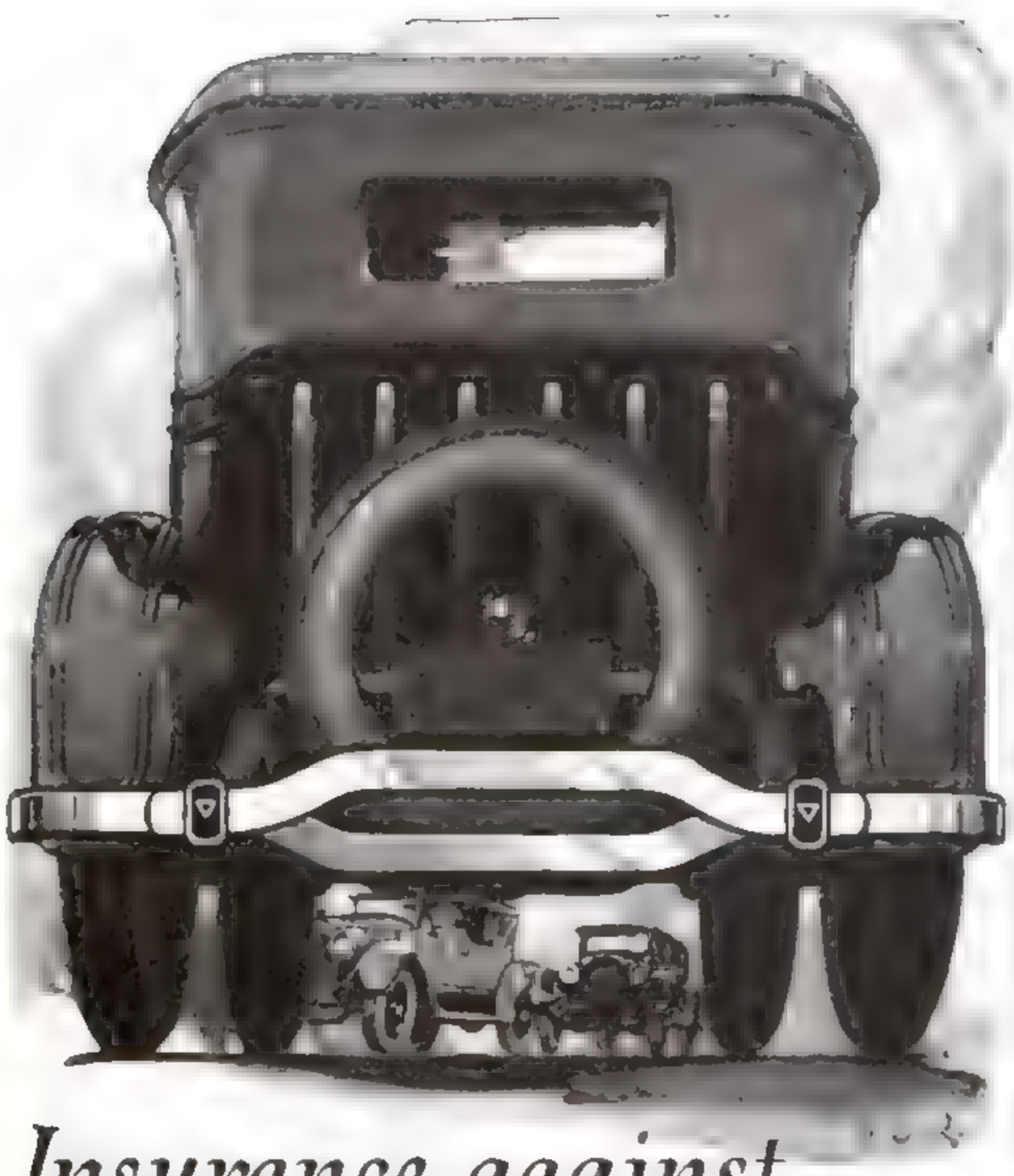
THESE pictures tell a story of the amazing detail that enters into telephone manufacture.

If all these people are needed just to make the outer shell of each receiver, think of the hundreds that are engaged in producing the magnets and coils and diaphragms that go into these shells—the vital parts you do not see. Or take your telephone as a whole, and the men and women whose daily work it represents would number among the thousands.

Step by step, from raw material to finished product, your Western Electric telephone is made right.

Western Electric

Since 1869 makers of electrical equipment



Insurance against rear-end collisions—

WEED BUMPERS

It's a good policy to use a Weed Bumper on the rear-end of your car to insure against damages from rear-end collisions.

Weed Bumpers protect that part of the car where they are attached. Weed Bumpers on the front don't protect the rear-end. And because that part of your car is equally vulnerable you should have a Weed Bumper there to prevent damages.

Ride inside the Safety Zone between a *pair* of Weed Bumpers.

There are five designs in addition to the Weed Spring-Bar Bumper pictured above. Folder illustrating the full line of Weed Bumpers mailed on request. Give us the name of your car and dealer.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.
Bridgeport, Conn.

In Canada: DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED, Niagara Falls, Ont.

District Sales Offices:

Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Chains for All Purposes

Continued from Page 48

chest. One is an occasional misdemeanor; the other is a continuing crime. We chase the bootlegger who has operated a still in the woods; but we say nothing to the bishop who munches sweets and so operates his own still—the blind tiger beneath the waistband—which also makes men sleepy, irritable, cross and intoxicated, and threatens to make them crack.

Next to overeating, the biggest crime against health is committed by those whom a famous rehabilitation physical trainer calls the Never-Sweats. I have gone back through my card catalogue of acquaintances with men who have almost reached and held high place, but have fallen back—done for—between forty-five and fifty-five, and it is astounding how many of them nearly all of them—can be counted as men who will not average fifty-two days a year in which they, from their own exertions, work out a perspiration. How many days a year do you do it—if your age is thirty-eight, forty-five, fifty? Plenty of men do it in fits and starts, and then almost always overdo it. How many men do you know who are within reach of success and distinction, but who probably will crack because their digestive apparatus and intestines say "Oh, what's the use?" and whose skin, the other way out for poisons, says "I've lost my job"?

Regular Habits

Sometimes when men know that I have had an interest in the question of why men crack, and that I have watched prominent men in close-ups over a period of years, the subject of dissipation is mentioned. I usually just laugh. The demon rum has not been much of a menace to men who have proved their ability to lift themselves above the average. Some fond mothers and wives always cite the case of "Jack, who was so bright when he was in school," or of "Fred, who might have been the president of the Phœnix Bank if he hadn't fallen into bad company," and so on. But if alcohol or heroin or pretty ladies succeeded in confusing Jack or Fred, make up your mind that Jack and Fred would never have made the grade even if they had never smelled beer or powder. Among the undistinguished in the world these things may play havoc; but the cases where men have proved themselves fitter than the others, and yet trip on the low hurdle of dissipation, are rarer than anyone thinks and are usually confined to the field of the temperamental creative arts. Dissipation is a pygmy compared to overeating, lack of exercise, irregularity of eating, sleep, work and play.

Speaking of regularity, I had opportunity within a very short span of time to observe closely three men who had reached memorable places in the world. The first was Roosevelt. I remember an important conference with a distinguished foreigner which Roosevelt broke up by saying, "I am sorry; I have to go for my walk now. If you would all like to come—very good. I walk every day at this hour. Nothing interferes with that." He had conserved an energy and resource which only extravagant journeys after he was no longer young, into depths of wild continents and fevered jungles, succeeded in breaking down.

Giolitti was another. I saw him first some years ago in company with one of his intimate friends. For nearly forty years he occupied almost conclusive power in Italy. He was approaching eighty and was again premier of his country. No man could ever talk with him without realizing that he was in the presence of one of the greatest statesmen Europe has produced. As I remember it, he used to get up in the morning and drink a glass of hot water. He read a little before a light breakfast. He spent his morning at work until one, had a light luncheon, took a nap, opened his doors for appointments and visits, had dinner, retired for meditation or writing, and went to bed early. His friend told me that no crisis ever succeeded in rocking him out of his régime.

I saw Lloyd George at the time of one of his greatest political strains. He was threatened in home politics and the tide of foreign affairs was running against him. Nothing, however, in those days—no matter how urgent—interfered with a two-mile walk in the early sun or morning rain, or put off his determination to go to bed early.

These three men owed part of their power to the effluvia of energy and vitality which in each case was called by the world magnetism. Around all three in times of stress I have seen other men crack. But these other men were not ticking and striking around the twenty-four hours like clocks. Their activity and their rest were arranged for them not by themselves but as the activity and rest of a windmill are determined by chance blasts of some whimsical breeze. It was the difference between men who lived as masters of happenings and those who lived as slaves of happenings.

Next to the inroads of insidious and wholly unnecessary wear and tear, I have seen more men crack because of the absurdly divergent reasons that they suffered from over self-confidence or suffered from the lack of self-confidence. I can cite example after example, cases of men whose names are known to everyone, who have cracked or are cracking because when they see themselves in a great place of opportunity they either strut out onto the stage and peacock around, or else they have stage fright and their knees knock together so that they sound like an amateur game of billiards. They have megalomania—or buck ague.

What is the matter with these men—these near-great?

Of course, the answer is easy: They lack the essential quality of all big men—simplicity. There are some big men who may not have to treat the world with simplicity, but heaven help a man who wishes to be big and cannot regard himself with simplicity!

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, whose death perhaps gave Wilson the chance to be Democratic war President, had a national simplicity. He once said to me, "About the only way a man ever becomes ridiculous is by becoming pretentious. If you have no pretenses, how can anybody make fun of you?" And curiously enough I have observed that it is pretensions that not only cause men to strut about or rest on their record but it is pretensions that cause men to go into a panic when they face a great opportunity. Men who go into a panic when they are called upon to go up the ladder are really afraid of only one thing they are afraid that their pretensions will be called; that they have set their prospectus too far ahead of the ability to perform.

The Fear of Cracking

When the war was on there were a number of such men. I used to watch them with astonishment. They were men who were called out of places of prominence—such as railway presidents, men with reputations as great executives, men who had allowed their biographers to call them go-getters. A good many of those I have in mind, to be sure, had climbed up the ladder in a specialized field of activity, but they were men who had not seen any humor in having their busts made or any cause for laughter when the university toward which they had been liberal gave them honorary degrees in Latin which they could not read. Some of them came down to Washington, and in spite of all their good intentions—and none could have better—they were about as useful as pockets in a bathing suit. Some were afraid of everyone and everything—congressmen, clerks, President, bureau chiefs, disaster, disgrace. One of them found conditions in scandalous shape.

"Why don't you say so?" I asked.

"It will encourage the enemy," he chattered.

"Make a confidential report to the Council of National Defense," I said, "and send a copy to the President." But the great man was in a funk.

"What a responsibility!" he whined "And I have had such a reputation! It took me a lifetime to build it up."

Another man, who came, like a Paul Revere, all covered with the foam of efficiency from a great financial house, was assigned a tremendous job which was to take him abroad.

On the way over he used to mope and wring his hands. A good analysis of his psychology would have been that he had been lifted in his career onto higher pretensions than he deserved. What he really feared was that he would crack and his pretensions come tumbling down.

On the other hand, I remember meeting an acquaintance of mine who had made a success of a certain kind of corporation management. Those who had paid him a salary had become frightened by the rapidity of his growth. His name was mentioned more often than theirs! They lopped him off.

(Continued on Page 52)

Here October 6th!

America's *Only* Versatile Car

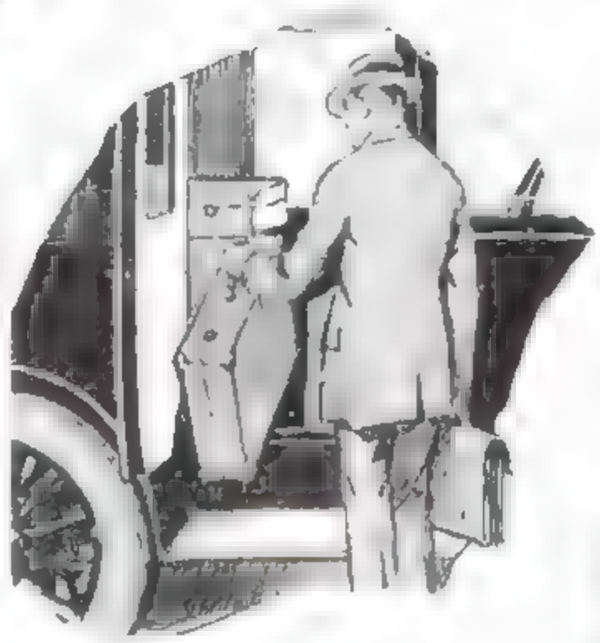
THE NEW CHAMPION

Can you imagine a car that

has a smart closed body, with comfort for five, on a chassis of great reliability and economy, built by one of the largest, best-known makers, at a price so low it will astound you—

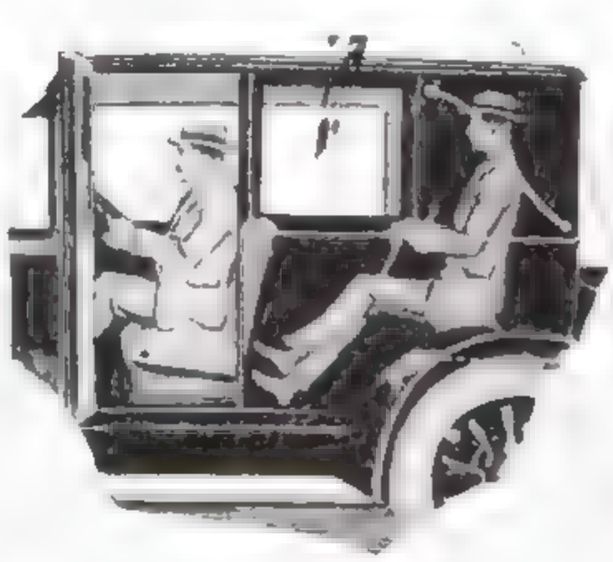
and

with seats and upholstery that *can be removed entirely*, providing 50 cubic feet clear space for samples, cases, luggage, trunks, camping duffle—anything—



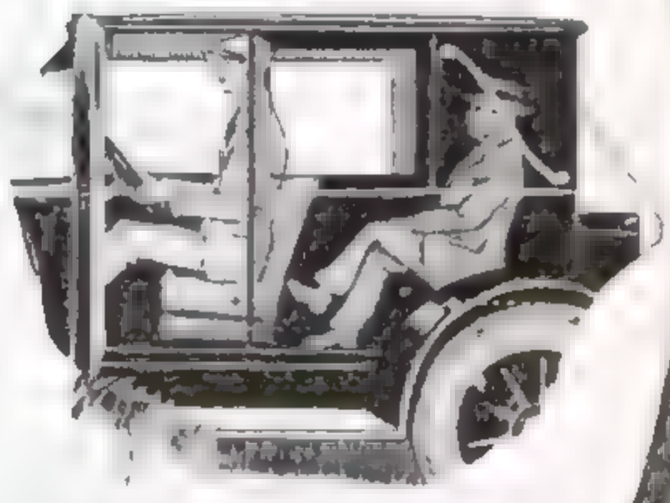
and that

has seats which can be adjusted forward and backward—front seat forward to three positions, so short people can reach the pedals easily—

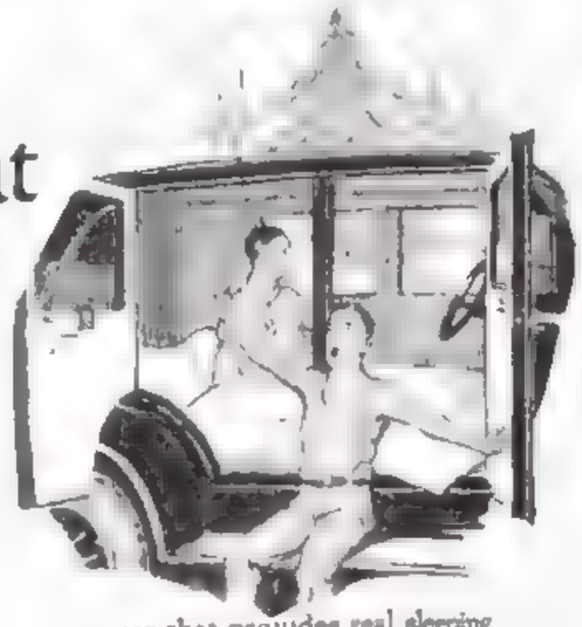


and also

adjustment of rear seat forward and backward to position which will give the most comfort and room for rear seat passengers—



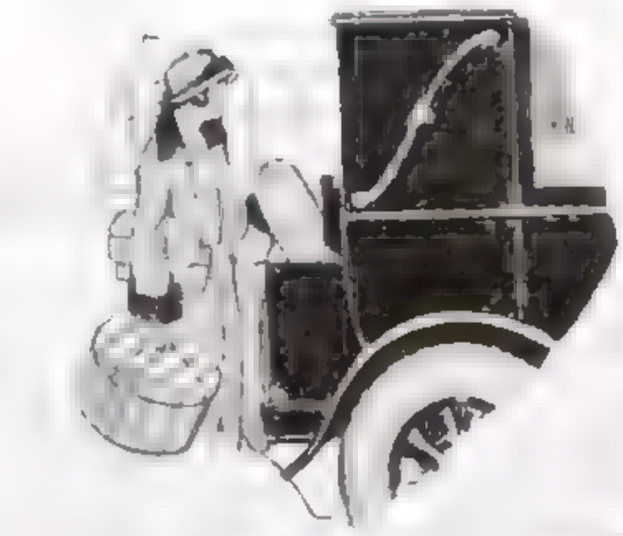
and at last



a car that provides real sleeping comfort on camping trips, with seats and upholstery that can be made up into a restful bed, Pullman style, full length, full width of car—

in addition

to a great big roomy trunk at rear that holds large bundles and personal luggage and keeps them out of the way and clean—

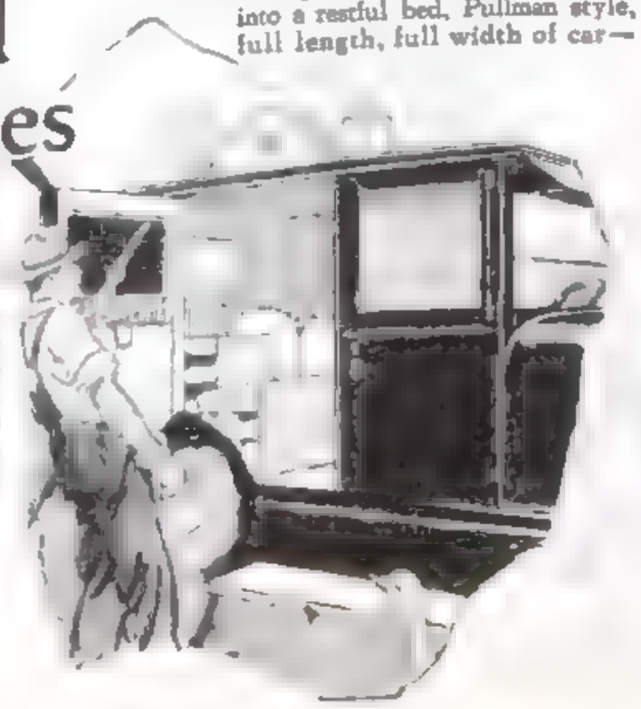


to say nothing

of wide doors as illustrated, in the rear as well as in the front, that permit people to get in and out without climbing seats or disturbing each other—

and besides

a more useful car than farmers, salesmen, merchants and business men ever dreamed possible—a knockout of a car—America's only versatile car—The New Champion.



There's a shoe store in your neighborhood specializing in Athletic Footwear

The HOOD Hyscore

From the Daily Dozen to World's Championships

—the right shoe helps!

Health maintenance in the winter months is receiving nation-wide recognition: Few remain today who are not making some plans to keep vacation fitness throughout the entire year.

From the setting up exercises of the school children, through the period of gymnasium work, to the "keeping fit" exercises of the adult; and from "gym" hand or volley ball to expert basketball, squash or indoor tennis, there is a HOOD Athletic Shoe, properly designed for the work.

It is particularly important for the beginner to start with the shoe which will give him confidence, add to his comfort, and save his strength. It is for these reasons that we have suggested that you go to the store where you will find expert advice and complete stocks to meet your exact needs.

Ask your dealer to show you

The HOOD Hyscore
A professional basketball shoe. Sole grips and releases instantly. Helps a sure, fast game. Will last through a full playing schedule. Strongly reinforced.

The HOOD Vantage
A fine all-around indoor athletic shoe for men or women. Kendex insole and heavy cushion mid sole absorb the shocks. Tough rubber outsoles for wear.

The HOOD Bayside
Made for all, but recommended for women and children, where the amount or nature of the floor-work does not demand a stronger shoe.

or let us send you the Hood Dealer Buying Guides showing all HOOD Athletic Footwear.

Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.
Watertown, Mass.

INDOOR ATHLETIC HOOD FOOTWEAR

Look for this oval sign it identifies the shoe store in your neighborhood specializing in Athletic Footwear

Announcing the W.R. Type last

We have had designed by Mr. L. P. Haight, founder of the Walk Straight Club, and noted foot specialist, a foot-fitting type of last upon which we will make the W. R. line of HOOD Athletic Shoes.

These shoes will be similar to those we manufacture for the Walk Straight Club, and may be obtained through our regular dealers in the W. R. Type.

W. R. shoes are easy fitting, allow the utmost use of the foot muscles, and tend to develop a greater length of stride. They are particularly comfortable.

We have also arranged with Mr. Haight to send his personally developed series of foot exercises to those who send 10 cents in stamps to him, at the address, Mr. L. P. Haight, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 50

He went home and said to his wife, "We have been living on fifteen thousand a year. I am going up to New York and look for a job at three, four or five."

She said, "It will suit me."

He went to New York and said, "I am loose."

One of the big banking firms which controlled a vast industrial corporation said in effect, "You are, eh? Well, take this."

It was fifty thousand a year, with a chance to make a hundred thousand, and a man who had been used to dealing in thousands of dollars of property was asked to be responsible for millions.

"Well," I said, "how does it feel? Does it frighten you?"

"No," he replied. "Why should it? The same principles apply."

That man had no pretense, so you could not scare him. Lincoln had no pretense. About the same homely virtues, understanding, decisions, insistence apply to the nation or the world as apply to the small town and its affairs. That is why unprepared Presidents if they have simplicity, are often successful.

As one resident of Marion, Ohio, said to me in Washington about Mr. Harding, "When they look good through a microscope to us there isn't any reason why they shouldn't test out the same way through the telescope."

One thing is certain: Mr. Harding went to the White House as free of pretensions as any man who ever stepped over the sill.

Dangerous Overconfidence

There is one factor in overconfidence that makes it more damaging than underconfidence. This factor is the one which affects a great many men, regardless of their field of effort. A large and veteran theatrical producer told me a story of an actor who had his chance, a story which illustrates what I mean. The actor had been playing a minor part with marked ability. He had the capacity to become a memorable figure of the stage. His ambition was to become a star; and one day the producer, having in hand a play suitable for this man, asked him to take the leading part. At one of the first rehearsals the producer made a suggestion or two, whereupon the actor stepped forward and said in an undertone, "I'm very sorry, but I cannot permit this kind of criticism. I have spent a good many years of preparation to reach the right to play this lead as I see fit, and there is no reason for me to forget the record I have already made."

I saw him not long ago playing the sheriff who appears twice in the second act. If men who are about to crack would only see that there is every reason "to forget the record I have already made!"

It is not the strutting and peacocking which do the harm in some men who have almost reached good altitudes. Of course, conceit is made fun of. I remember one vice president and a young senator who might have been awarded the prizes for Marathon strutting. They have been laughed at enough, goodness knows; but no one held them in contempt, because they themselves were not content with their record; they kept on pulling an oar. Put it down on the journal that the damaging kind of confidence, conceit and self-satisfaction is that which makes men, as it often does, stop pulling their stroke.

This is what makes many a man going toward distinguished success crack. He has stopped looking forward and is looking backward. If the world lifts him to another high place his point of view is all twisted. He fails to see that a man is a fool who regards a promotion as a prize rather than an opportunity. Yet it is astonishing how many men will accept a big wreath, lie down with it and effectively play dead. It is this kind of thing that shuts down many a good man's engine in midair; it is this tendency that makes many a man a disappointment who has been called to big jobs of public service, banking, education or the management of industrial undertakings of magnitude, and causes the world in the end to pronounce him short weight.

One of the remaining large causes of ultimate failure to reach altitude is suspicious jealousy of other men.

In the case of a recent figure in national politics, I believe one of the most powerful currents of men's private and sometimes subconscious opinions which set in against him was based upon the little question, "Where are his friends?"

Many Americans felt the presence of something small, suspicious and jealous in the man and believed the qualities were large contributors toward making the man crack.

I was asked once by the head of one of the largest packing houses about a man who was being considered for a high place.

"What do his superiors say of him?" the president asked me.

"I don't know," I answered; "and I don't care much. A man can sometimes fool his superiors. But I will tell you what his inferiors—the men who work under him and with him—say."

Of course there are men in the arts or sciences who can reach high place without any devotion of other men, without the faculty of enlisting other men and—more important—developing and building other men.

But in most endeavors where the making and leadership of a team are required, in statecraft, business and all organized efforts, the man who cannot put aside suspicion and jealousy and fear of other men—who cannot open the gates of their opportunity wide—will crack on the job.

Jealous Egotism

One of the shrewdest and ablest men I know has built a tremendous industry; but although he has few years of active life left, he is still clinging to his instinct to be an absolute monarch. His pathway is strewn with men whom he has picked to take up his burdens. His reason told him to find a man large enough to carry the industry on, but his instinct has been to cut off that man's head the moment he saw it rising into a semblance of ability or power which would compete with his own. If he could die assured that the industry with its thousands of employes and its usefulness in honest production would go on, his life would have been a great life. But it is all too probable that instinctive fear of other men puts this man among those who have cracked.

There are plenty of causes to explain why the great mass of men do not come near the top, but I have not concerned myself with those; I am considering the reasons why men who have reached high altitude come down—why they crack:

First, careless disregard of the condition of the human machine—its physical and consequently mental fitness.

Second, lack of simplicity—pretentiousness—overconfidence and underconfidence.

Third, lack of faith in other strong men.

Jesse L. Lasky presents

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE production

Pola Negri

in "THE CHEAT" with JACK HOLT supported by Charles de Roche

Adapted by Ouida Bergere from the novel by Hector Turnbull

MILLIONS are watching the career and new Paramount Pictures of Pola Negri with intense interest.

"The Cheat" is her second American photoplay, and it is the drama of the beautiful young wife who is sorely tempted out of the straight and narrow path by her desire for fine raiment and precious stones.

This passionate moral conflict, this struggle of the soul to resist the vanities of the world, is the peculiar field in which Pola Negri's acting strikes like life into your heart.

Jack Holt is the husband who cannot provide all the luxuries his wife longs for, and Charles de Roche is the bogus prince who is as long on wealth as he is short on scruple.

The defeat of the impostor and the ultimately happy victory over one whose tradition says that "all love-cheats should be branded with the tiger-head seal" are just two of the poignant phases in the greatest contemporary screen melodrama.

The magnificent settings in George Fitzmaurice's finest production accord with the plot; and make a fitting background against which the struggles of virtue are seen.

ONE of 5

of one month's

Paramount Pictures

The flawless production of every type of screen story has created Paramount's great reputation, types as unlike each other as "The Covered Wagon," "Grumpy," "Only 38," "The Ne'er Do Well," "Hollywood," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "Homeward Bound" and "Ruggles of Red Gap."

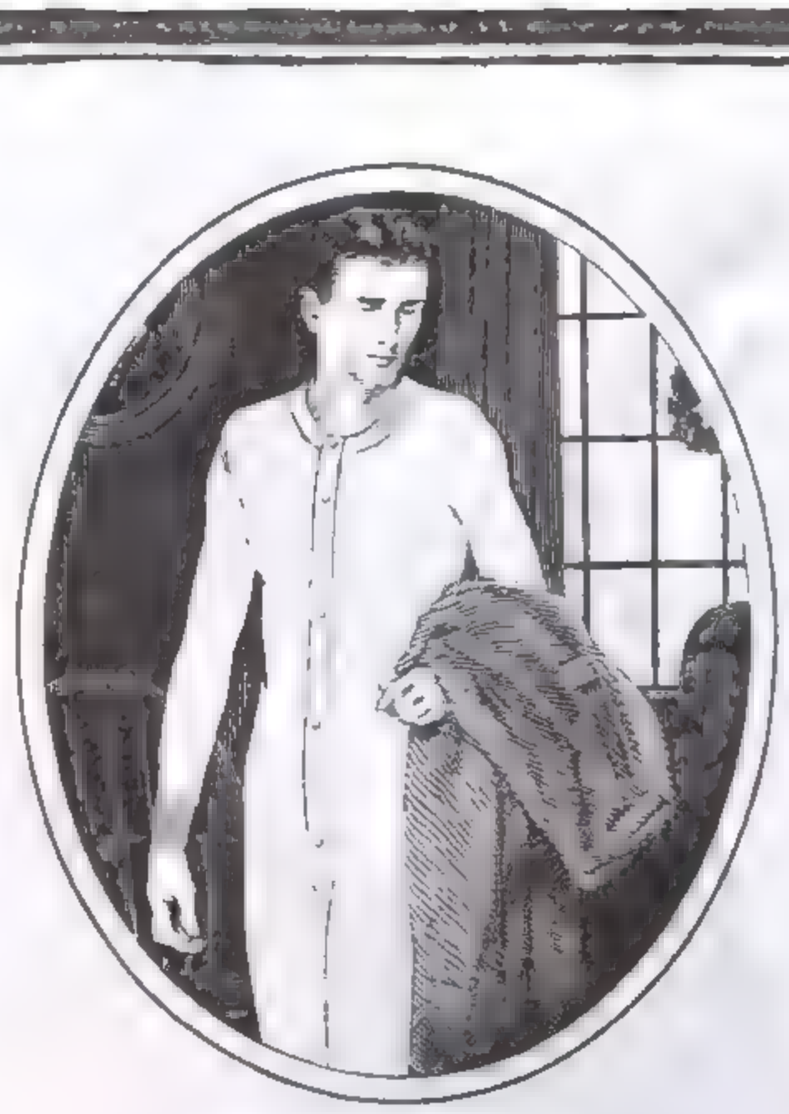
"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"

TRADE MARK

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

It's a Paramount Picture



Union Suits Fitted to a Man—His Job—and the Weather

From the lumberjack to the cotton-grower in climate, and the jockey to the alderman in waist-lines, *real* underwear comfort comes from *just* the right kind and size. Men's varied activities call for different styles and weights of underclothes to protect them.

Are You Properly Underclothed?

Wilson Bro's underwear service includes attention to these things, beside finer values. Wilson Bro's Way of Measurement insures perfect fit.

Ask the man behind the underwear counter

Wilson Bro's

IMPORTERS AND MAKERS OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS FOR ALMOST 60 YEARS

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO
New York Paris

Hose, Belts, Garters, Suspenders, Cravats, Mufflers, Shirts, Nightshirts, Pajamas, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

CAMERA *(quoting):*

Romeo and Juli-et
Went into a cabar-et,
And Romeo paid for
What Juli-et.

That is where they get the cabaret from. Is there a cabaret scene in this?

DIRECTOR: No, but we could write one in. How about Antony and Cleopatra? And how do these birds dress?

CAMERA: Antony wears a simple and economical union suit, with a twig of slippery elm in his hair—well, something like a soap ad. Cleopatra, she's a swell dame, which dresses like a chorus girl in the Follies—only a little more clothes. She carries a darning needle in her right hand—you heard of Cleopatra's needle, didn't you?—and she darns the whole world and Antony in particular. *(Takes MS. and exclaims):* Oh, you got Hamlet, too? There's a bird, that guy.

DIRECTOR: Hamlet! Wasn't he doin' some kind of a turn with Jackie Barrymore in N'York last winter?

CAMERA: Aw, he's been all over the map. He used to dig graves out at Arlington—that's been many moons back. He had a sister-in-law or a niece or something which was wrong in her attic—Bedelia, I think he calls her. She used to pick dandelions and her old man done quite a business. I guess she wasn't so nutty, after all.

DIRECTOR: What's this—Scene From Merry Wives of Windsor?

CAMERA: You see, Windsor was the senator from Utah in his time, and he had Solomon backed off the boards. Had more wives than that bird Henry the Eighth, and he was some picker so I'm told. *(Scans MS.)* Say, this woman who wrote this knows her business. What's she call it? Shaksperean Mélange. Sounds high, but has no box-office value. I'd change that to Will Prohibition Succeed?

DIRECTOR: Who's this Shylock she speaks of?

CAMERA: Him! He's in the one-piece gabardine business. Seems to me I 'member hearing about him getting in bad on short weights on a pound of meat or somethin'. I'll have to brush up on that. I know one thing—he was bald-headed—shy locks. See?

DIRECTOR: Come, let us dig up an all-star cast and shoot a couple of reels while the sun is good.

[*Exeunt* DIRECTOR *and* CAMERA MAN. *Enter opp.* SHAKSPERE *and* SIR OLIVER DODGE. VOICE *is heard off stage.*

VOICE: Oh, Mike! Where has that hammer and saw went to?

SHAK. *(wincing):*

O horror! horror! horror!
Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The King's English!

But today upon the King's Highway did I hear man hailed thus, "Listen, you!" and "Say, bo!" Such language is e'en unbefit the mouths of babes and sucklings.

DODGE: This is a moving-picture studio, Will.

SHAK.: Indeed, and do the pictures then move? *(Enter* CAMERA *unnoticed.)*

DODGE: Oh, I forgot! They don't have moving pictures in the land of ectoplasms.

CAMERA *(butting in):* No movies? Say, where do you come from?

SHAK.: I come from far beyond the Plutonian shores.

CAMERA: Well, I never heard of such a team in the National or American. How do you get there?

SHAK.: 'Tis necessary to shuffle off this mortal coil and then ford the Styx.

CAMERA *(laughing uproariously):* Why didn't you say it was another Ford joke? Say, who manages your team?

SHAK.: Team?

CAMERA: Yeh! Who's the high mogul? What I mean is Who's the big smoke? Ha!

SHAK.: The infernal region is presided over by Pluto.

CAMERA: Shake! *(Grabbing his hand.)* I'm from French Lick too!

SHAK. *(noticing camera on tripod):* What strange contrivance, then, is this?

CAMERA: That's a movie camera. Say! You must 'a' lived kind o' out in the R. F. D. district in French Lick, didn't you?

[*Enter* DIRECTOR *with megaphone.*

DIRECTOR: All ready to shoot Shakspere!

SHAK.: What noise is this issues from the crier?

CAMERA: They're going to shoot Shakspere. *(Leaves them.)*

SHAK. *(trembling):* What private griefs they have, alas! I know not. But why should they shoot me?

DODGE: Fear not, Will, they are merely going to take a photographic likeness of one of your plays.

CAMERA *(coming up):* This guy Shakspere is some baby. He's the guy that said, when they ast him how he got his taste for olives, "I et two, Brutus, and than I liked 'em after that."

[*Business of* SIR OLIVER DODGE *and* SHAKSPERE *fainting.*

(QUICK CURTAIN)

—George W. Keith, Jr.

Coal Strikes

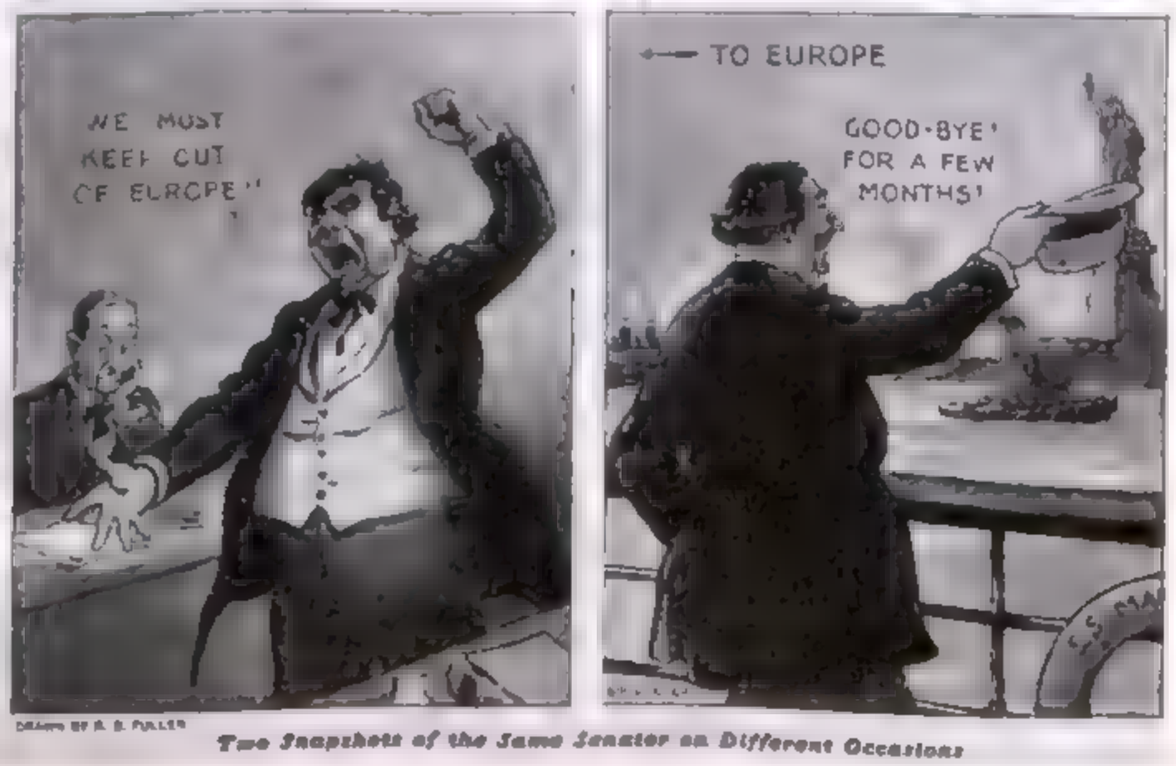
A Rimed Editorial

I THOUGHT, "Have I stopped to consider
The lot of the men who mine,
Who quarry the coal in a mile-deep hole
By the pale lamps' flickering shine?
Have I ever thought of them, slaving
At hammer and drill and spike?"
Alackaday! I must answer Nay.
Especially when they strike.

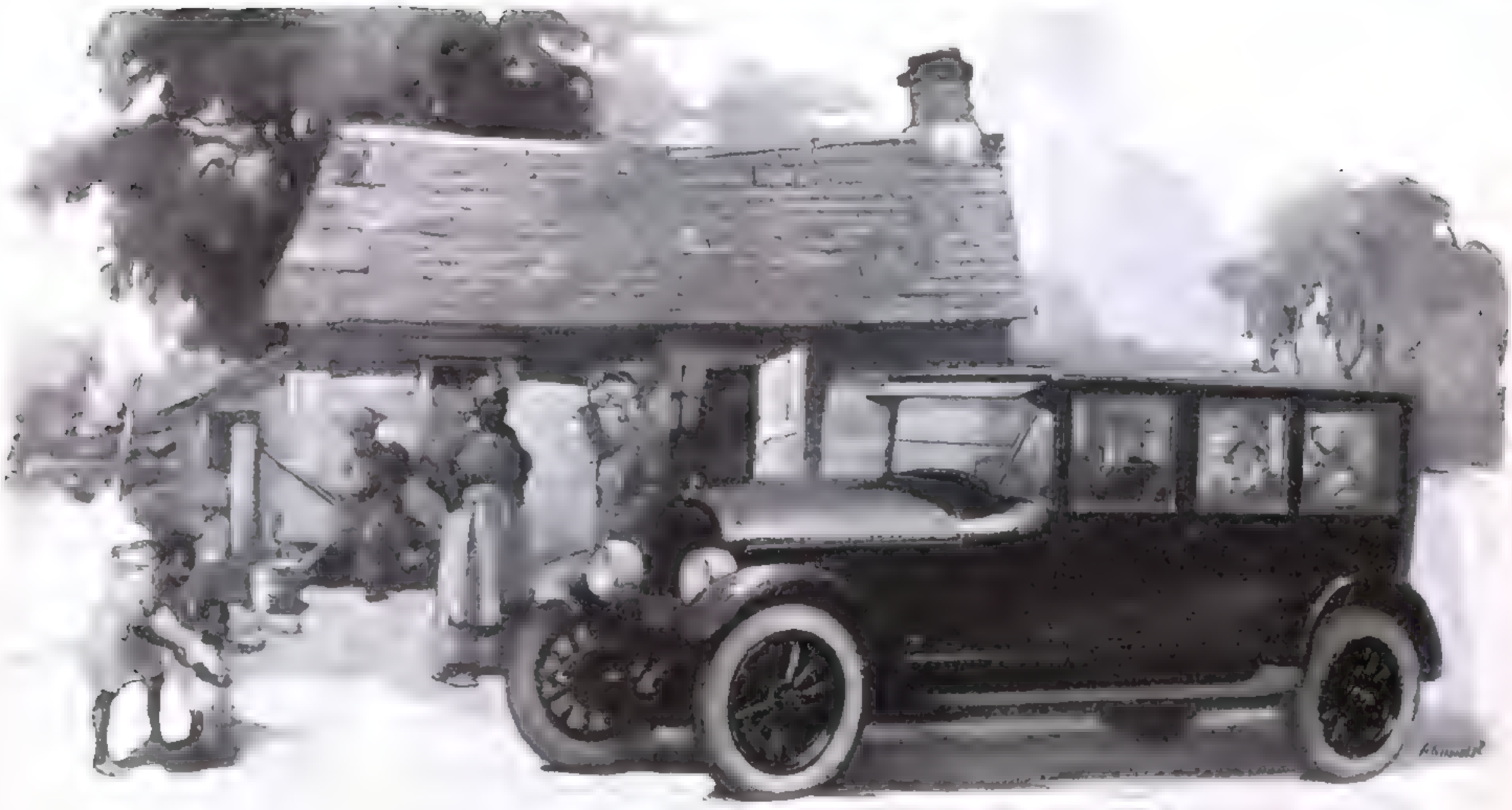
I thought, "Do I feel for the owners,
Those great-hearted men and true,
Who bravely fight by day and by night
To keep the coal coming through?
Who strive without thought of profit
To supply it to everyone?"
No, no! Not I! When the price per supply
Is sixteen dollars a ton.

And the noble miners and owners,
Do they think of the you's and me's
Who during a strike—which they so dislike—
Must sit in our homes and freeze?
Do they think of the suffering millions—
Men, women and children, too—
Of the public who pays for each new raise?
You bet your sweet life they do!

—Baron Ireland.



Two Snapshots of the Same Senator on Different Occasions



"I've just bought my 11th Marmon —*hundreds of thousands of miles of troubleless driving*"

By E. L. HENDERSON, *President*
Carrollton Potteries, Carrollton, Ohio

"MY son has just driven in with a new Marmon roadster. This makes the eleventh Marmon that we have owned.

"We have had touring cars, coupes, sedans, roadsters —and each one of them has been most satisfactory in every respect. That's why we have been consistent Marmon users since purchasing our first Marmon car.

"I have personally driven Marmons in the north, in the west and in the south. I have made five trips to Florida in Marmon closed cars—through the Alleghenies, the Blue Ridge Mountains, down through the Carolina red clay and soft Georgia roads, seas of bottomless mud in wet weather.

"Last fall when we drove to Florida we had six solid days of rain, but we never got out of the car even to change a spark plug or make an adjustment. We drove right through, running from 180 to 240 miles daily.

"Each trip we have made has been most comfortable. A lady 78 years old who has made all five trips with us has never experienced discomfort or weariness on the way. The cars ride so easily that none of us ever became fatigued.

"I am starting soon on a trip to the Pacific Coast in the same Marmon sedan, which is running as good as new.

"We have had hundreds of thousands of miles of troubleless transportation with our Marmons and our only reason for changing cars at any time has been to get the latest models and the newer lines. I have never yet had a Marmon wear out."

MARMON®

MARMON

She was never at ease when he was around

SHE never felt comfortable. And as a matter of fact she never could do her best work for him.

Simply because there was something about him that disturbed her. And it happened to be something of a character that she could never bring herself to mention to him as her employer.

He was perfectly polite and well-mannered in every way. He was kind and considerate with her. In a business way her position was practically an ideal one. All except for this one thing. And he himself was no doubt quite unconscious about it all.

It finally became so disturbing to her that she resigned her position. And he never knew why she left.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**

THE MILK BATH AND THE CARD CATALOGUE

(Continued from Page 17)

from a farmhouse door by a ferocious-looking fat man in a checked suit and labeled Milk Trust, from whose mouth were emanating the words: "Johnny, Johnny, time to take your bath."

The Peoples Pictures, on the other hand, took a different and less political view, saying in its various headlines:

DENIES MILK-BATHING PRACTICE, WHICH HILDA SVENSON, THROUGH HER ATTORNEYS, GOLDFISH & GOLDFISH, STATES THAT SHE WILL LEGALLY ESTABLISH

On the opening page was a new picture of Mrs. Peters, who was physically a very attractive woman, in evening dress; a picture of the Peters bathroom, taken from the original architect's sketch of the house, with the sketched likeness of Hilda Svenson in a neat maid's dress emptying a large milk can into a bathtub; also a photograph of Reva Tanga, the well-known member of the Midnight Foibles, taking her daily siesta in a tubful of the opaque fluid.

It was while holding a copy of this publication carefully rolled up in her hand that a physically very attractive young matron arrived at the two-room apartment, in an old-fashioned but highly respectable quarter of the city, which was occupied by two women who had some six weeks previously enlisted her as a member of a political organization called the Women Home Defenders of Chibosh. Both fortunately were at home when she arrived there.

"You've got to do something. You've got to!" exclaimed the attractive visitor to the younger and more curly headed of the two others, thrusting the rolled copy of Peoples Pictures toward her and sinking down on the most accessible chair, located not far from a large oak card-catalogue cabinet on one wall that seemed so incongruous with the other furnishings of the room.

"Politics!" she exclaimed. "That's what politics does for you!" And now suddenly she burst into tears.

The younger woman with the bright adventurous eyes and the older in the square-cut blue-gray tailor-made suit stood before her speechless as she cried on.

"I feel just as if I hadn't had any clothes on—ever since," said the pretty woman before them, whom they had not yet recognized, suddenly ceasing her weeping to speak.

The two others gazed at each other and then at the paper with the striking but elusive words.

"I told him—I told him from the first that's what would happen to us if he kept on getting into politics."

The two others, looking once more at the first page of Peoples Pictures and then at each other, seemed to agree in their conclusions.

"You are Mrs. Peters, aren't you?" asked the younger.

"The wife of John Henry Peters?" said the older.

"Yes," she said, nodding her head violently, as plump, attractive young women do when they are about to cry. "And he won't—he won't do anything. He refuses to stop. He's as obstinate as a red-headed pig. He refuses to compromise."

"Mr. Peters you mean?" asked the younger lady.

"Yes; when all they want him to do is to say he'll withdraw the taxpayers' suit to prevent the city from spending more money and let that old Central Bridge Federal investigation rest—as it will have to, anyhow. And then they'll withdraw this suit—this lie by this servant girl—and it will all drop out of the papers."

Hearing these facts, the two before her looked again at each other with keen interest.

"Who'll do all this?" the older asked, as if anxious to be precisely sure.

"Those lawyers—those Goldfish & Goldfish—that made this all up."

"Made it all up you say?"

"Certainly. You don't suppose I take milk baths, do you? Or John?" she asked a little shrilly.

The two others exchanged glances again with obviously growing interest.

"It was a lie, every word of it," exclaimed their visitor, "that dreadful girl's story! It must have been a regular conspiracy. She must have ordered the milk herself and poured it away herself for a week or so; and I know she wasn't hurt a bit; that she was only just barely touched by those rolling milk cans, after she infuriated John so that he kicked them over. She must have been coached on the whole thing."

The two others looked at each other with growing conviction in their faces.

"I don't know how it is. I can't see how it happened. It's just politics, I suppose, as John says. But for weeks, ever since that dreadful Central Bridge horror investigation began, with John as special attorney, something somehow seems to have been following us—something devilish, fixing up things like this awful thing," said young Mrs. John Henry Peters, becoming again very flushed in the face and bursting suddenly into tears.

The two others, glancing at each other, nodded slightly but conclusively. They felt again an influence that they knew; they recognized once more the strong, sticky grip of the great, invisible world government of today—the sweet, subtle, irresistible power of the great, silent, unobtrusive moral power behind the great power of the public press—the wonder-working power of the press agent, which since the Great War has led us for our own good to make the world ever safer for democracy by its appeal through the printed word to all that is finer and higher and nobler in the great plain, honest common people. They saw and recognized again the subtle hand of the most unknown press agent in Chibosh and the publicity factory of Mayor True.

"It's a terrible mystery," the pretty Mrs. Peters was continuing, now again temporarily drying her tears. "An awful thing to think how they can do this—whoever does—and put it all in the papers all the time. And all because we are in politics. But John won't do a thing. He says he won't be forced out—not this way. He says he'll fight them till his last red hair falls out—as he will. I know him. He won't even think of taking back his suit to keep the city from going bankrupt; nor drop out of the Federal investigation of the Central Bridge collapse horror."

As she said this the two others, looking at each other, nodded with apparently simultaneous approval, while their visitor was going on in a voice of rising pathos.

"But I can't—I can't go on, taking a milk bath in the papers every morning," she cried. "Can I?" she asked, clutching the arm of the nearer and younger of the others, with an appealing look of terror in the large childlike blue eyes which made so much of her charm.

"You certainly cannot," replied the other sympathetically.

"Will you help me stop it some way?" their visitor continued, tightening her convulsive grip still more. "Can't you do something—use some influence like that Women's Home Protective Society you got us all into six weeks ago, for some reason I never knew what?"

"We'll try our best," promised the younger woman. "Won't we?"

"We will," replied the older woman to whom she appealed, speaking, as she evidently always did, quite precisely.

These two, Miss Dorothy Jones and Miss Adelaide Winthrop, had, indeed, as Mrs. Peters said, brought large numbers of women of the various existing women's organizations of Chibosh into this new organization of Mayor Herman J. True for the defense of the good name of the city of Chibosh; but so far, beyond enrolling them, they had not yet taken any overt act through their control of that new body. Now, it seemed, when their visitor had gone, that both were ripe for action.

"The time has come," said the older, squarer-spoken one.

"I think so too," the younger substantiated her.

"To show them what the real women can do; to elect this man Peters mayor next fall."

"He's certainly good," said Miss Dorothy Jones.

"We'll show the men what the women's vote is like," continued her associate.

"Let's start now, and get after him!" exclaimed Miss Jones. "Put him through his tricks."

(Continued on Page 58)

10¢

The New Price of
The Ladies' Home Journal
$1. a Year

The reduced price takes effect with the biggest October issue ever published—out Saturday.

Following the established policy of The Curtis Publishing Company to give the greatest possible value for the least possible money, it has for years been the aim of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, as it has been the achievement of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, to provide the homes of America with the best magazine in its class, at the lowest price.

The Journal circulation is now at the highest point in its history. Our fall issues are the largest and finest ever made.

The October and succeeding issues are of sensational quality as well as size, continuing the preëminent leadership of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in the editorial and advertising fields.

Booth Tarkington, Otis Skinner, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Corra Harris and a score of others, together with the latest fashions and with household features from the Journal's own testing kitchen, are in October. Edith Wharton, Zane Grey, Joseph C. Lincoln and many others are coming.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The 240-page October Issue Will Be on Sale September 29

For Men, Also

Those whiter, cleaner teeth which women now display

Do you realize how many whiter, prettier teeth you meet with nowadays? And how much they add to beauty with the women whom you meet?

The reason lies in a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. It is used by careful people of some 50 nations now, largely by dental advice

It means far more than glistening teeth. Every man will use it when he once sees its effects, and this free test will reveal them

Combat that film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings and stays Unless removed, it becomes discolored then forms dingy coats. That's why teeth look stained or cloudy

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is a trouble which very few escape

Germs breed by millions in film. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. So one great dental problem in late years has been to fight that film

Two new-day methods

Dental science, after long research, has found two effective methods. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. That new tooth paste has brought to millions of people in every clime a new dental era.

Research also proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. Those are Nature's protectors against starch deposits and the acids which they may form. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold power.

These combined results bring to every user a new conception of what clean teeth mean

How smoke stains

Men who smoke find that teeth particularly discolor. The smoke stains lodge in film. The way to prevent this is to fight those film-coats as they form

This test will forever convince you. The results are too conspicuous, too pleasing to dispute.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear

Then you will know why all in your home should use this new-day method. Cut out coupon now

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 438, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent
REG U.S. PAT OFF

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Continued from Page 56

The other gazed questioningly at her. There was a sharp, clear note of personal resentment and even pugnacity in that voice, usually so ceremoniously polite.

"That worm! That pet dog! That cheap criminal! That Melody!" it continued explaining with bitterness and expectant cruelty.

IV

IT WAS too late, however, to prevent the continuance on Thursday morning of the great current news interest on the front pages of Chibosh—the mystery of the milk bath in the Peters household. The people of Chibosh were now being rapidly divided into two schools of thought—according to the journal which they read—as to who it was that took the bath, Mr. or Mrs. Peters.

The readers of Peoples Pictures held the latter view, which was set forth in its leading headlines:

MRS. PETERS' MILK BATH DESCRIBED

HILDA SVENSON AT LAST SPEAKS THROUGH HER ATTORNEYS, GOLDFISH & GOLDFISH. MRS. PETERS MAKES SWEEPING DENIAL.

This was illustrated by an authentic picture, secured exclusively by the Peoples Pictures, of Mrs. Peters, who was an exceedingly attractive woman physically, in an ultra-modern bathing suit; of the costly fixtures of the Peters bathroom, photographed from duplicates properly set up by the plumbing firm which manufactured them; a diagram of the second story of the Peters home, showing the exact location of all bedrooms and bathrooms. Also a photograph of Miss Reina La Reve, of the Midnight Foibles, whose collection of bath negligees was said to be the largest in the city, taken in one of the sheerest and most ravishing of these.

The readers of the Morning Truth, on the other hand, proceeded on the opposing theory that it was John Henry Peters, the one-time attorney of the milk trust, who was the bather. Its opening headlines said:

GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE BARES TRUTH CONCERNING LAWYER PETERS' MILK BATH

ASKS, "SHALL CHILDREN STARVE TO PROVIDE MERE SKIN FOOD FOR PLUTOCRATIC TRUST AGENT?" THE DEFENDANT PETERS COMES OUT WITH ANOTHER DENIAL

The chief development to which this alluded was the second letter of Dr. George Barclay Beagle, friend of Mayor True and defender of the mothers and children of Chibosh, written to Mayor True himself:

Your Honor: Your letter pointing out the difficulty of dealing with this scandal of the milk baths, showing the impossibility of reaching such malpractice by legal means, is at hand. I can see this, and I agree with you that the matter can probably best be tried before the great bar of public opinion, and before that bar I now arraign it.

As a physician I know that there are cases in which milk baths are beneficial to the human skin, even furnishing food and nourishment to some degree. But as a student of the milk supply of the great city of Chibosh I am also aware that there is a shortage in the milk supply in this city needed to nourish properly its children—a shortage, sir, artificially produced in a great majority of cases by the milk trust, for which this milk-bathing attorney, this man Peters, has been the paid employe. And as a man with red blood in my veins it makes me boil to think that in these days such perversion of food supplies can go on, when all about us we physicians note child malnutrition.

Something must be done about outrages like this, and that right speedily. Fortunately the question is very simple: Which will it be—the milk bather or the children of the plain people? The citizens of Chibosh, I believe, will answer this promptly, sharply and violently. And the milk-fed trusts and their milk-bathed agents will do well to prepare themselves for the crisis which they are about to meet, unless by chance they note the handwriting on the wall.

Yours for the mothers and children of Chibosh,

GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE, M.D., F.R.S.S.

On the back page of the Morning Truth, carrying out this thought, the daily sketch by the great cartoonist, Snogga, showed the various trusts of the city in the guise of liveried servants, lined up in a bathroom in which Mr. Peters, clothed only in a bath towel and with most unusual legs, was about to take a bath. Emanating from various mouths were apparently confidential whispers, from one trust to another.

"A fine figure."

"The boy is good."

"Yes. Johnny's all right."

Its main caption of the previous day, Johnny, the Milkman's Boy, was repeated.

It was after reading this and other matter along this line that Mr. Melody received a call upon his telephone wire—that guarded secret wire of the Phantom Factory, whose number appears in no telephone book and receiving it, gave a sudden start. It was a voice which he knew and could not well forget, though having heard it but once in his whole life before—the sweet, cultivated, excessively polite voice that a month or so before had given him his mysterious and fearful warning, the hidden threat so much like a telephone number.

"Is this Atlanta 179?" it said, repeating it again in almost identical tones. Mr. Melody, again ashen, did not find time to answer before the polite voice went on "It is, I feel sure," it said cordially, and held him spellbound, listening, as it continued once again. "You may remember," it said, "Mister 179, my calling you before on the matter of the True Women Home Defenders—the drive for members?"

Mr. Melody did not yet answer, although wetting his lips.

"I want to thank you," the excessively polite voice was going on, "Mr. Mel—Mister 179—for doing just what we hoped you would do in that matter—for letting us complete our drive so successfully. But now the time has come when we shall want more active help."

"From me?" asked Mr. Melody hoarsely.

"Yes, indeed," said the bright, ceremoniously polite voice. "Or we hope so."

"Say, who are you?" asked Mr. Melody hoarsely.

His face was flushed, his round blue eyes stared steadily forward as if looking beyond to penetrate this mystery.

"Won't you come and see?" invited the ultra-polite voice in the telephone.

And now, to his surprise, a second woman's voice chimed in on the wire, curt, short and businesslike.

"I advise you to say yes," said this second woman's voice abruptly.

"We do so hope you'll come," said the younger, more ceremonial voice.

And the older and more direct voice gave him the address and the number of their residence.

"When may we look for you?" asked the younger and more polite.

"The sooner the better for you," said the older and more severe voice.

"Not today," said Mr. Melody, for he felt he must go over the thing—have time to consider.

"What time then?" asked the older and abrupter voice

"How would tomorrow afternoon do—at three o'clock?" suggested the younger.

"All right," accepted Mr. Melody. "That'll do me."

"That'll be all right," they said abruptly and politely. "Splendid!"

"Tomorrow afternoon then."

"At three."

"We shall expect you."

"Say, who ——" said Mr. Melody hoarsely, and stopped, for the unknown voice, the two mysterious voices, had gone.

He sat in his florid and ornate clothes, no longer himself florid and self-confident; ashen pale, weak, shaken by this new, unusual threat which had again confronted him.

He had in fact been waiting for days and weeks, wondering if he would hear it again—that fatal warning so like a telephone number. After receiving it the first time, he had done exactly what had been asked—he had kept his hands off the drive, the continuing drive for membership in the organization he had founded for pure publicity purposes—the True Women Home Defenders, that last phantom organization of his Phantom Factory. He had merely watched and waited.

That that paper organization had been packed against him with real members—real women, he knew. But that was all. He had not interfered, neither had he called any meeting of it through its officers for organization.

He had watched and waited—for nearly six weeks now—for another move by those who were evidently trying to capture it: the women who had called him up and addressed him as Atlanta 179.

Should he go? See what they wanted? Find out who they were? Who it was that had such a sinister hold upon him personally—a hold possessed in all Chibosh by but one other person, Chinese Meeghan? Or should he flee—now—at once? He would see. It was a matter of too great consequence to be decided easily, offhand.

(Continued on Page 60)

FRAUD WARNING!

House-to-house solicitors are claiming to sell Phoenix hosiery in various sections of the United States. Sometimes they show alleged credentials in which the word "Phoenix" is prominently displayed. Their plan is to secure a dollar deposit, promising that the hosiery will be sent by mail, and the balance collected by the postman. And that is the last their victims ever hear of them. They pocket the dollar and disappear. In a few instances, however, they have delivered some makeshift hosiery, worth about half the price.

These canvassers are outright frauds, *for Phoenix hosiery is sold only through retail stores.* As Phoenix is a leader in sales everywhere, and is probably the best known line of hosiery in the world, these peddlers are trading upon that reputation to defraud the buying public.

REWARD

United States Post Office inspectors and the Pinkerton National Detective Agency are now searching for these defrauders, and are working on several such cases.

We will pay liberally for information that will lead to the arrest of any of these unauthorized solicitors. If you are approached by any person offering Phoenix hosiery and seeking a deposit of money, please notify a Phoenix dealer, or your city's "Better Business Bureau," or if there is a Pinkerton agency in your city, notify them. Also telegraph us collect.

We issue this warning as a protection to the public, as well as ourselves, that no one may innocently purchase imitations for genuine Phoenix hosiery.

Unscrupulous and fraudulent house-to-house hosiery canvassers are daily mulcting the American public out of thousands of dollars. *Beware of them.*

PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

WDT

Watch This Column

"Universal has the pictures"

PHOEBUS AND ESMERALDA

In a scene from

"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

acclaimed one of the greatest pictures ever produced.

It was Shakespeare, wasn't it, who wrote: "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just"? Seems to me Will covered about every condition and situation apt to arise. This quotation, slightly changed, applies to UNIVERSAL in this way: "Thrice is the producer armed that hath his pictures *right*." And this coming ten months will prove it.

* * *

Read the list of forthcoming productions, a few of which have already come and been shown in the big centers of population, and tell me, if you will, in a personal letter, if you know of any production company which is making more rapid strides in public estimation or doing more—or even as much—to please the varying tastes in this great world of ours.

* * *

"Merry Go Round"—is proving itself the sensation of the year, with a great cast headed by Norman Kerry and Mary Philbin, directed by Rupert Julian.

"A Chapter in Her Life"—Lois Weber's great production, based on the famous story "JEWEL," by Clara Louise Burnham, with a brilliantly capable cast.

"Lady of Quality"—a magnificent production of the glorious romance by Frances Hodgson Burnett, starring Virginia Valli with Milton Sills and a tremendous cast. This is a Hobart Henley production.

"Drifting"—from William Brady's production of John Colton's popular play, presenting Priscilla Dean with an excellent cast headed by Wallace Beery and Matt Moore, directed by Tod Browning.

"The Spice of Life"—a powerful drama of modern life with Reginald Denny.

"Morality"—a play that is sure to strike deep, the cast headed by Mary Philbin.

"Thundering Dawn"—one of the greatest melodramas ever screened. This is a Harry Garson production with a powerful cast, headed by J. Warren Kerrigan, Anna Q. Nilsson and Tom Santschi.

"The Man About Town"—starring Reginald Denny in stirring romance of adventure and love.

"The Acquittal"—is taken from George M. Cohan's successful production of Rita Weiman's fine play and has an exceptional cast headed by Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry, Barbara Bedford and Richard Travers. This was directed by Clarence Brown.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 58)

Releasing it from his mind for the moment, turning to his immediate work, Mr. Melody was dictating to Miss Spielberg, his stenographer, the next letter of Dr. George Barclay Beagle to Mayor True on the current issue in Chibosh for the next morning's press.

V

UPON Friday morning there was a still wider gap in the great controversy which had by now torn the immense reading public of Chibosh into halves, over the leading question of the hour, as to who had been the bather in milk in the household of John Henry Peters, at one time the attorney for the milk trust.

Readers of Peoples Pictures still held to the belief that it was Mrs. Peters, definitely led to that conclusion by the headlines of the day:

HILDA SVENSON GIVES HER RECIPE FOR GIVING MILK BATHS TO MISTRESSES

THROUGH HER ATTORNEYS, GOLDFISH & GOLDFISH. SHOWING SCIENTIFICALLY HOW PORES OF SKIN ARE AIDED. MRS. PETERS BARS DOORS TO INTERVIEWERS

Photographs of the injured Hilda Svenson, taken, it must have been, before her injury, showed her receiving the milk; others showed its preparation, proper warming, placing in the tub and proper application, as posed for by Janys Joro, the model, who had won the popularity voting contest in the recent Carnival of Undergarment Manufacturers. An illustration of the human skin, showing the beneficial effects of milk baths, followed. Pictures of Mrs. Peters as an infant, at boarding school and on her honeymoon with the former attorney of the milk trust were also shown.

On the other hand, the Morning Truth devoted its first page more to the greater economic and social issues arising out of the case in its larger meanings. Its leading headlines were:

DOCTOR BEAGLE CRUSHES PETERS

"MILK-TRUST LAWYER AVOIDS ISSUE," SAYS THE GREAT MILK EXPERT IN RINGING CHALLENGE FOR CITIZENS. REAL QUESTION HE SAYS, "SHALL CHILDREN DIE FOR RICH MEN'S WHIMS?"

This letter was addressed directly to John Henry Peters. It said:

Dear Sir: I have read, with interest and genuine amusement, your printed statements, in which you claim that neither you nor any member of your family has, does or ever will take a milk bath. That is a very natural thing for you to say in the situation. The facts will be decided, sir, by a court of law. Let us drop this, for the present, as a matter in controversy.

But in the meanwhile do not let us be deflected from the real issue in this case—by anything so trivial as the mere matter as to whether you or your family have or have not taken a milk bath.

I am not, sir, a lawyer, skilled in niceties of technicality or avoidance—or drawing a herring craftily across the big main trail. I am a plain physician, caring for suffering humanity in its need, pain and illness. But I refuse to be deflected from the great main issue which you have raised in this matter.

This fortunately is very simple and can be answered very simply through three questions, which I will ask you to deny if you can.

First question: Are or are not babies by the thousands securing insufficient milk every day in the city of Chibosh?

Second question: Has or has not the milk trust raised the price of milk twice to the mothers and children of Chibosh in the past six months?

Third question: Have you or have you not been an attorney of this milk trust?

A simple answer—yes or no—to these questions, my dear sir, will clear up the whole situation perfectly, and your relation to it. They are all that the citizens of Chibosh are interested to hear. But they are greatly interested to hear these—and they will hear them!

Hoping you will see fit to reply to this at your early convenience, I am, sir,

Yours expectantly,

GEORGE BARCLAY BEAGLE, M.D., F.R.S.S.

On the rear page of the Morning Truth, the daily sketch by Snoggs, the great cartoonist, still captioned Johnny, the Milkman's Boy, showed the back porch of the Peters home, so labeled, filled with large milk cans and a fat, heavy, scowling man labeled Milk Trust. He was addressing a great company of hollow-eyed women and little girls, holding apparently dying babies in one hand and reaching out receptacles for milk in another, saying to them, "No! No! Go away! Johnny must have his bath!"

The reading of this and other matter indicating a markedly successful progress of another great moral public issue in Chibosh did not on this particular day really satisfy its author, Mr. Melody. Distraught, anxious, his mind fixed upon another and more personal matter, he transacted the business of his Phantom Factory with only half-hearted energy, waiting for three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when he should learn the truth concerning the matter which so tormented him—the mysterious warning so much like a telephone number delivered to him over the wire—and meet face to face the mysterious woman—the two mysterious women who had given it.

Passing in his florid and ornamental street costume, so much like an actor's his green velours hat, spats, patent-leather shoes, yellow gloves and seal-collared overcoat—he came before long to the plain, brown-fronted building in the once fashionable and still highly respectable section of the city where the best rooming and boarding houses were.

Pressing the second button to the left, he passed up and was admitted into the larger of a suite of rooms on the second floor, furnished with substantial but quiet furniture, and showing on the wall sketches of human figures, apparently and presumably unclothed, which looked like no figures Mr. Melody had seen either clothed or unclothed in his life before—in Nature or in art. A broad and practical desk occupied the center of the room, equipped, like his own, with two desk telephones. And a large and commanding card-catalogue cabinet stood at one side of the room.

He was greeted by two women—one younger, curly haired, more pliable and very ceremoniously polite, whose name it seemed was Miss Dorothy Jones; the other, an older, squarer-clothed woman, beside her—smoking a cigarette in an uncompromising and almost menacing manner—met him more formally, with a brief downward yank when she shook his hand.

"Now what can I do for you, ladies?" asked Mr. Melody with his stillest face and his best manner—the urbane, almost buttery manner which he used with women.

It was the crisper, more businesslike older woman who answered him.

High Falls, Tuckaseigee River, Jackson County, North Carolina

"It is our purpose to elect the next mayor of Chibosh," she said slowly and coolly.

"With the women's vote," explained the younger, darker, shorter-haired, brighter-eyed one.

"To show what the women can do," continued the older.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Melody, feeling that he should say something.

"We have chosen as our candidate Mr. John Henry Peters," said the older and squarer-motioned.

"To be the next mayor of Chibosh, you know," explained the lither, younger, more considerate-voiced one.

Mr. Melody looked from one to the other with rather more than surprise. Never, in a considerable career in practical politics, had he seen anything in any way resembling them.

"And we want you to act as our publicity agent."

"Our press agent," explained the more agreeable and politer younger one, "for doing this."

Mr. Melody looked again at first one and then the other. It was time, he saw—as a practical politician and man of the world—to put up a bluff.

"Who do you think I am?" asked Mr. Melody gruffly.

"You're Mayor True's press agent, aren't you?" asked the younger and softer-voiced, still more softly. "Mr. Murphy—alias Mr. Melody."

"Alias Atlanta 179," said the older in a harsh, square, hostile voice.

He stood staring at them, silent, gray-faced. Never in his wildest dreams had he thought he would be stuck up by an outfit like this—the younger, pretty one, smiling that cool, polite kind of sarcastic smile; the other one standing looking him over.

"Say, what is this thing," demanded Mr. Melody harshly and hoarsely, "that you think you've got on me?"

"We have this!" returned the older, briefer woman.

They were standing on either side of a large oak cabinet, apparently a large card-catalogue cabinet. As she spoke, the older woman placed her firm, long, square-finger-tipped hand upon it.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Melody sharply.

"Don't you know what that is?" said the woman, holding him off apparently for dramatic effect.

"No."

"That is the key to the future politics of the United States," she now told him. Mr. Melody merely looked at her. "It contains," she was now proceeding, after a somewhat impressive pause, "the information the women have collected about the men politicians, and the so-called political machines of the men of the United States. You will be surprised," she added, now looking directly at Mr. Melody, "to know how detailed and extensive that information is."

Mr. Melody, flinching slightly, looked directly back at her, speechless, as if fascinated.

"Why not explain it to him—from the beginning?" suggested the younger one, coming in to help him.

"Precisely; I will," said the older one. "Logically, in order, so he'll understand."

"You are quite right. It is only fair," the older confirmed her, looking thoughtfully at and then away from Mr. Melody.

VI

"YOU know, perhaps," said the older woman, that Miss Winthrop, "to what the women's political movement in the United States owed its start and its really remarkable growth."

Mr. Melody's fixed stare indicated that he did not.

"It was the flippancy of the men," she said quite indifferently, yet with a touch of acid in her voice.

Mr. Melody, at first watching rigidly, at last spoke, seeing that, waiting, she perhaps expected him to.

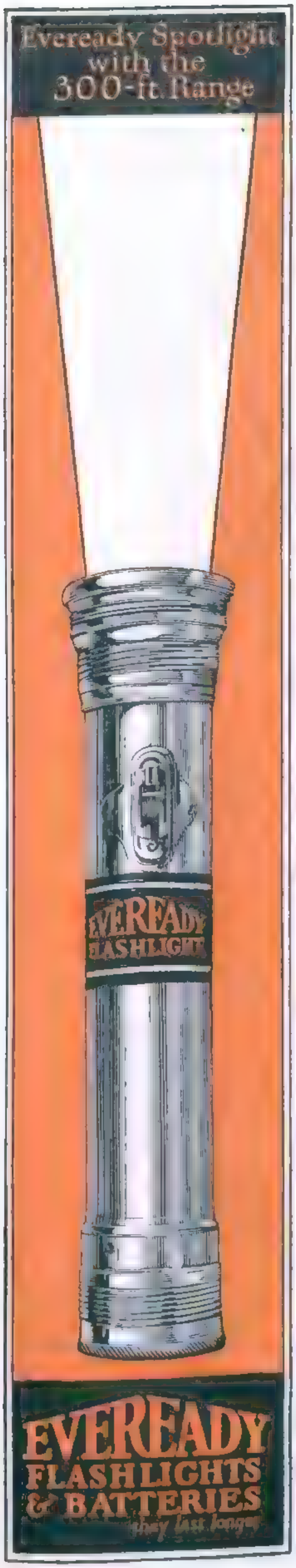
"The which?" asked Mr. Melody.

"The flippancy of the men," repeated his new instructress in politics. "The usual attitude of all men to all women, from the grammar grades up; never to take them seriously. And there's where they made their first fatal mistake."

"In politics, she means," explained the younger one.

"How?" asked Mr. Melody, genuinely anxious in every way to have her go on.

Continued on Page 62



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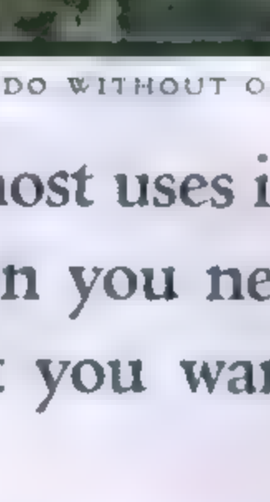

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The little Swiss village laughed at him for spending all his time in the kitchen. But Daniel Peter paid no attention. In spite of the jeers of his neighbors he stuck to his kitchen until he had perfected his idea.

Daniel Peter gave to millions throughout the world *Peter's* milk chocolate—one of the most perfect and popular food-confections ever worked out.

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Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in *Peter's*. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day.

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If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

High as the Alps in Quality

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 60)

"How? I will tell you how—in two words," continued his informant. "Because when they refused to take them seriously; when they laughed at everything they did—their demand for the vote, their questions, their requests for information—the women naturally, realizing their own ignorance went off and informed themselves on politics, the theory of politics, the current political questions of the day, by papers, lectures, textbooks. And very soon they found they had learned, incidentally, something else."

Mr. Melody's questioning glance was now sufficient to keep her talking.

"We learned it was our turn to laugh—at the men; at their abject, amusing ignorance on all branches of politics! For example, what, may I ask you now, was the Seventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States?" she now broke off unexpectedly to ask Mr. Melody. "Do you know?"

"No," Mr. Melody admitted; "no."

Never since in the lower grammar grades which she had just mentioned had he experienced precisely the same sensation as now, looking across into her glasses.

"And who is the secretary of state who was elected by the voters of this state last fall?" she asked with continuing directness.

Mr. Melody, although engaged immediately in the political game, was forced to admit that for the moment that name had escaped him.

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Melody, "that I know."

"No," she said, "men don't. They know nothing about the theory or the principles of politics; as we women used fondly to imagine that they did. Nor," she now continued earnestly, "about the details either; as we now, going on from there, discovered."

She stopped. She seemed now to Mr. Melody—unsteadied and agitated as he was by his continued waiting for the information he personally so much desired—like a school-teacher of high principles and immense will power, determined while in Rome to do what the Romans do, only much better.

"We could, of course, in our turn have been very flippant," she was going on, "as the men were with us over their ignorance. But we were not. We had something else to do. We had to go on from there—from the men in general—to the next step: to those to whom the men had handed over the care of their politics."

"The officeholders, she means," explained the other.

"And the professional politicians," continued the older in a matter-of-fact voice. "That set of second-class men—largely discards from other professions—to whom the political control of the United States is handed over by the men; and whom, naturally, we had to look up—especially as they were now opposing us in our desire for the vote, for proper legislation, for everything!"

"The officeholders and politicians, she means," explained the younger.

"To look up, to study them and their methods," the other continued her thought. "We began, you might say, in the state and national legislatures, through the attempt of women to get suffrage and the other legislation we desired, through the special women representatives they sent to the legislature—to get the officeholders and politicians to give them legislation."

"I see," said Mr. Melody anxiously, continually urging her on to the thing he was ultimately concerned to learn how much she knew about.

"It was there that our representatives studied and found out about these men—their origin, their qualities and their methods. It was there that we found out the real force back of so much of the legislation of the United States."

"What force was that?" asked Mr. Melody, still urging her on.

"It was blackmail," she stated.

"Petty blackmail quite often," explained the other, somewhat softening her statement.

"But blackmail, nevertheless," continued the older and severer woman. "Instead of their enacting legislation on right and principle—as we had always been told—we found that the legislators and officeholders were pulled, hauled, and threatened by every possible influence that could be used—financial, antifinancial, capital, labor, race, religion and personal obligation—and compelled to do what others wished them to. That the whole thing was controlled, so far as these professional politicians—that the men had handed the government of the country to—were concerned, by a great network founded upon the personal records and necessities of candidates."

She stopped, looking off, as if considering judicially the shortcomings of men.

"And that brought us to this," she said. And now, coming toward the question which Mr. Melody wished her to discuss, she placed her left hand again firmly and almost affectionately upon the card-catalogue cabinet, which she had previously said was the key of the future politics of the country.

"Just what is that, anyhow?" asked Mr. Melody sharply, his nervousness and suspense affecting his temper and the usual urbanity of his manner.

"It is a part of the information on the politicians and officeholders of this country collected by the six million organized women of the United States!"

"Six million!" exclaimed Mr. Melody involuntarily. "Organized!"

"Exactly," said Miss Winthrop curtly. "For it is the women, not the men of the United States, who are really organized. The best of the women, you understand, of the country."

"Not politically, altogether," cautioned the younger woman.

"No; much better than that—culturally!" said the other. "Not by politics—by principles. In the various women's clubs of the country—where the men force the women themselves independently in politics, to make their own judgments, to make their own investigations, to make their own efforts for legislation through their own representatives. To secure the knowledge which is contained in this," she said, again striking the card-catalogue cabinet with her left hand, "and the others just like it all through the United States. Working largely, under the direction of the women leaders, who were employed to look after legislation for women in the state and national legislatures."

Mr. Melody said nothing, but gazed earnestly at the cabinet.

"You can imagine," the speaker was saying, "the information that six million earnest, active, intelligent women were able to gather together on men, concerning not only the public but the personal lives of all the public men, officeholders and politicians, from their preference on breakfast foods down to their prison sentences; the really remarkable fund of information which has been laid away for possible use in case of need in the political card catalogues of the United States. You can imagine," she said, spatting the large card-catalogue cabinet with a firm and almost affectionate hand again, "what a power for the future the women of the United States hold, stored up in these!"

"You see," said the younger, prettier and more humorous faced one, not unkindly, "now what we want!"

Mr. Melody, not answering, stared now fixedly at the older woman and her card catalogue.

"Now, to get down to business," she was saying to him, with a gesture of cool decision and finality. "The fact is, as we said in the beginning, we want to know whether you will be willing to come with us as our political press agent—to elect Mr. Peters the next mayor of Chibosh."

"We know, of course," came in the younger and more polite one, "what splendid success you have had already—in your present work."

"In making the semblance of a human being out of that exaggerated wooden clothes pin—that True!"

"And we thought with our advantages—the detailed information we have here," said the younger and softer-spoken at the further side of the cabinet from the other, "that with your skill and our systemized information we would make almost ideal partners in electing Mr. Peters."

The older, on the other side of the cabinet, Mr. Melody observed, was again about to speak.

"Information, yes," she was saying crisply. "As for instance!" And now, opening one of the cabinet drawers, she brought out, after a long minute's search, a large, well-filled card and started reading it:

"'Melody—Michael Francis,'" she read precisely, but with an accent of great unconcern, "'press agent and Federal criminal. Alias Flash Murphy. Real name, Michael Francis Murphy. Convict 179 in Atlanta Federal Prison years 1916-1917. Escaped.

"'Born Weewinish, Indiana, 1877. Newspaper reporter Indianapolis and Chicago. Publicity agent for Ruffo's Circus; Sam Jackson's Big Burlesquers; for Cash & Gouch's bucket shop and Slide & Slithem's weekly financial letters.

"'Sentenced to Atlanta prison for fraudulent use of the United States mails in the so-called Great Ascalon Oil Frauds. Escaped from guards, after serving portion of his term, while in Chicago to testify in trials of others accused of same frauds. Protected from capture and used by Chibosh politicians—Chinese Meeghan and others—as under-cover head of so-called frame-up, or Phantom Factory, the secret publicity bureau of Mayor True, under the alias of Michael F. Melody, as above. Still wanted by Federal authorities.'"

She stopped in a sharp and cruel silence.

"Shall I go on?" she asked, peering at Mr. Melody through her glasses. She seemed now to him a terrible dream, a return in sleep to childhood, to the terrible mistress of the seventh-grade grammar school.

"It's a lie—a frame-up!" cried Mr. Melody hoarsely, struggling to his feet.

"Don't! Please, don't!" the younger, curly-headed one was saying in a voice of polite pain.

"Don't waste your breath," said the square-cut one, his instructress in politics, standing before him with his terrible report card in her fingers.

Mr. Melody sat down again, his lips loose, his face flabby.

"Of course," she was saying, "we understand that technically we are doing wrong; that by not turning you over to the authorities we are committing an offense ourselves. But we are willing to take that chance—for the purpose of freeing Chibosh."

"From the nasty sticky mess that it's in now," said the younger one, now with a slight sharpness in her usually polite voice.

"Will you accept?" asked the older.

"How can I?" asked Mr. Melody hoarsely.

"How can't you?" asked the younger one.

"What? Come out in the open?" cried Mr. Melody, now slightly losing control of his speech. "And have Meeghan put me back in prison tomorrow?"

"That's the last thing we want you to do," said the older.

"Come out in the open!" exclaimed the younger.

"We don't want to come out into the open ourselves."

"We want to keep on—in the background of the Women Home Defenders until everything's all done and ready to elect Mr. Peters."

"Boring from within, as the radicals would say."

"Under our direction."

"Inside the Phantom Factory, that notorious publicity bureau of Mayor True."

"That's what we want of you," the young one explained, concluding. "To blow them up from the inside, with their own tricks."

He looked from one to the other and from them to that card catalogue—that terrible new political instrument, that key to the future political history of the country; that repository of that new and unheard-of political power, of the knowledge that the six million organized women have secured concerning the politicians and officeholders of the United States and filed away for future use.

"I'll come along," said Mr. Melody huskily.

What else could he do but come along with them—pretend to, anyhow, until he found a loophole to crawl out of? He had been in several tight holes before in his life, both political and legal. It wasn't likely he would be held up indefinitely by a couple of women.

"I'll go along with you," said Mr. Melody, his voice already stronger and oilier, his round-eyed self-assurance coming back again. Already various possible plans for slipping them were flashing through his subtle mind.

Which plan he was destined to adopt, how he was forced to do so, and the outcome of his efforts cannot, for lack of space, be told here. All this will, however, be related later without fail in the story of The Lone Lady in Black and the Roman-Nosed Baby.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of five stories by Mr Turner. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Salkeld, Cpl. M. ..... 21st Inf. Band, Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaii
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PINK

(Continued from Page 7)

lawn and made mud pies in the lap of her silken gown; the assistant bookkeeper's little girl sat on her steps in as near silk as one may go at a price. The manager had his acre of rhododendrons; the bookkeeper came back at him sturdily with hydrangeas. The bookkeeper was not servile minded; his insistence on uniformity with any man was of a piece with the workmen's rebellion against it; in each case it was an assertion of independence, of freedom. Plato passed slowly and somewhat slinkingly through this region, stopping to eye the houses from behind hedges of smart privet, avoiding the glances of the inhabitants, watching rear stoops and doors and windows, and speaking conciliatingly to suspicious dogs.

He approached the general manager's house and halted to study it from behind a red-leafed shrub. It was a fine house and Plato lingered over it. It was long and low; its longer side faced the street. Its walls were a creamy stucco; its roof was of intermingled red and gray slates. At one end was a porte-cochère; at the other was a sun parlor or conservatory, with potted plants showing behind diamond-paned casements. The place looked deserted; Plato saw no one about it except the wooden-looking chauffeur affixed to the seat of the big automobile, and the marble-looking man dressed *au naturel* who wrestled with marble snakes in a glade among cedar trees, and the absorbed little girl on the lawn who was anointing herself with the scenery. No one looked through the windows bloodied by the setting sun, no gardener clipped even stealthily a willful leaf or blade, no one disturbed by his transient presence the place's aspect of permanence and of victory.

Plato, equally considerate, slipped unobtrusively around the red shrub and so to the covert of the cedars. Here, in company with the preoccupied marble man, he took a look at the shorter side of the house. He saw an open and unscreened cellar window under the porte-cochère. He hurried to it, put his feet through it, pushed his legs after, clutched his glasses and his hat, and tobogganed down to the cellar level astride an avalanche of coal. He got up, sneezed heartily, and clambered out of the general manager's commodious coal bin.

In the gloom of the cellar his weakness of vision seemed to handicap him less; he went quickly though gropingly to the stairs which led upward. He ascended the stairs, listened at the door above, and then pushed it cautiously ajar. His housebreaking had not been observed; no hue and cry had been raised. He stepped out into the subdued light and fragrance and cloistered calm of a butler's pantry. There was a glass-paneled door in each of the four walls of this pantry; Plato looked through these four doors. They gave respectively into a kitchen, a dining room, a billiard room and an entrance hall. An intermittent murmur of conversation and a jangling of tinware came from beyond the kitchen, apparently from a rear porch, but he saw no one. He went as quietly as he could into the entrance foyer and stole up the main staircase.

He peered into a chamber on the second floor. He saw a large and handsome apartment. There was a large bed, evidently made of metal, but colored and grained so as to imitate American walnut; there were a highboy, a dresser, several chairs and a roll-top desk, all of walnut. Plato went quickly into this room and pulled out the drawers of the dresser, and hurriedly tumbled shirts and collars and handkerchiefs about; he abandoned the dresser and went to the desk. In a small interior drawer he found a roll of money, two hundred dollars in ten-dollar bills, in a sheaf clasped with a paper band. He put this roll of money into his pocket and left the room with continued caution.

He entered a smaller bedchamber on the same floor. This was evidently the room of a student. Shelves of new and unpainted wood ran the length of one wall; they were filled with books. Before the shelves was an unpainted table of the common kitchen variety; on the table was a disorderly heap of papers and writing utensils; superimposed on the heap was a square book bound in black cloth, and marked in gold letters, Diary. The bed was a cheap affair of white-enameled iron.

Plato went at once to a wardrobe, opened it and plucked from the hooks a mass of clothing, which he threw upon the bed. He selected a pair of knickerbockers, a gray jacket and a soft felt hat. He pulled off his handsome blue suit, and dressed himself quickly in the worn garments from the wardrobe; he transferred the money to a new pocket, rolled up his blue suit and thrust it into the depths of the wardrobe. The purloined garments fitted him fairly well, though the knickerbockers were rather taut at the knees and not correctly bagged.

He picked up the diary and opened it as though for a hasty glance, but as he turned the leaves his interest was ensnared. He sat down abstractedly, and began to read at ease:

ON THE USE OF FORCE

Force never justifies. Every Force creates a counter-force by operation of natural law. The Universe equilibrates. Force cannot overcome Right; Force cannot assert Right; Right is self-sufficient and self-assertive. It triumphs by its immanent quality. His use of Force will be vain. Patience!

ON INHERITANCE

Inheritance is theft. The Earth belongs to Mankind in common. Ask him if future generations have no rights. If a man has no right in the Earth merely because his parents were poor. He has the same natural right as the child of rich parents. When a man is dead he cannot own anything; then how can he pretend to give property to his children?

He turned the leaves. Finally he picked a pencil from the table and began to annotate this diary, inserting question marks, underlining phrases, writing comments on margins. The margins proved too narrow for what he had to say; he turned to a blank page and set himself to writing fully.

He had filled half the page when he was disturbed by a persistent ringing. He strove to disregard this for a time, but it would not be disregarded; he put down the pencil, compressed his lips and left the room to answer the bell. As he walked down the stairs he was revolving the sentence in the writing of which he had been interrupted; he had forgotten where he was and how he had come there.

He opened the front door and looked out peremptorily at the chief constable.

"Police department," said the latter. "Is Mr. Drury in?"

"I believe not," said Plato, frowning. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Plato Hines escaped this afternoon from the Garthman Home," said the policeman impressively. "I thought he might come around this house. Don't be alarmed, sir. Don't be alarmed! I didn't mean to frighten you. I thought that maybe you could give me a description of him. Do you know Plato Hines?"

"Very well. Oh, yes."

"I have several descriptions of him, but they don't tally," said the constable, taking off his helmet and drawing slips of paper from it. "I have a description from the home, and one from the keeper whom the lunatic overcame, and one from a young lady whom he compelled to accompany him on his flight. They don't check up. Here now is the description from the home, given me just now by Garthman's stenographer over the telephone. 'Plato Hines is a skinny, consumptive-looking young man, stupid-looking. He cannot look a person in the eye, and he stutters when asked a simple question. The doctor thinks his brain is soft from too much studying.' How is that?"

"Very inaccurate," said Plato indignantly.

"I thought so," nodded the constable. "Listen to this one, from the keeper: 'He is a mesmerizer, with eyes like an owl. He talks a blue streak and has enormous strength. The last thing I knew he told me to look him in the eye, and he made passes and began to talk, and the next thing I knew I was lying under the bridge and he was galloping off in a horse and buggy with my clothes.'"

"Absurd," said Plato. "Plato Hines is of a commanding height and is rather slender, but he is neither skinny nor consumptive, nor does he look like an owl. I should call him wiry and athletic, without being coarse or muscle-bound. He is rather handsome, in an intellectual way, and has the look of a thinker."

"This sounds like Number Four," said the constable. "You know him pretty well, I suppose? Does anybody else in town know him?"

"I have known him all his life," said Plato. "He is practically a stranger in this town, having come here for the first time two months ago. He is interested only in intellectual matters and in social science, and I am sure he would do no one any harm if he were permitted to stay at large."

"It don't sound like it," said the constable. "He threw this keeper down and took his clothes off him and ran off with a horse and buggy. He is a mighty dangerous lunatic, that's what he is. He thinks he is going to escape in the keeper's clothes, but that is where he is wrong. I have got a posse out for him, and have given orders to arrest every keeper of Garthman's that is found at large."

"That is a good idea," said Plato.

"It is only common sense," said the officer satisfiedly. "But who is this that is coming up the walk? It is Mr. Drury himself, isn't it? Good evening, Mr. Drury!"

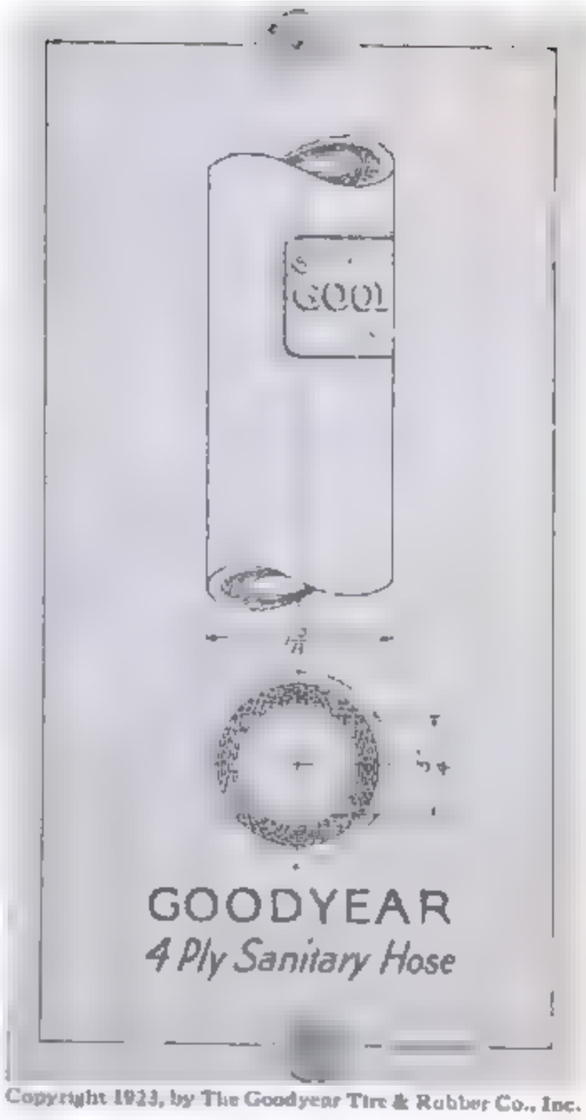
"Pardon me," said Plato hurriedly. He shut the door, shot the bolt and started for the kitchen and the rear way out. He passed through the pantry and across the darkening kitchen and looked out upon the back porch. There were four people on the porch; two of the four were evidently maidservants, the others, at a glance, were a chauffeur and a gardener. The chauffeur, who was not at all woodenlike now, was tilted back in a chair, defending his merry face with uplifted forearm; a pretty maidservant's hand was descending toward his face; it struck with a smart slap. The other maid was nodding approvingly; the gardener, sitting on the steps and poising a sickle and a whetstone, was chuckling amusedly. The conjuncture embarrassed Plato; he felt that his presence was a distinct intrusion. On the other hand, he heard the front doorbell ringing without let up, and he distinguished the gruff tones of the chief constable. He coughed warningly. "Pardon!" he said.

For an instant the maid's hand rested immobile on the chauffeur's brown cheek, and the stone and sickle were still in the gardener's earthy hands. Then the tableau dissolved. The maids, looking neither to right nor to left but gliding like sleepwalkers, passed from the porch and through another door into the house. The chauffeur rose with a look of abstraction and walked woodenly around the corner of the house to the street where his car waited. The stone and knife crisscrossed, and the gardener, doubling over, disappeared around the other corner, swinging his sickle to and fro above the close-cropped grass. Plato crossed the porch and strode toward the rear of the garage; his gait, like that of the others, was nicely calculated to devour distance without producing an effect of unseemly haste.

III

MR. PRESTON walked slowly through Ferralum Park with his gaze intent upon the shadowy blue-stoned path. Ferralum Park is only six acres in extent, a spot of greenery in the middle of a factory town, and Mr. Preston soon penetrated to its heart. Here, under an arc light, was a rustic bench, and a couple on the bench in a guarded embrace; there, beside the bench, lay the better part of a bad cigar. Mr. Preston picked up the cigar butt gladly, seated himself on the bench and begged a match. The young man of the couple gave him his match grudgingly, rose, glared, and escorted his sweetheart away. Mr. Preston stretched out on the bench and puffed his cigar with gratitude and surveyed the far-flung lights of Ferralum. Mr. Preston did not fear to be seen; he was at ease in Ferralum Park, from his shaggy jaws to his peeping toes. He was no unauthenticated and uncredentialed tramp, fair game for the constable and the lockup; he was a home boy, one of the dozen native tramps of whom Ferralum could boast, if boasting were obligatory. His feet were on his native bench—parts of his feet, at any rate.

Above him loomed a statue of heroic size, adorning this open space in the heart of Ferralum Park. Mr. Preston did not spare a glance for it, although it was an extraordinary piece of work, unique in treatment, one to cause the most blasé sightseer to rub his eyes and to doubt his good fortune. The statue was a bronze figure; the figure stood on one leg and extended the other leg laterally into air; the torso was bent far



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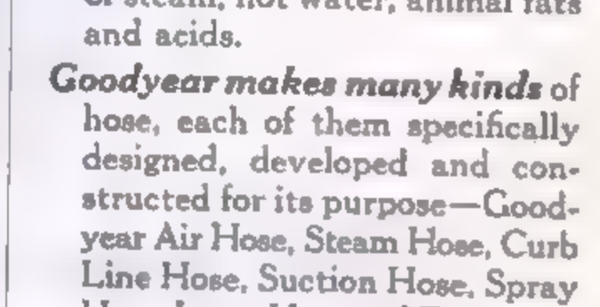

GOODYEAR

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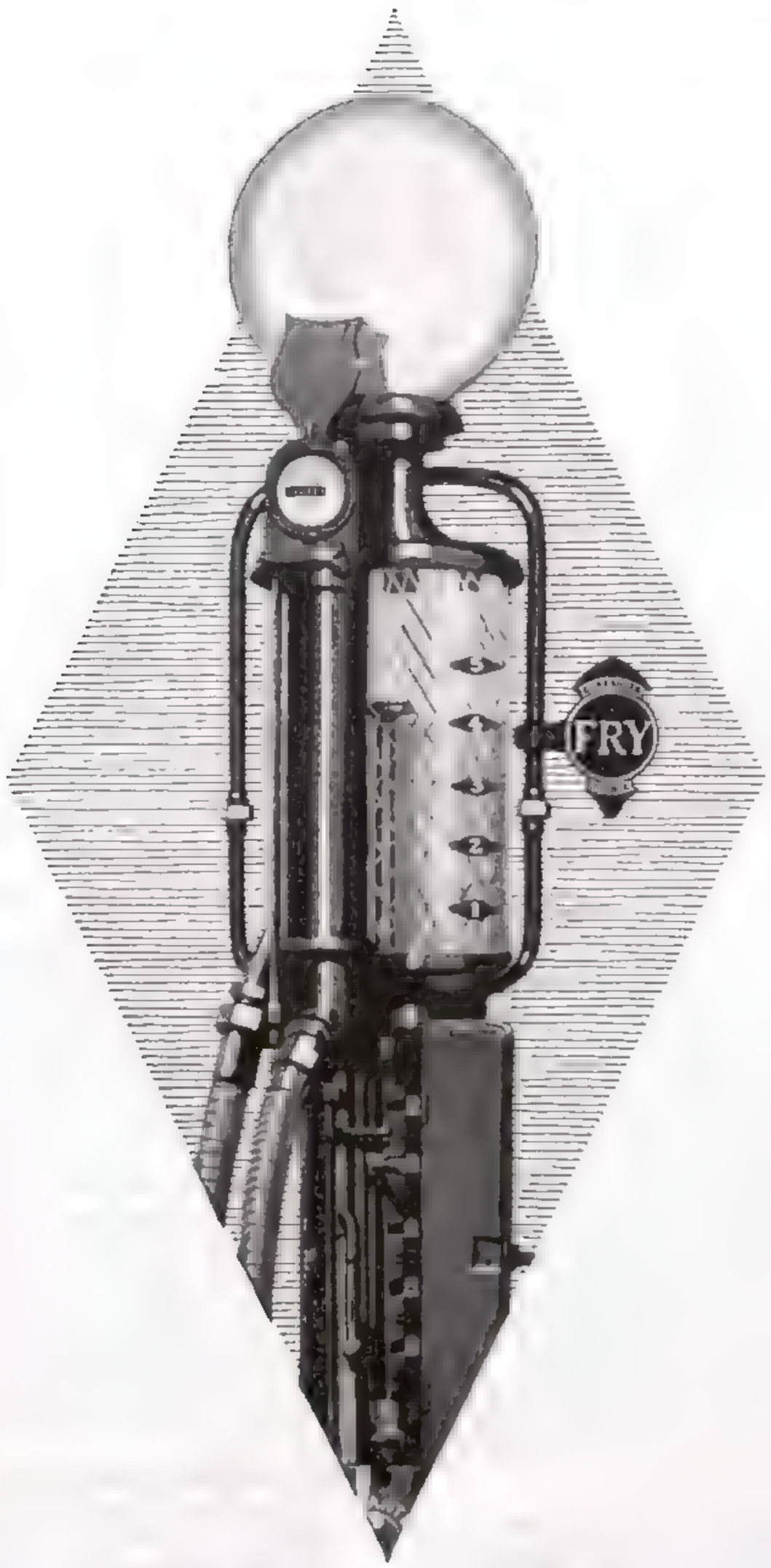

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back, causing the figure to look almost at the zenith; one hand brandished a bent sword and the other was thrust into the bronze bosom. The arc light showed on the statue's bearded face no apprehension that the posture was at all unusual or such as any statue might not assume in public; rather was there consciousness of majesty in the face. But the thing about the work that would cause any art-loving stranger to write home about it was that the statue was clad in the full uniform of a general of our Mexican War; it was the statue of a general who had never lost a battle, the gallant commander of the Iron County Home Guards during that critical period in our history; on the marble pedestal with no further word of explanation—was cut: "General Hiram Meadowsweet, from his grateful countrymen of Iron County."

Plato Hines walked down the path with his eyes upon the stars—those beguiling, those staggering, those highly trivial and meaningless features of the terrestrial night. He was reflecting, with that pleasant dazzlement which the inhalation of a strong cigarette or the contemplation of celestial distances produces, that Jupiter there, swinging so round and low, was an enormous world, comparing to ours as an orange does to its pip. As a matter of fact, it was not Jupiter which was dazzling him at the moment and causing our world to crawl into an orange pip; it was the eight-candle-power lamp on the flagpole of the Town Hall at which he was gazing, and which was compelling him to awful thoughts. But that is neither here nor there, and Jupiter perhaps would have awed him as much, or nearly. The better to contemplate the end of the flagpole, he sat down on Mr. Preston's feet.

"Garn!" said Mr. Preston.

"Oh, pardon me," said Plato. "Beautiful night, isn't it?"

"If it don't rain. Sleeping out tonight?"

"Goodness, no! Are you going to sleep here?"

"Unless I can get a quarter. Say, bo, throw me a quarter, will you?"

Plato found him twenty-five cents. "Much obliged, mister," said the tramp. "You're what I call a man with a heart. You know how to treat a poor fellow that's down and out, and no fault of his own. Why, say, mister, in my time I could buy and sell you. Yep, I had all kinds of dough, and look what they went and done to me. Stranger in town, ain't you? I wish there was more like you, I hope to croak if I don't. Say, if I was to tell you my story I would make you cry like a baby."

"I do not doubt it," said Plato heartfully. "It would be the old story of a weary search for employment, of an unending search for access to the instruments of production, of a willing worker denied his just opportunity. That is your story, I dare say."

"And persecuted by the police," said Mr. Preston.

"The police," said Plato, "are the hired bravos of the capitalists, with their hands imbrued in the blood of the proletariat. The courts are devices to keep the workers down."

"Say, I would bump a cop off as quick as I would a rat," said Mr. Preston.

"Ah, you are a direct actionist," said Plato. "You are in the wrong there. Violence never accomplishes anything worth while. We must triumph by a steadfast assertion of our rights in the face of oppression. We must educate the capitalist class. I assure you that much good work has been done along those lines and that we have friends in the parlor as well as in the kitchen. I personally know several young men of wealth and position who are with us, so-called parlor pinks. That is our chief hope, to educate the young of the capitalist class, to fire those brave young souls who have not been hardened and brutalized by the building up of the fortunes which they possess. Violence is the weapon of the capitalists; let them have it. We will educate, argue, urge our just claims until the police throw away their clubs and the capitalists submit to the rule of justice."

"Hooray!" said Mr. Preston. "Say, mister, you got a great line of gossip. I bet a fellow that can talk like you don't never have to do a tap. On the level, when was it you worked last? I'm not blaming you, you know. I give you credit."

"If you mean manual labor," said Plato hesitatingly, "I have not been obliged to earn my living, but I have done much harder work: I have done the constructive thinking. Manual labor is the easier part, and as for money-making, that is the easiest thing in the world. When I look around me and consider the caliber of the men who have amassed great fortunes, when I behold how narrow-minded and uninformed they are, I am convinced that money-making is beneath any man of intelligence."

"When you talk about big fortunes," said Mr. Preston, "you're talking educated. But maybe you could tell me where a good guy could pick up a stake of sixty berries a month for hanging around and thinking. I would think like a son of a gun for sixty a month."

"I am not familiar with the terms of employment under the capitalistic system," said Plato. "I have not thought it worth while to inform myself, as the capitalistic system is but a passing phase in social development, but I can explain to you fully how you can earn sixty dollars a month with very little effort under the coming industrial democracy. For instance, what is your trade?"

"Thinking," said Mr. Preston enthusiastically.

"But you must have some specific trade," protested Plato. "Under the industrial democracy the world will be governed by the workers through their elected representatives. There will be no more wage slavery; everybody will be glad to work because he will be working for himself and not for a greedy capitalist. The labor gang will elect its foreman, the foremen will elect their superintendent, and so on."

"And what are you going to work at? I will stick along with you."

"I have not thought of myself at all, but only of the public good," said Plato. "I trust a place will be found for me, but I am not thinking of myself, but only of the workingman."

"I see," said Mr. Preston. "You are going to be a politician! Well, I will be a politician too. I will run for paymaster; I often wished I was a paymaster, but the way things are nowadays I get fanned by some cop if I even look in a window at the bag, to say nothing about having a couple of good guys lift it into a wagon for me at the bank."

"But, my poor man, have you no means of making a living at all?"

"You're not blaming me, are you?" whined Mr. Preston.

"Oh, not in the least," said Plato with indignation. "I am blaming the system of which you are the victim. You are the natural result of economic determinism under the capitalistic system. You are one of the disinherited, one of the unfortunates who were denied their chance under the present vicious competitive régime. I should like to bring their police and their judges and their millionaires and tell them to gaze upon you."

"If it is all the same," said Mr. Preston uneasily, "do not bring any policemen. Just a couple of good guys like you that are got a heart. But say, I like the way you talk. You and me are got the same ideas. I would like to pal around with you, and I would show you a good time if I had any money. Here, I only got this quarter, but you can put it in your wallet; and you can carry the wallet yourself if you don't trust me. I bet you got over twenty dollars in that wallet."

"I have a great deal more than that."

"My name is Marmaduke," said Mr. Preston, putting out his hand impulsively. "You ain't too proud to give your mitt to a poor guy that ain't been done right, are you? That's the ticket! Marmaduke's my name; what's yourn? What is that again? Say, you can call me Marm, and I will call you Plate. Getting late, ain't it? Where do you live? Let's go home, Plate."

"But really ——" began Plato with equal impulsiveness, and then he overcame the qualm which inclined him to deny his familiar society to a fellow worker in distress. This would be a fair test of the honesty of his professions of comradeship. "I have taken a room back here on Oak Street; you are welcome to share it if you have no shelter of your own."

"Let's go," urged Marmaduke. "I'm talking in my sleep right now. If we hang around here much longer some cop will come along and fan my feet and wake me up."

The illuminated dial of the clock on the Town Hall showed a quarter to twelve. The town was hushed in sleep. The two comrades left the park and walked to one of the streets of shanties which lay just outside the corporate limits of Ferralum as laid

(Continued on Page 68)

A home at Longview, Washington— A. N. Torbitt, Architect

The Home that Long-Bell Lumber builds

A HOME is a safe investment for family savings when it is built durably and at reasonable cost. Dependable lumber construction offers certain assurance of permanence, with low first cost and a minimum of maintenance expense. Long-Bell trade-marked lumber is a further assurance of dependable home construction. It not only is reasonable in first cost, but it also saves carpenter labor and prevents undue lumber waste; most important, it builds sturdy, permanent homes.

ASK YOUR LUMBERMAN

Why LONG-BELL Lumber Is Dependable

1—It comes from virgin forests.
2—Each log is cut and manufactured for the purpose to which it is best adapted.
3—Milled in our own mills, all operating with modern machinery under a uniform process and efficient supervision.
4—Unsurpassed accuracy and thoroughness at every step of manufacture.
5—Surfaced (planed smooth) four sides.
6—Unusual care in trimming.
7—Full length—uniform in width and thickness.
8—Uniformity of grading.
9—Uniform seasoning.
10—Lower grades receive the same care and attention as upper grades.
11—Correctly piled and stored—carefully shipped.
12—Minimum of carpenter labor—planing, sawing and sorting—necessary to put it into construction.
13—Minimum of waste, due to uniform quality.
14—The product of a lumber company 47 years in the business.
15—Long-Bell Lumber can be identified by the Long-Bell trade-mark on the end of the piece.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R A LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO

LONG-BELL

(Continued from Page 66)

down originally by the company. The house to which Plato conducted his fellow worker had been designed as a three-family house; it was now a straightforward rooming house for workingmen. The front door stood open; the halls were murmurous with snores coming through locked doors. Plato led Marmaduke to the fourth floor and to a small room with shelving walls and a dormer window.

He lit the gas; there was a bed and two couches in the room.

"Aren't you going to undress?" asked Plato, when he saw his roommate stretched comfortably on a couch in all his raggedness

"In case of fire," grunted Marmaduke. "Say, Plate, put out that blamed light, will you? I locked the door. What is that you are doing with your wallet? You are putting it under your pillow, ain't you? Well, that is not a bad place, though many of these guys look under a pillow. Sweet dreams, Plate."

Plato could not sleep at once because of the discomforting bump made on his pillow by the wallet. With some notion of lessening its annoyance, and remembering his comrade's warning, he drew part of the money out and dropped it into his shoe. He then fell asleep.

An hour later he awoke; his head was tilted forward. As he considered this phenomenon his head was tilted farther; someone was raising his pillow.

"What is it?" he muttered drowsily.

"Nothing," said Marmaduke. "Go asleep."

Plato thrust his hand under his pillow and found his pocket book missing. "Hello!" he exclaimed.

"Don't get excited," said Marmaduke. "I was just trying you out for a joke. Take a joke, can't you?"

"But you've taken my pocketbook!"

"Just for a joke," protested Marmaduke. "I'll give it back to you, Plate. What do you think I am? You're not calling me a crook, are you?"

"But where are you going?" Plato sprang from bed and lit the gas.

"I was just going to see if the door was locked," pleaded Marmaduke. "Honest, Plate, I was only joking. Don't you dare hit me! I got a weak heart and I would drop dead. Honest, I would. You'd only be murdering me if you hit me."

"I had no idea of hitting you," said Plato. "That would be to oppose violence to violence, which is silly. You took the pocketbook under some insane notion that you could be benefited by theft, but your reason, when appealed to, must tell you better. Marmaduke, that is my pocketbook and not yours; give it to me therefore."

"You wouldn't hit me?"

"Of course not. How could the event of a physical struggle decide the rightful ownership of that pocketbook? It is patently absurd. I should be making the same mistake as nations make who go to war in fancied defense of their rights. They should not resist violence, but should appeal to the better nature of the aggressor, as I appeal to yours."

"And you won't holler for help?"

"The ethical point involved is too elementary to require help in debating it," said Plato.

Marmaduke drew a full breath, which swelled him out and brought the blood back into his face. "Say," he said in a full round voice, "what are you trying to put over on me? Do you think you are going to bull me out of this wallet? Get away from me! Garn! I got an awful good mind to smack you. S'help me, I will smack you for three bases. Where do you get that stuff, coming around here in the middle of the night and raising a fuss, and trying to bull me out of my wallet? You lay down there, young fellow, and go to sleep or I will haul off and put you to sleep so hard you will miss your breakfast."

"But really," protested Plato. His voice was low, but there was a flare of anger in his eyes.

"Yes, really," snarled Marmaduke, who looked murderous.

He opened the door, made a feint as though to strike Plato, and then slammed the door behind him and clattered down the stairs.

Plato sat down on the edge of his bed and took his chin in hand. He stared at the wall; in his face puzzlement and rage contended for hegemony. When rage got the upper hand his shoulders lurched as though he would spring to his feet and fly after the tramp. But he always sank again to the bed. When he had regained his philosophic calm he went to his clothing on the hook and took a slip of blank paper from his jacket pocket. He seated himself at the washstand and wrote a long paragraph; he headed it "Violence. A footnote."

IV

TWO laborers were building a retaining wall of broken rock in the rear of a new addition to the Ferralum Works; the wall was buttressing a steep bank of sand. The older of the men was a powerful fellow, big-armed, bull-necked, red-haired, beefy of face; he worked slowly, taking care that he did not do more than his share, watching with a smile in which there was a touch of animosity his slighter comrade tugging and grunting to raise the rocks to the top of the wall. And now the wall was completed, a rough but sturdy bit of work; a few large drops of rain splashed on the wet mortar; a thundershower was coming up, though the sun still shone. The men unrolled a tarpaulin. The big steam siren of the works shrieked at this moment, denoting the arrival of the noon hour; the older man dropped his end of the tarpaulin as if it had been struck from his hands.

"Help me with this," grunted the younger laborer. "It's going to rain cats and dogs, and we might have to take down the whole wall if the mortar gets washed out."

"Help you with blazes," grumbled the red-headed man. "It's twelve o'clock."

He lurched over to a shed and sat under it and unwrapped his lunch. He went to eating his sandwich, champing his jaws with the undisguised satisfaction of an honest beast at its meal.

He watched the youth hauling at the heavy and mortar-spattered tarpaulin, spreading it to protect the new work, cowering under the driving rain. It took the youth five minutes to house the wall against the sudden burst of weather.

"Why'dn't yuh help me?" growled the youth, hurrying into the shed.

"Twelve o'clock," mumbled the big man. "That's why. To blazes with the wall. It ain't mine. It ain't yourn neither, but you don't know nothing. Supposing it did wash down; well, we could build it up again this afternoon as good as new."

"You give me a swift pain," said the youth, opening his lunch box.

"I'll give you a pain!"

"You, and who else?" said the youth. "Quit your kidding."

"The matter with you," said the big man satisfiedly, "is that you don't know nothing. Shut up. You give me a pain if you want to know."

Plato Hines, running with all his long legs, dashed into the shelter, stumbled over the big man's thighs and took a sprawling fall which seated him on the ground between the two laborers.

The big man glared at him terrifically, opened his mouth and turned slowly and silently to stare at the younger laborer and to beseech him mutely to witness the ill treatment.

"What is the idea," he roared, finding his voice, "coming in here and going to kicking me?"

"I'm awfully sorry," pleaded Plato. "I assure you I didn't mean to do it."

"But you done it," argued the big man. "You done it, didn't you?"

"Aw, shut up," said the younger laborer pacifyingly. "He didn't mean it."

"It happened in this way," explained Plato, rising to demonstrate. "You see, it was raining and I was running swiftly. I came very hurriedly around this corner, being at the time quite unaware that anyone was sitting here. I came running with all my power -like this- and —— Oh, my goodness!" He was again sprawling on the ground, the victim again of his poor sight and untrained body; he had stumbled genuinely and kicked the big man with force.

"There!" shouted the red-headed man, preparing to fight.

"But I tell you he didn't mean it!" wheezed the other laborer, choking down a delighted yell of laughter. "Don't get sore, Bellew. Say, fellow, do it again; he don't get it yet."

"I beg to assure you, sir," said Plato abjectly, "that it was entirely unpremeditated. I do not understand how I came to collide with you again, when nothing was farther from my thoughts than to inflict an injury on you. I do trust that you won't harbor ill will. If my presence is unpleasant to you I shall leave at once, but I ask the privilege to remain here until the rain has stopped."

"If you're going to hang around here you let me alone," said the red-headed man. "You talk all right, but all I get is kicks. I do not care what you mean, and it is all the same to me. If you would stay away from me you would not have to mean nothing, but you come butting in, not knowing where you are going or what you are doing, and you go to kicking a poor workingman and like to broke his leg. Please don't do me no more favors. I mind my business and you mind yourn."

"Aw, shut up, Bellew," said the younger man amicably. "Stop weeping, will you?" To Plato—"Working in the Ferralum?"

"No. I'm simply investigating conditions here. I'm interested in a purely sociological way. I think the works are quite fascinating, don't you? This is the first time I have ever been through them. I had no idea that the business was so vast and intricate, such a marvelous correlation of human activities. I understand that six thousand men are employed here. Think of it—six thousand workers coöperating in the production of a few simple articles of kitchenware!"

"Government inspector?"

"No. My investigation is a purely personal matter. Do you know that if the gross profit of this business were divided in aliquot parts and apportioned to each worker employed here, each worker would receive sixteen dollars per day?"

"Somebody's got ten of mine," grumbled Bellew. "I'm only getting six dollars. And I'm doing skilled labor too. There had ought to be a mason and a mason's laborer and a 'prentice and a foreman on that wall by rights."

"What are you kicking about?" said the other laborer. "You got a chance to learn something, and not push a wheelbarrow all your life, and you're kicking. It don't take no mason to build a bit of a wall like that."

"But Mr. Bellew is quite right," protested Plato. "His observation does credit to his sense of class solidarity. It is his duty as a worker to bring the capitalistic system to frustration. This result can be obtained by multiplying the labor costs and necessitating the employing of more workers, until the capitalist class perceives that the worker produces everything."

"You mean until they perceive that the worker produces nothing," said the younger laborer. "Well, mister, when that happens around this plant that worker gets canned quick. A fellow has got to pull more'n his own weight or get out. No soldiering here."

"You don't seem to have working-class consciousness," said Plato in a rather surprised tone.

"You're darned right I ain't. I'm a pick-and-shovel man, but I'm not going to be one any longer than I can help. I got higher ideas, mister. Soon's I can buy a truck I'm going to be a blamed contractor on my own hook, and get my legs out of the mud. That's me. I'm willing to go in and mix it according to the rules of the American game, and I'm not worrying a bit for fear I might get ahead of some guy that likes to hold on to a pick. He can have mine. But so long's I got the pick in my hand I ain't taking no chances of getting canned. I got a wife and kid home in my house."

"Under the system of industrial democracy ——" began Plato, settling his glasses more securely on his nose.

"I know all about that there industrial democracy," said the youth roughly. "I heard birds like you squawk before, mister. You're one of these here sovieta, ain't you? Well, what I'm aiming to ask you is—when they have this here industrial democracy are they going to give the jobs to a lot of I-won't-works or are they going to give them to fellows who do a day's work for a day's pay? When that there industrial democracy comes along—when it does—you can bet your hip pockets you will see me sitting pretty."

"With a pick in your mitt," jeered Bellew. "Don't mind him, muster; he don't know nothing. What would they want to have jobs for in them days? They're going to divide up the money, ain't they? I was reading where, if the money in the United States was divided up, everybody would have over eleven hundred dollars. Well, that will do me. I ain't no hog. Why, look at these here works – if we had our rights we would get sixteen dollars a day; two dollars an hour instead of seventy-five cents. That means they owe me ten dollars for today. Why don't they give it to me?"

"They will, Bellew," said the younger laborer. "They will give you some of it tonight when you turn in your check, and more of it tomorrow. Say, the sun is out again, and it's almost time to get back on that wall and point it up."

"I don't see where they get off to make me work like a horse for any miserly six dollars," grumbled Bellew. "There's lots of guys pull big money out of this plant and never do a tap. Never do a tap! Stockholders. Laying around and spending my ten dollars.

"Say, I would like to meet one of those birds with my ten dollars in his hand. Believe me!"

"The system of corporate enterprise is indeed the most obvious wrong of the capitalistic system," said Plato. "It is an outrage that the greater part of the product of the worker's toil should be taken over by stockholders who do not work at all. I believe that all stockholders should, in common self-respect, surrender their liens to the workers and efface themselves. Then, after a leveling of salaries, the workers in the Ferralum Works, for instance, would receive each sixteen dollars per day. I may say, in explanation of my interest in this business, that I am myself a stockholder in the Ferralum Company."

"Then you're the bird's got my ten dollars!" exclaimed Bellew.

"Aw, he means he's got stock," said the other laborer. "Maybe he's got a hundred dollars' worth. Shut up."

"Well, how much of my ten dollars are you got?" persisted the red-headed man. "Now you done a lot of talking, mister; what are you going to do? Or are you just a windjammer, like all these guys that come around talking to workmen?"

"I admit freely," said Plato earnestly, "that I am exploiting you unjustly through being a stockholder in this corporation. But I want you to know that it is not my fault, and that I am with you in heart and soul. I am powerless to change the terms of your wage slavery. However, if the payment by me of a few dollars will help to sustain your faith in humanity and in me I shall be very glad to give you them. You need not hesitate to take them, as they are the result of my stockholding."

"Who's hesitating?" said Bellew. "Do I get my ten dollars?"

"There!" said Plato, handing him a ten-dollar bill from the fifty dollars left him by Mr. Preston.

"Say," said Bellew, his eyes humid with appreciation of the gift, "you're a real good sort. I like you. Say, when are you coming around here again?"

"Where are you going?" demanded the other laborer. "Come on out and get busy on that wall."

"To blazes with the wall," said Bellew. "I'll be around at five o'clock when the whistle blows to get my time for the day. So long!" He strolled away in the direction of the town.

"Put up your money," snapped the other laborer angrily when Plato tendered him ten dollars in turn. "What do you think I am—a bum? I'm an American, mister. When I can't earn a living maybe I will take up panhandling. Say, you must be crazy. What do you want to go and put a crimp in this job for? I had charge of building that wall—it was the first time I was made straw boss—and now it won't be finished right. I can't set that coping by myself. I got to go and make excuses. The only reason that fellow Bellew ever works is because he ain't got the price of a meal, and now you give him the meal and a bottle of gin for nothing. You're a nice job, you are. Say, when did you get out of the bug house?"

"Yesterday afternoon," said Plato.

"Oh, I believe it. You haven't got to joke about it. Say, you be on your way or I'll hand you a good punch in the nose. Go on; get out of here! Are you going?"

Plato was on Main Street that evening when Bellew passed him in the grip of two constables.

"There's the fellow!" shouted Bellew. "Ask him if I ain't right. Oh, I'll go, officer. No violence now, no violence."

"You'll go fast enough," said the constable, shoving his man along.

"What seems to be the matter with him?" asked Plato of a bystander.

"Got tight as a boiled owl," said the other, grinning. "Went down to the window and

(Continued on Page 73)

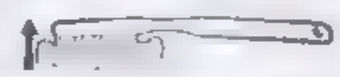
A prominent university recently announced that more than four hundred million teeth in the United States need dental care.

How many of yours are among these four hundred million?

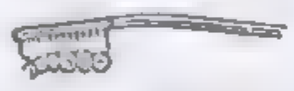
What happens when you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward

Brush your lower teeth upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw, like this



Instead of touching the teeth at a few points like this

With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this

Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this

A PROMINENT university recently announced that more than four hundred million teeth in the United States need dental care. That is an average of nearly four bad teeth to every man, woman, and child in the country.

Not all tooth decay is caused by neglect. Even people who brush their teeth regularly, sometimes have tooth trouble. They do not brush *well*, with the *correct* tooth brush.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made so that it will reach and clean all surfaces of all teeth, even the backs of the back teeth. The long end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush really cleans the surfaces of the back teeth—which ordinary brushes cannot touch. The widely set, serrated (saw tooth) bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic are set in a shape curved to fit the curve of the teeth. They reach and clean the crevices between the teeth, and the depressions in the back teeth, that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is the best brush to clean teeth—and it cleans teeth in the best way. Brush downward over the gums to clean the upper teeth. Reverse the brush, and brush upward over the gums to clean the lower teeth. This brushes dental mucin and food debris away from the gums, and exercises them as well as cleaning the teeth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush was created to clean teeth this better way. Every exclusive feature of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically and correctly designed for better tooth hygiene. See that the name Prophylactic is on the sanitary yellow box when you buy your tooth brush. Remember, a clean tooth never decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the civilized world in the sanitary **yellow box.** *Insist on it. Accept no substitutes. Write for booklet "The Proper Method of Brushing the Teeth," and mail with 4 cents in stamps.*

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

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with deep, soft upholstery, done in rich gre

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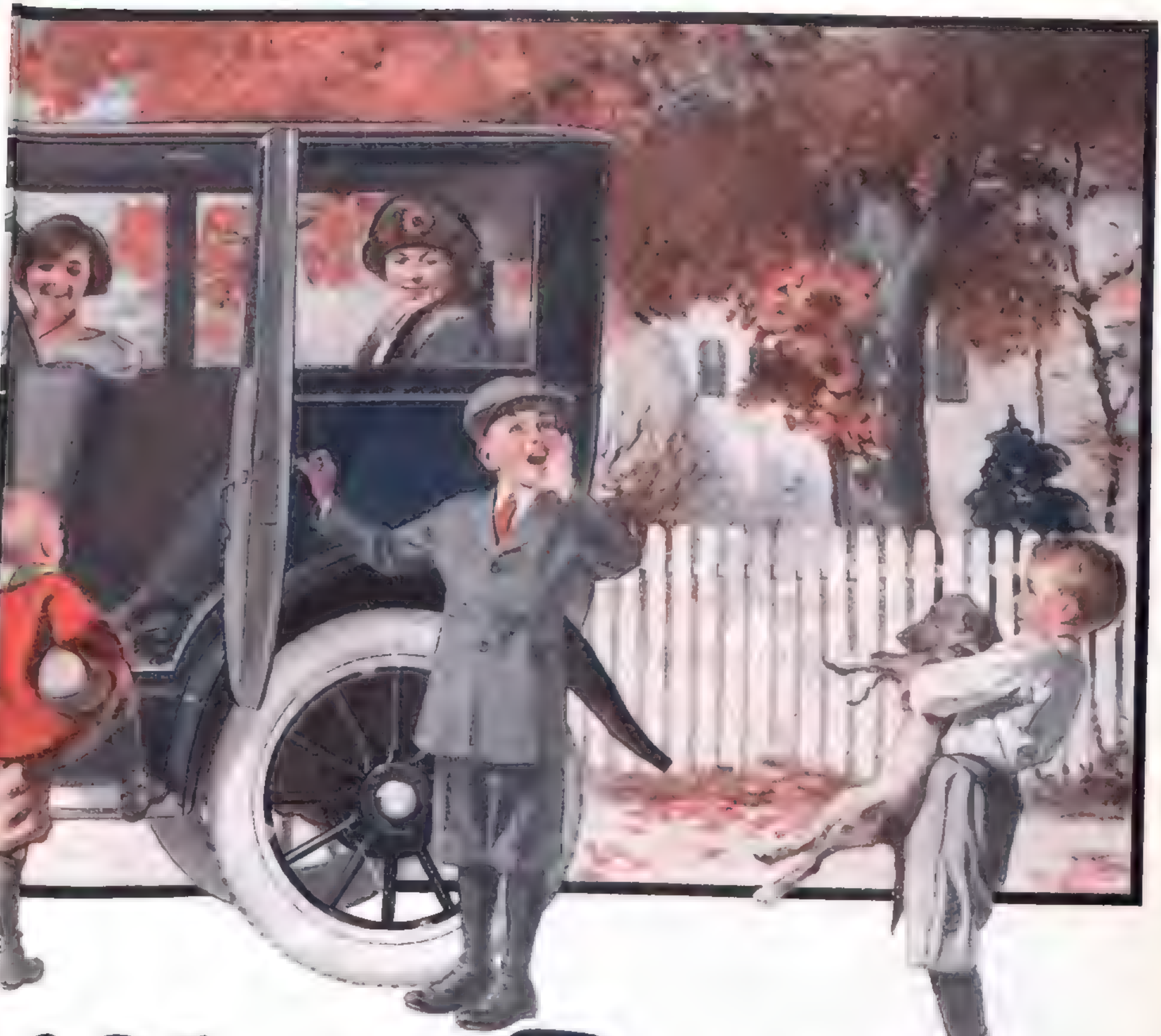

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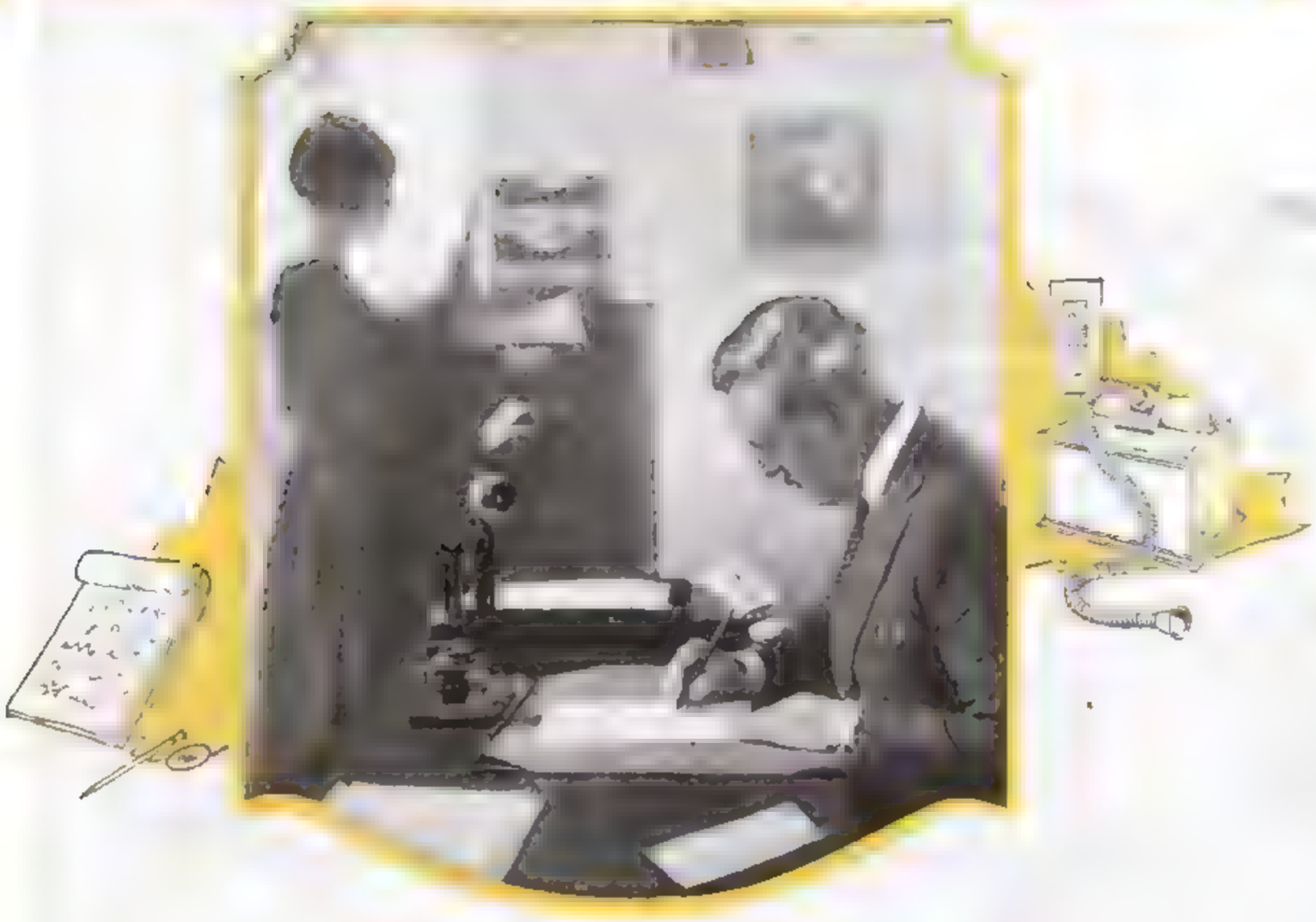
plate glass windows to open when you air and close when you want to shut he wind and rain and cold, with Dura ators to let the door windows *way* down y up quickly;

And a cowl ventilator, and sun visor, and dome light, and real Fisk cord tires, and everything;

And it comes to you at a price you can really afford; runs and runs and runs and gives you all the service and satisfaction in the world at a cost so small it is amazing.

Who could help being happy with all of this? Pack up your troubles and smile at the whole, wide world through the windows of the New Overland Sedan!



Thousands of future letters already written

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They save dictating letters. They save acknowledging letters. They save filing letters.

For years printed forms were supposed to mean billheads, invoices, order blanks, and other simple office forms. But a few years ago business waked up to the fact that anything that has to be done a great many times can be done more quickly and accurately by printed forms.

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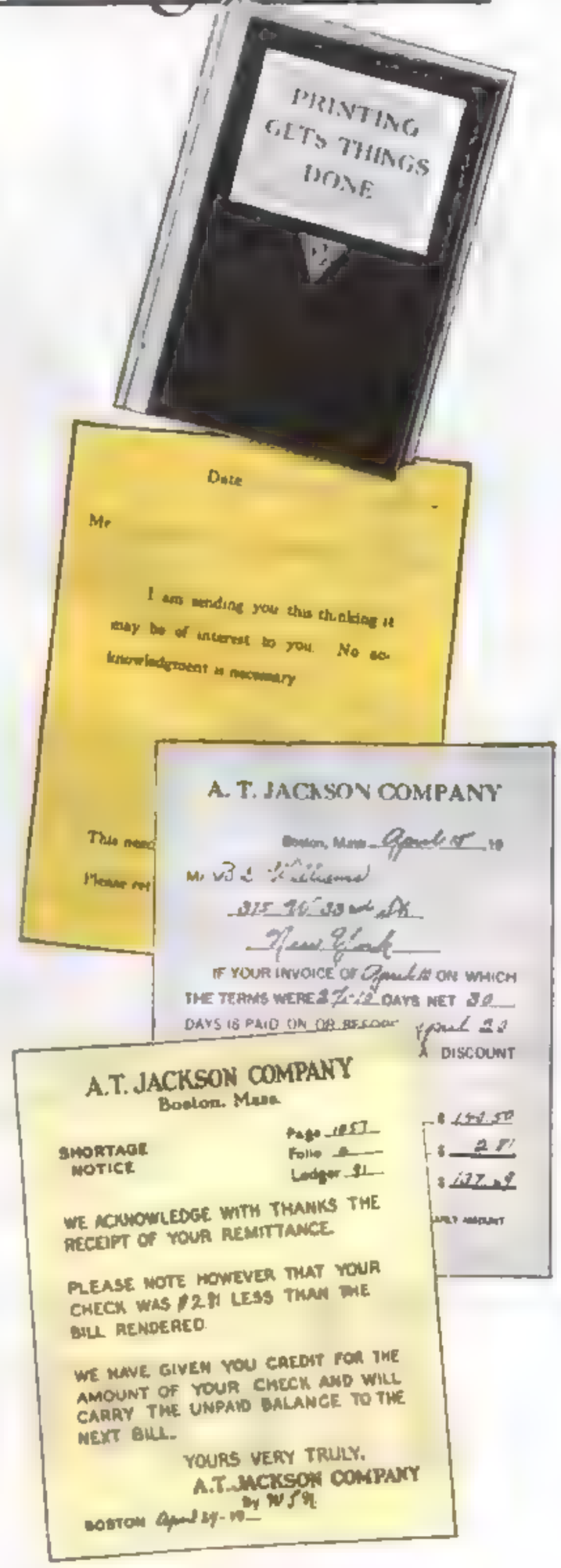
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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 68)

tried to collect sixteen dollars for half a day's work. Raised an awful rumpus."

V

PLATO'S face was a delicate mauve, a soft and beautiful tone of lilac. His hands were putty colored, his overalls were bluish gray. He had achieved this color scheme by powdering himself liberally with dry cement. He grunted and gasped, and succeeded in tilting yet another bag of the cement into the hopper of the mixer, depositing it upon the sand and broken stone. The mixer roared and shook, swallowed the sand and stone and cement, and then churned it about in its great iron belly. The bland concrete, the chyle out of which the new addition to the Ferralum Works was being built, poured sluggishly down a chute into waiting wheelbarrows. Plato rested while the machine assimilated its ration; the three men who were feeding the creature with sand and stone were not permitted to rest; they were filling their barrows again at adjoining piles; Plato had the easiest job of the four, but he was grateful for the surcease from lifting the hundred-pound sacks.

His money had run out, and he had gone to work; when a man went to work in the town of Ferralum he went to work for the Ferralum Company. Plato had chosen to do manual labor; he thought he should thus more readily elude the men who were seeking him to return him to the Garthman Home for Nervous Cases, and he felt that manual labor brought him more intimately and indisputably into the brotherhood of workers. It is also true that he was skilled in no art or subterfuge which should entitle him to get a man's wages among the lily-handed clerks who wore the white collars of the corporation.

"Shake it up, shake it up!" bellowed the foreman tyrannously.

Plato shook the sack, dislodging from it the reluctant last of the cement and powdering himself anew. The foreman had said some time back that cement was a dollar-five a bag; he had said it with an evident feeling of injury, as though the dollar-five was his and not the Ferralum Company's. This foreman had no class consciousness; he did not seem to know that his interests were distinct from those of the corporation, and even antagonistic to them. He seemed to have no mind above the making of liquid concrete. Plato wiped his glasses and looked at him reprovingly. Plato had been used to thinking and to saying that the capitalistic system in America was built on a volcano; now that he was exploring the underpinning of the system for himself he was finding it not more than moderately warm; the vast majority of the workers yearned intensely to rise with all possible rapidity, but only that they might come to be seated on the *soi-disant* volcano themselves.

This foreman was a brutal slave driver, one of the Simon Legrees of the system. He was a powerful brute, standing there in his tauntingly white shirt and irritatingly unflecked blue trousers; his brown forearms were like hams, his stomach sagged over his belt, his great face was puffed with good living. He never did a stroke of work; simply stood by and bellowed. He was a traitor to his class, an accomplice of the system, driving the workers. He was not even a Nord, deviling a lesser breed through the necessity of his imperial blood; the men whom he harried were Nords, fair-skinned Poles and Lithuanians, but the dark-faced foreman was a Latin.

Plato had examined with instinctive approval the doctrine of Nordicism; if it did not conceive of society economically as a junction of workers and exploiters, thin and fat, slaves and masters, it did at least concede that society, American society, was made up of refractory parts. That was an advance on the cheap mouthings of Fourth of July orators, on the antiquated preamble to the Declaration of Independence. The disciple of Nordicism was an aristocrat, looking quite away from the industrial democracy, but he knew at least that the constitution of affairs in America had to be radically changed if the right people were to get what was coming to them without too much effort. No more than Plato could any right-minded Nordicist have looked upon this obviously Mediterranean foreman without uneasiness amounting to revolt. Plato rested a sack on the edge of the hopper and meditated on this foreman in his dual character of parasite and usurper.

"Hey-y-y!" bellowed the foreman, lazing on his fat elbows on a plank between two barrels. "Shake it up there, big fellow. Shake it up!"

A telephone bell shrilled in the tool house; the foreman went to answer it, shouting a direction over his shoulder. The supplies of sand and stone were running low; immediately after his departure the sand ran out. The machine stopped; the four laborers waited; the engineer raised his hands from his controls and lighted his pipe. A large automobile truck piled high with yellow sand approached the group, rolling slowly and cautiously over the broken ground.

"Hey!" shouted the driver. "Where does this go? How about dumping it? What do you say?"

"A-sure," said the tow-headed Pole who had been wheeling sand.

This man, whom Plato knew as Steve, grinned cheerfully and pushed his barrow out of the way of the truck. The driver piloted his vehicle to the place where the sand had been, the steel bottom of the truck opened, and four tons of sand fell to the ground. Plato handed him a ticket as per the foreman's instructions; the truck trundled away. The foreman came from the tool house.

"Hey!" he bellowed enragedly. "What dumb-bell told that fellow to dump that sand there? Can't I turn my back on you boneheads for a minute? Now that sand has all got to be carried out of there. We're through here, Jim. Bring your mixer around to the other side of the building. Hey, big fellow, you take a shovel and a wheelbarrow and help Steve truck that sand over where it belongs. I never see such a bunch of boneheads in all my time."

The engineer climbed into his machine, which roared and shook and got under way; it went off draggingly, and came to a halt two hundred feet farther on beside a pile of cement sacks. A load of broken stone came in from the road and was dumped beside the machine in its new location.

"Shake it up with that sand!" bellowed the foreman. "Shake it up back there!"

"A-sure, boss," muttered Steve, plunging his shovel into the yellow heap.

Plato returned from placing planks end to end and seized the waiting shovel. He heaped his barrow high, lifted the handles, and started to push it along the line of planks.

He had raised the handles readily enough, but the propelling of the load developed unexpected difficulties. Steve had gone off almost at a trot; his barrow rolled along like a thing on four wheels; but Plato's barrow developed a dismaying will of its own.

It ran deceitfully, decoying Plato on, and then it sat down and refused to budge. When he had exerted all his strength to stir it, it leaped like a thing of life and fought him to get off the runway; its two handles rested tractably in his grasp, and then one suddenly upheaved to wrest itself free, while the other struck viciously to cut his legs from under him. His height abetted the barrow in its viciousness; he bent over it in his perplexity, spoke to it, coaxed it to be good. It seemed to repent of its rascality and ran tractably along. It held to the exact middle of the plank; it gave over struggling and ran forward with eagerness, even pulling Plato. He was delighted; he had solved the secret of the netting streases and strains which result in the running of a wheelbarrow. He straightened his aching back. And then the barrow, abandoning its treacherous pretense, struck up with one hard handle at his chin, did a nose dive and pulled Plato over on top of itself. The sand was spilled, but Plato wrestled on grimly for mastery of the empty barrow; it gave a mighty heave, threw Plato to the earth and then fell on him with all its weight, to smother him. When he had finally clawed the barrow away, so that he could get to his feet and stagger back from it with fending arm, the foreman was there.

"You shovel," said the foreman in an exhausted whisper. "Steve will do the wheeling. Say, big fellow, if you didn't look like you ain't had a meal in God knows when I'd give you your time right now."

And all afternoon Plato shoveled sand into a wheelbarrow. Steve gave him no time to rest. Steve needed no rest—the barrows ran most sweetly for him—and the foreman shouted continuously for sand. He was himself being driven; from the interior of the rising building came intermittently a yell of "Murder! Murder!" Late in the afternoon Plato guessed that the fearsome yelling was coming from some person with a foreign accent who was in acute need of mortar. Plato had no time for pondering curiously on linguistic quirks; he shoveled. His back gave way on him; he shoveled along without it. His wrists lost feeling, his clutched fingers were insensitive to the handle. He couldn't stop; he was caught in the machinery of the Ferralum Company. When the five-o'clock whistle blew he let himself go, and sat in a disordered heap with hanging head and shoulders.

"And, for heaven's sake, big fellow," said the foreman plaintively, "quit your stalling and give us a day's work tomorrow, will you?"

Steve was industriously gathering short lengths of wood. He made these into a great bundle, slung it over his shoulder, called to Plato, and trudged off to the road beside the brick wall of the works. Plato stumbled to his feet and followed him. His mind revived when the incubus of ceaseless toil was removed.

"And men do this sort of thing for years on end for four-eighty per day," he said thoughtfully.

"A-sure," said Steve.

"It's a crime," said Plato. "It is wage slavery at its dreadfulest. Four-eighty per day, when, if all dividends were allocated to wages, each man should receive sixteen dollars! And even that would be too little; that would be to give an equal share to all employes, even to that miserable foreman who only stood around. Perhaps he is already receiving his sixteen dollars; there would be an exquisite irony in that."

"A-sure," nodded Steve agreeably.

"And yet," said Plato combatively, "you must admit that the foreman has his uses; you are wrong to deny him some share in the profits of the corporation. You remember when the truck came with the sand today, while he was telephoning. None of us was sufficiently acquainted with the project in hand to take the foreman's place; for lack of a moment of his direction the sand was dumped in the wrong place, and that mistake cost five hours' common labor. You could have handled the sand alone if it had been properly placed; viewed in that light, my entire toil of the afternoon equaled only a moment of the foreman's time. You must think of that, Steve."

"A-sure."

"But now you are jumping to the conclusion that the foreman is entitled to greater pay than the laborer," said Plato, raising a critical finger. "There again you are wrong, Steve. His work is so much pleasanter. Any of us, I have no doubt, would prefer being a foreman. But just a moment, Steve! If any of us would prefer being a foreman, why, I ask you, is it that we are not all foremen? It must be that the qualities needed in a foreman—the overbearing voice, the glaring eye, and, let us add, the modicum of intelligence—are not enough developed in us. Viewed in that light, the foreman is a superior person, provided, that is, that the end proposed is the production of wealth apart from its distribution. You will not deny that the usufruct of labor should be divided according to the needs of the workers, will you? Ah, I knew you would not. But in pursuing this train of thought you have doubtless come upon this debatable point: Will men of unequal abilities all work their level best when the distribution of the product of the joint toil is to be in equal parts? Would this foreman do his best for sixteen dollars if we were each receiving the same amount?"

"A-sure," said Steve tranquilly.

"Perhaps so," said Plato relievedly. "I am glad to believe it of him. Oh, by the way, you are going to attend the mass meeting of employes at the Opera House this evening? They say that a subject of the greatest moment to the workers is to be discussed and voted on."

A motor truck, liberally decorated with red, white and blue, rolled toward them. It was packed with workingmen in their work clothes; beside the driver on the seat sat a man who blew a bugle. On the sides of the truck were large placards:

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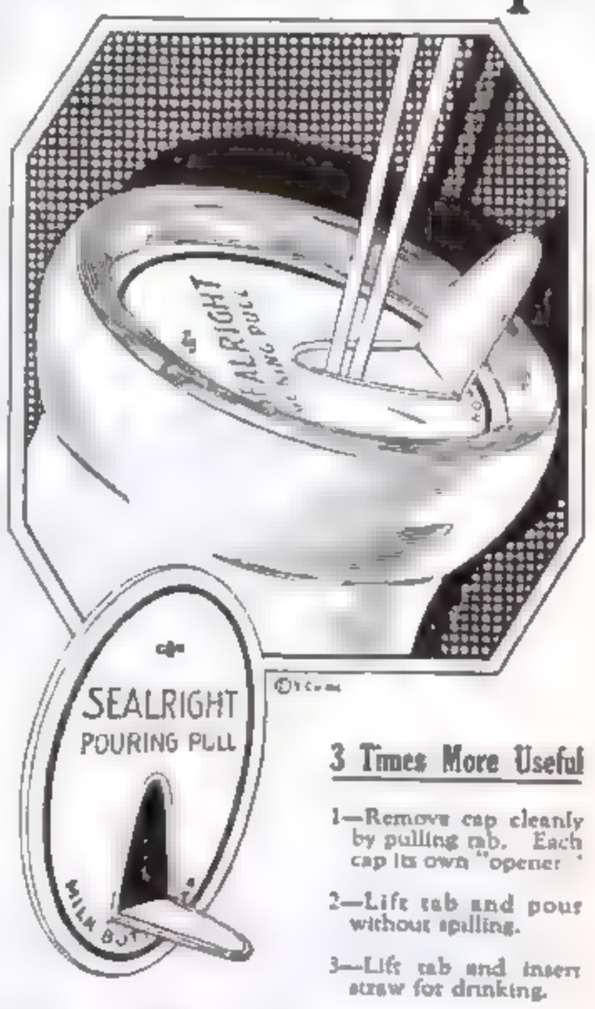

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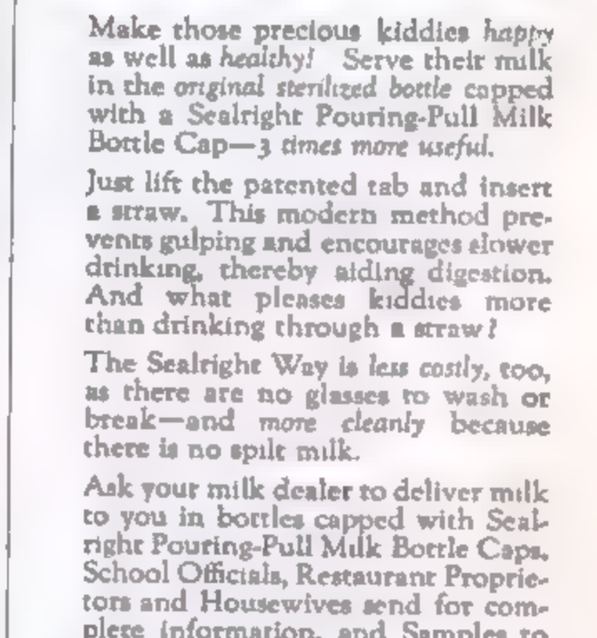

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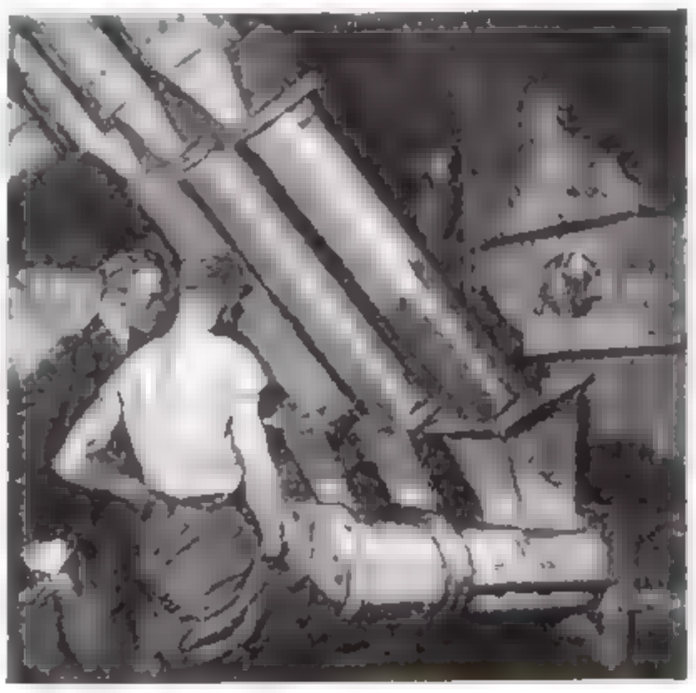

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"A-sure!" cried Steve. He threw his firewood down by the side of the road, ran, leaped like a cat, and was pulled over the tailboard of the truck.

"Strange," murmured Plato, staring after the truck. "I wonder what he can see in that sort of thing. He is certainly a very intelligent fellow; some of his observations were positively penetrating. It is unfortunate that we must look for guidance to these foreigners, but they do indeed seem to take the leadership in all radical movements. No doubt he has gone to this silly political demonstration to propagandize, to bore from within. But not all workers are of his sort; many of them are willing to do the most exhausting toil, but decline to do any thinking. As these men are shirking a vital part of the productive process, is it just to pay them a full wage?"

Revolving his discovery that not all workers were earnest students, but that some of them were almost as inert intellectually as the horses that get only their oats and beds and no pother made about it, he continued on his way into the town.

VI

"WHO'S that?" asked Plato after a ragged but hearty cheer had gone up from the crowd in the street outside the Opera House.

"That's Groner," said the workman whom he addressed. "President of the Inside Metal Workers of America. Great man, Groner. Yes, sir-ree. Came here to take care of us, he did. They won't pull no wool over his eyes. Hooray for Groner!"

As the labor leader climbed the five steps to the doors Plato had a good look at him. He saw a man verging on sixty years of age but of still powerful physique; Groner had been a smith in his youth, and he had still the mighty hands and the big shoulders given him by his long swinging of the sledge. His smooth face was decent and disciplined, restrained, meditative; it could have been the face of a very brainy man or the face of a majestic numskull. The light and life of a man's countenance pass with the years; he learns to conceal his thoughts, to look impassive; the muscular fabric responds with increasing tardiness to the impulse of the spirit, and then it comes to set. Thus all old men of a sort come to look alike. One sees, sitting with majesty on a stool to close a court-room door and keep the wind away, an old fellow with the face of a Roman senator; he has voted for every candidate of his party since 1861. He looks like the judge inside who took to the law when young and who would cease to draw his breath at once if the act of breathing were not copiously precedented. In the witness chair sits a worthy third, an old minister of God, come to say what slight good he may of an arraigned thief; the thief's face works, his mouth twitches, his eyes glare or plead; his soul, alone of the four, is disordered.

In Groner's heavy face was patience; patience is imprinted on the face of any cross-legged tailor. Groner gave no heed to the cheer; the man who is always cheered and the man who is never cheered are equally indifferent to a lifted shout. An anthropologist, looking on man as a study in natural history, would have noted that Groner's face was square and well-boned; his parents had been well-fed. The eager face, the sharpened face, the intellectual countenance indicate poorly nourished and dyspeptic forbears. Genuinely spiritual faces are common among races whose histories are enlivened with famines; the well-fed hippopotamus does not look spiritual, but the ever-hungry mosquito is a wraith from the land of Fairie. Groner was of Middle European extraction, out of the fat lands, Dutch perhaps, German. Any physiognomist, given Groner's name, his occupation, his history, his habits, his hobbies and foibles, and a brief sketch of his family life, could read Groner's countenance unerringly and at single shrewd and darting glance. Plato looked long and searchingly, and saw only a decent old man walking into the Opera House.

"Hooray for Groner!" shouted the workman to whom Plato had spoken; he had climbed the terra-cotta lion that guarded the Opera House, and was now balancing himself on the awesome brute's uplifted mane.

Plato was carried into the Opera House on a tide of rushing men. Plato's head was well above the crowd; he could see all about him and determine which way he would go; short fellows, with no visible heads, had to keep their noses pressed to the necks of the men before them, but Plato, man of vision, was free to look and to choose; he set his face toward a very front seat in the orchestra, and his face was still set thither flintily when he came to rest in a very back seat of the topmost gallery; he could do his thinking and choosing up above in a spirit of the utmost independence, but he had to do his walking down below. A giant, a genius, can brace his monumental legs and withstand the crowd and swirl it after him, but lesser men should allow for the tide in laying a course. Plato might have got a seat in the family circle if he had set his mind on it.

Eleven men were sitting on the stage; they were the committee of employes and Groner. One of the local men rose to introduce Groner. The local man smiled with ghastly resolution, opened his mouth and spake. As he began to speak a dozen burly men in white favors, standing in the aisles, turned to the audience and shouted "Silence! Stop that talking! Hey, shut up, can't you?"

The man on the stage swallowed visibly and pulled at his collar. When the hushers had been hushed he recommenced. He began with a story.

"Two Irishmen," he shouted, "were once ——" The crowd roared with laughter, but several men in the front seats got the rest of the story; they told it behind their hands to those behind, who passed it on. The speaker's periods were punctured by laughter, nor could he foresee this laughter; he was done with the two Irishmen and would have them decently laid away in his bag of tricks, but the audience was delighted with them and bandied them about like two brilliant emerald balloons. The laughter climbed the stairs, leaped frolicsomely about in the family circle, found the next stair and jumped to Plato's gallery. The speaker had flung a hand toward the impassive, Groner had said, no doubt, that he needed no introduction to any man present. Groner was speaking, had come to speak dogmatically, striking his big fist into his palm. Plato's neighbor, a stout and seemingly placid but woefully obstinate gentleman, said, leaning forward, "Ts-sst! Vot vos dot vun aboudt dem two Irishers?"

"Sh-h-h!" said Plato.

The obstinate neighbor turned slowly and creakingly and stared into Plato's face. "Excoose me," he said with freezing politeness. "Did you hear dot vun aboudt dem two Irishers? Vel, mine friendt, I didn't hear dot vun. Maybe I should shut up aboudt it, ain't it?"

"It was a rather trivial anecdote," said Plato hurriedly. "I do not see that it was at all in point, but if you will insist on hearing it, it went this way: It appears that there were two Irishmen, natives of Ireland, you understand, who had just landed in America as immigrants. They intended to reside here permanently, you understand. And ——"

"Shush!" said an usher.

The neighbor turned slowly toward the usher. "You mind your business, and I mind mine, ain't it? You are neither here nor there, young man. I don't vant no conversations mit you. Go on, sir. There vas two Irishers vot vas chust landed. Ches-ss. Vas it on Ellis Island yet, may I inquire?"

"I didn't hear that," mumbled Plato. "And really ——"

"Oh-h, you didn't hear dot," moaned the neighbor. "But you chust said you heard aboudt the two Irishers, ain't it? Excoose, please."

"This were the way of it, Dutchy," said Plato's neighbor on the other side, leaning across to elucidate. He spoke with a broad Kerry accent, slowly and earnestly, raising his voice at the end of every phrase. "There were two Irishmen, men from the ould country, and they come over in the ship."

"In der chip," nodded the other with closest attention. "In der chip, vas it?"

"In the ship," said the Kerry man, clinching that point by smacking his palms together under Plato's nose. "Or was it in the ship, I dunno? Well, be that as it may, they come over. And how, in heaven's name, Dutchy, would they come over to this country at all at all if it wasn't that they come in the ship?"

"Maybe this gentleman here might have heard dot," said the other, willing to accept Plato's arbitration.

"I don't know how they came over," snapped Plato, straining to catch Groner's speech. *(Continued on Page 76*

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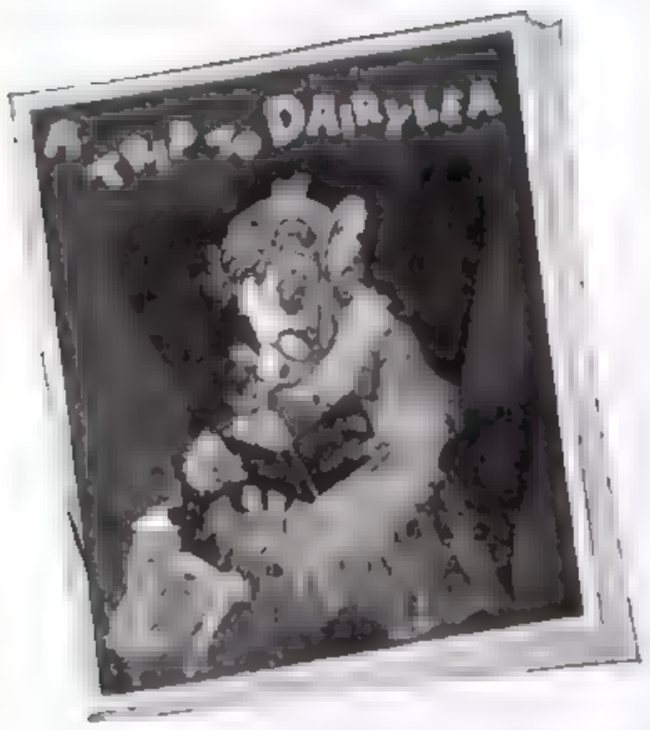

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(Continued from Page 74)

"You came over in a ship yourself, didn't you?"

"No," snarled Plato. "My people have been American for eight generations."

"And der papa was an American too? Oh-h. He is working?"

"My father is dead. My mother is dead. For goodness' sake, let me listen to Mr. Groner."

"Oh-h, he vants to listen yet. Go on, young man—listen. But aboudt der two Irishers ——"

When Groner had done, there was half-hearted applause. The local man came forward and said something about putting something to a vote.

In utter exasperation Plato cried a question aloud, "What is the question to be balloted on?"

A confusion of cries broke out:

"Where is he?"

"Who said that?"

"What did he say?"

"Stand up!"

The local man shouted that the question was as to whether the employes of the Ferralum Company should accept a 15 per cent cut in their pay until such time as the market for the corporation's products should revive. Silence followed his statement and then the cries recommenced. There were evidently many dissenters in the house, and these regarded Plato as their spokesman.

"Let him talk!"

"Stand up!"

"Take the stage!"

"No, no, no cut!"

"Hey, Groner, who paid you to cut the wages?"

Plato's two neighbors took of him each an arm, lifted him smartly and marched him down steps to the guard rail of the gallery.

They left him there and returned to their seats, sitting now together.

"But really, gentlemen ——" expostulated Plato, holding on to the guard rail.

"Louder!"

"Go on, big fellow!"

"That's the talk to give them!"

Sudden courage suffused Plato; panic might have seized him as easily.

"I did not expect to address you," he said in a high and creaking voice. "I confess that I did not catch much of what Mr. Groner said. But it seems to me that the question is one on which no argument is necessary. I think it is perfectly preposterous to consider reducing the pitifully inadequate share of labor in the product of its toil."

"Hooray!"

"That's the ticket!"

"Give it to him, big fellow!"

"Brother workers," shouted Plato, his voice filling out, to his continued encouragement, "do not let any emissary of the capitalist class persuade you to take a backward step! The share of labor must never be reduced; it must be constantly increased, until the exploiters surrender at last the expropriated means of production. Everything that the capitalists possess was produced by labor, and by labor alone; I defy any apologist for the present pernicious system to contradict this statement. We workers dug the ore, we workers sweated in the rolling mills, we workers made the machines of the Ferralum Company. Why do not we workers own these machines? Because we've been tricked and cheated. The entire product of these machines belongs to us. I defy Mr. Groner himself to disprove that the Ferralum Company produces enough wealth to pay every man here sixteen dollars a day! I defy him; yes, Mr. Groner, I defy you; I do indeed, sir. We workers do not receive our fair share because the company insists on paying conscienceless dividends to its stockholders. And, I wish to say, I am a stockholder of the Ferralum Company, and know whereof I speak. And, Mr. Groner, I wish to add that with all due deference to you and to your lifelong participation in the class struggle ——"

But then his brittle courage broke; he sat down suddenly on the steps and refused to resume, howsoever pleaded with. The question was put to a standing vote and, after the protracted counting, was decided in the negative by a slight majority. The wages would not be cut with the consent of the employes. Plato's little speech, by giving encouragement to the dissidents to refuse the advice of the revered Groner, undoubtedly aided in bringing the result about.

"Which only shows," said Groner, shrugging his shoulders, "that you need organization in this plant. It will be a good thing for you and a good thing for the company. You're open shop now, and there's no head or tail to you; any darned fool can get up and make a darned-fool speech and get you shouting. You'll learn, and pretty darned quick. You'll learn to get your affairs into the hands of people who know what they're about. The gentlemen who asked me to come here called this meeting to try and show the company that workmen had as much sense as a board of directors, and could see further than their noses. So they can, when they're organized. Join the local of Inside Workers that's forming, men. Good-by and good luck."

"And good night!" shouted someone with a jeering implication.

There was a rumble of mocking laughter. Groner's heavy face did not lose its composure; he bowed slightly but courteously, and marched from the stage. Plato hurried downstairs to see the labor leader leave the house. After a wait Groner walked out and passed between silent masses to a waiting automobile; he must have been conscious of the hostile atmosphere, but his glance was sober and inquiring and untroubled.

"Say, friend," said a workman, pressing up to Plato, "you're the fellow got up and made a speech, ain't you? Say, we want you to come around to my house tomorrow night; we want to get together on organizing a local of the Inside Workers, and we need some smart men. We need fellows like you, fellows that know something; we're drafting you, see? You'll give us a hand, won't you? I don't mind saying that if you're the man we want there'll be something in it; you'll be able to lay down your tools, see? We'll have to have officers, and all that, and you seem to have education. What do you say?"

"I should be ever so glad to assist you," said Plato, "but there are difficulties; I should not care to take a position involving publicity; not at the present time."

"Ah, be a good fellow," broke in another workman. "Lend us a hand. There'll be an organizer from the central body, but we want some of our own people. Come on, do something for us!"

Plato escaped with difficulty from these men. He was troubled in mind as he walked to his room. The flat and matter-of-fact tone in which Groner had spoken his farewell had disturbed Plato; the famous leader, Plato gathered, believed that labor's side was not the only one to the economic problem, possibly not the only worthy one; Groner had suggested compromising. Plato's accosting by the workmen outside the opera house was also food for thought; he wrote a page in his notebook before going to bed. It began this way:

Aside from their indefensible monopolizing of the instruments of production, it is perhaps arguable that the position of the employers is not entirely that of exploiters of Labor. The economic process requires subordination; there is some ground for the theory that the subordination of the mass of workers and the authority of the employers are by will and suffrage of the workers and are not imposed from above. I have been tendered a position of command, and the offer was made by workers out of their self-interest. Consider this in connection with Dugacz's Law of Wage Slavery.

VII

"GREASE your pan," said Miss Hattie Price. "Spread a layer of the cold fish, and then a layer of bacon, and then a layer of onions sliced, and then another layer of the cold fish. Pour over it a pint of milk, and bake for about half an hour; baste it once in a while with the milk. The way the recipe read when I got it from Ma Petersen it called for raw fish filleted, but it's nice for the day after fish day too. You said it tasted like what? Oh, ambrosia. What a funny comparison! I'm sure we had ambrosia in Botany 3, and it was a kind of weed."

"It means the food of the gods, Miss Price," said Plato, smiling moonishly at her through his thick lenses.

"Not in Botany 3, it doesn't," said Miss Price. "But I'm awfully glad you liked it. Pass the gingerbread to Mr. Hines, mamma."

The gingerbread was good, too, but Plato did not search the books for a fitting epithet. Miss Price was not poetic; she spoke English by the dictionary, as if it were an acquired tongue, as if it were a scientific terminology. She spoke clearly and distinctly, with a firm cordiality and with a sense of instructing and leading an infirm mind; Plato was an escaped lunatic. Probably she would not have spoken otherwise if she had been sure that he was of sound understanding; poetry and humor were not congruous with Miss Hattie Price. She had winked at Plato in the library window to warn him, solemnly. She could laugh at a joke, and did, under proper circumstances, laugh politely and frankly and collectedly, with no perturbation of mind, with no giddiness from that intellectual volte-face which is a joke. She was good-looking; worse-looking girls but girls with a bit of mischief in them have been given beauty prizes. She was of medium height and athletic figure; her blue eyes were large and friendly; her mouth was large; her brown hair was heavy and shining; her face was broad. Her girl friends wondered why Hattie did not attract beaus; her male friends agreed with depressing unanimity that Hattie Price was a wonderful girl, a girl that any fellow, any other fellow, would be very lucky to get; Hattie and the other fellow had their best wishes. There was no glamour about Hattie, no promise of thrill; when she spoke, her voice was pleasant but a bit off key; it made a fellow's conversation with her as bald as a court record; what wasn't uttered wasn't there; there were no caressing intonations in it; commonplaces were commonplaces and not terms in a secret code. Hattie was as honest as the written word, as obvious as the line; the young men were attracted by girls who were as deceitful as music, as luring to discovery as a perfume. Plato had encountered her on the street, had accompanied her home, and had sat contentedly on her mother's porch until half-past eight, when Hattie invited him to stay for the evening meal. He had accepted, saving Mrs. Price from the pangs of starvation; he had demurred at first, saying that he must really be going soon.

Mrs. Price would not have complained if he had sat on the porch between her and her supper until daybreak. She was always looking forward to the worst and was serene when it came. It was her chiefest pleasure to sit in the dark and croon a sad song and cry. She spoke always in a high slight voice that was hardly more than a whisper; she was very meek. She revered men. She thought that Hattie was a next-to-worthless girl, loved her very much, and usually spoke depreciatingly of her. She meant well, none better, but couldn't seem to get her intentions over. She was poor-spirited and low-spirited; she was looking forward now to speaking candidly to Plato about Hattie. She admired Plato, and smiled at him with dovelike eyes. Hattie was her only child; she loved her for her father's sake. Hattie's father was a minister of the Gospel; he had lived with Mrs. Price for ten years, and had then gone to his eternal reward. Hattie's mother—dressed of purpose in the equivalent of sackcloth and ashes, whispering, weeping, walking with the slithering toddle of a Chinaman—had been a help in segregating Hattie; certainly no one would marry Hattie for the sake of getting such a mother-in-law. But that is where one would have missed a trick; Mrs. Price would have been a mother-in-law in a million, effacing herself, seconding the man in all family rows, going over his closeted clothes like a moth, adoring the children for their helplessness. She absorbed pity and radiated it. If she had been Italian or French she would have joined some utterly sacrificial order of nuns after the dominie died; she would serenely have left Hattie to shift for herself, hoping that she would get along very well, confident that she deserved any ill fortune.

Plato liked Hattie increasingly. She had a mind of her own. He was used to girls' flattery; he had spoken to not a few young women about the serious things of life, and he had been a very eligible young man. They had said to him "Imagine!" and "How true," and "I just love deep subjects, Mr. Hines. I don't know how it is, but mamma always says I love deep subjects." They had heroically taken on for him the pale cast of thought. It is probably so that if the most buoyant-minded of these aspiring maids, that one whose thoughts had the least specific gravity, had had the vision to tell him that his deep subjects were all tosh to her, that she didn't give a rub of a nail buffer for economics or sociology, that she was interested only in having a good time and gathering her rosebuds while she might, he would have been staggered by her, shaken out of his bookishness, perhaps sincerely converted to jazz and petting parties. But this buoyant-minded one, we may well imagine, had not respected her way of living, had not distilled from it its philosophy, had not known that the pursuit of pleasure as a girl's chief end had been justified by seigniors as grave and reverend as any who encouraged Plato in his philosophy of service. She distrusted the impulses of her nature, the motions of her soul, instead of accepting them, a priori, as guides to virtuous conduct. Hattie wasn't like that.

After the meal they sat on the porch; Mrs. Price washed the dishes. Hattie had cooked the supper because she liked to cook and because she couldn't trust her mother not to put tainted scraps into the pot. Mrs. Price threw no remainders away; to throw food away is sinful, and the line between food and garbage is hazy, as any housewife knows who has balanced a chop between the man of the house and the dog. Mrs. Price boiled up all vegetable peelings and fruit skins except banana skins. She reverenced the apple, that prime American fruit, in all its parts; only wheat she revered more; when she made pie she saved the peelings to simmer for a medicine, but she could throw away banana skins with not more than a natural qualmishness; no native god watched with jealous eye her treatment of bananas. She would not throw away stale bread, wheaten bread; she hoarded the hard and moldy heels of loaves. Hattie did not struggle to relieve her mother of household drudgery; her mother was happiest when performing servile tasks; she was imbued with a spirit of service and sacrifice; she was silent as she stirred the dishes about in the hot water; Hattie would be alert to find her some knitting or mending to do when the dishes were done and she turned to song.

"How are you getting along down at the Ferralum, Mr. Hines?" asked Hattie.

"Most satisfactorily. The experience is very enriching."

"That's nice. You got a raise, did you?"

"Oh—money. I don't refer to money, Miss Price. I have money enough for my needs. I have no desire to make money. A man who devotes himself to money-making is a very shallow and superficial sort."

"Well, he shouldn't be mean about it; but I do think a young man ought to work hard and try to get ahead and get rich. A smart fellow like you, Mr. Hines, ought to get ahead fast enough. I think you would show a very bad spirit if you were to be satisfied because you have all the money you need just now. What about later on, when you get married and have children and all that? You won't want to work so hard in those days; you will want to sit around and boss things."

"But I have plenty of money in any event, Miss Price. I told you that."

"I know you did," she said soothingly. "But don't talk that way; it is bad for your poor head. Just try and imagine that you haven't a dollar in the world except your pay."

"That is true, too, in a way," he said after a moment's pause.

"Now you're getting it. Keep thinking like that, and saying it to yourself like Doctor Who's-this, and the first thing you know your head will clear up and you will laugh at all your funny notions."

"I assure you, Miss Price," he said, "that the confusion is in your mind and not in mine. But if I should grant you, for the sake of argument, that my wealth is only a delusion, that would not invalidate in any way my economic and social theories."

"But, Mr. Hines," she said, "if you didn't have any money you'd have to look out for yourself, and you couldn't waste your time worrying about other people. It is because you think you have a lot of money that you don't care about making money, and you think it would be a good thing if nobody else was allowed to make a fortune."

"On the contrary," he said, "the men who have preached the industrial revolution with the most fervor and ability have been poor men. Look at Karl Marx—his economics is largely antiquated, but——"

"Why wouldn't they want a revolution," she cried triumphantly, "seeing that they have nothing to lose by it? That just proves what I said."

"It seems that everything proves what you say."

"And that is because I am right," she said. "I know something of what I am talking about, because dad was a minister. He did not care about making money, either, and he got four hundred and twenty dollars a year. I think it is a mortal shame

(Continued on Page 81)

6 new Ford stories

Road chat, without chatter!

I have just come back from a long trip on the concrete-asphalt-macadam-dirt roads that all motorists travel. I have been calling on motor car owners and motor oil dealers.

The six stories below are a few of the actual experiences of dealers who sell Veedol Fordol and Ford owners who use it—told in their own words. I know you will find these stories interesting but the most convincing thing I can tell you is **one fact** that proves the sweeping success of Veedol Fordol since it was put on the market a little over a year ago.

Each month's sales of Veedol Fordol—since July, 1922—have at least doubled the sales of the preceding month!

Why not give Veedol Fordol a chance to prove its worth in **your** Ford car? Have your dealer drain out the old oil and pour in just four quarts of Veedol Fordol. I'll be surprised if you, too, don't write me a new Ford story. Here's my name and address:

L. H. Dickson

Sales Manager

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION
11 Broadway, New York

Yonkers, N. Y.
Auto Supply Dealer

"Without exception in every instance where I have drained Ford crankcases and replaced the old oil with Veedol Fordol my customers have informed me of their complete satisfac tion and absolute elimination of chatter. From a selling standpoint, I am so thoroughly convinced as to the quality and performance of Veedol Fordol that I am selling it to my customers on a money-back guarantee."

Methuen, Mass.
Public Garage

"We have been selling Veedol Fordol and using it and cannot recommend it too highly. It stops the chatter immediately and gives much more gasoline and oil mileage, and due to the smooth running of the car, keeps down repair bills. I have built up a very profitable business among Ford owners through the sale of this oil. Many of my customers state that it is the best oil they ever used in their cars."

West Philadelphia, Pa.
Ford Owner

"I have been using Veedol Fordol in my Ford coupé with exceptionally satisfactory results. Drain oil at from 600 to 700 miles. Seldom add any oil during this mileage.

"Am getting from 21 to 25 miles to a gallon of gas on Veedol Fordol, which you will admit is some mileage. Have driven car over 8,000 miles, and find brake bands in good condition. Have never been renewed. No chattering, when using Veedol Fordol."

Duluth, Minn.
Ford Owner

"Please send me the names and addresses of your dealers in Duluth. I used Fordol all the way from Nyack, N.Y. to Chicago and it gave me perfect satisfaction. From Chicago to Duluth I used various other brands and find that the chatter has come back.

"I would be pleased to have the book 'One Hundred One Economies for the Motorist.' Please mail me a copy."

A Traveling Salesman
Somewhere on the road

"One night last November I was looking over The Saturday Evening Post, and saw your ad. It interested me so much that next morning I had my crankcase drained, and filled with Veedol Fordol. I need hardly tell you that I noticed the difference immediately, and have used nothing else since.

"I have found that all your claims for Veedol Fordol are true. It certainly eliminates chatter and I get more mileage to the gallon of gasoline. I have found that my car coasts with greater ease and I have a smooth running engine at all times. I am recommending Veedol Fordol to all my friends who are Ford owners."

Hood River, Oregon
Ford Agent

"Having used Veedol Fordol and sold it now for about a year we can truthfully say that we are more than pleased with results achieved. I have used Veedol Fordol in my own car for nearly ten thousand miles. The special gear ratio of my car enables me to obtain a speed of 59 miles per hour.

"In spite of the high motor speed the bearings have stood up perfectly, and even though road conditions here render transmission linings short lived, I have continued to use standard Ford linings and was still using the second set of linings during the mileage above mentioned."

VEEDOL FORDOL

The new economy oil for Fords

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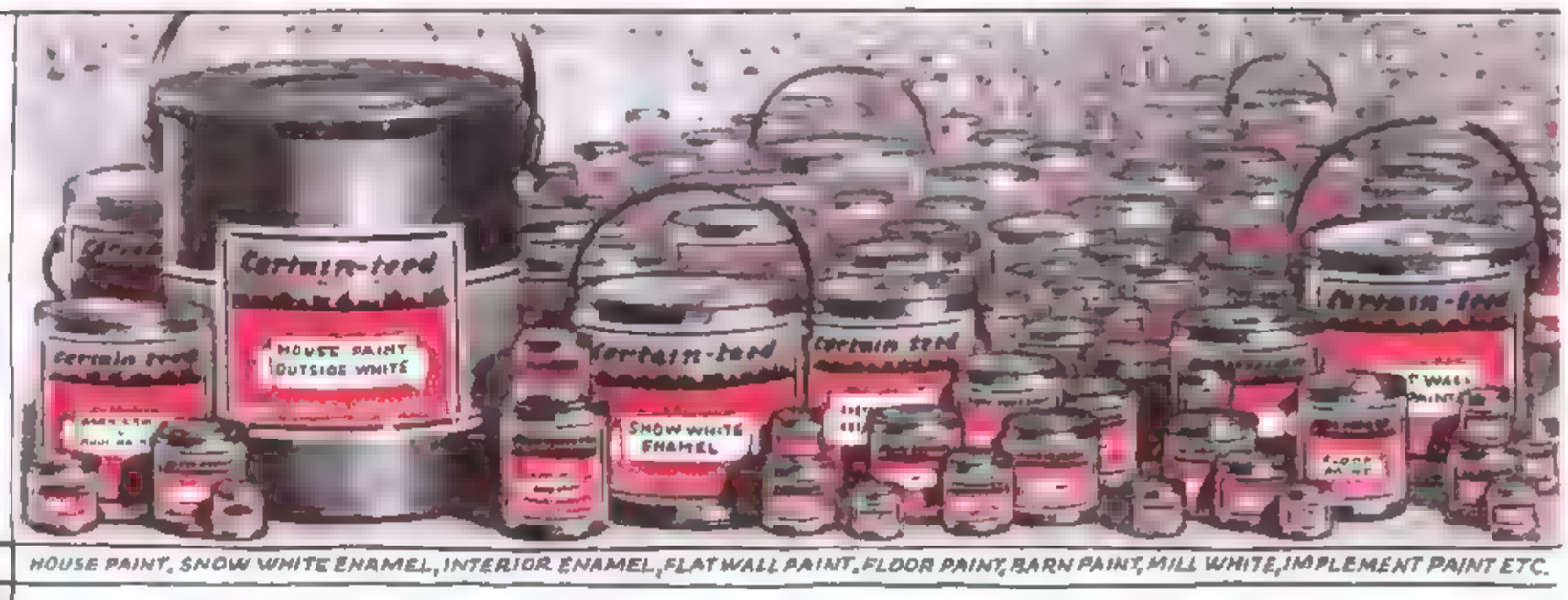

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GYPSUM CEMENT PLASTER, GYPSITE CEMENT PLASTER, KEENES CEMENT, GYPSUM PLASTER FINISH, AGRICULTURAL GYPSUM

The Label of a Hundred Satisfactions

Certain-teed—a composite of *Certain* and Guaran*teed*—the two strongest buying words that could be put into a trade-mark or back of a product, was coined because there was no one word with a meaning big enough, broad enough or strong enough to express the endorsement back of *Certain-teed* products.

The *Certain-teed* label is your unerring guide to *certain* satisfaction—quality guaran*teed*, and your assurance of the best value for your money.

Here Are The Reasons:

Overhead expense spread thinly over more than a hundred products.

One sales organization selling the varied output of many plants, ordinarily sold by separate organizations.

Plants so located as to benefit by short hauls and low freight charges on both raw and finished products.

These savings are passed on to you in better quality for a like price, or equal quality for a lower price, by more than 100,000 *Certain-teed* dealers from coast to coast.

BUILD TO ENDURE WITH CERTAIN-TEED

ROOFING
SHINGLES
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ASPHALT ROLL ROOFING, SLATE SURFACED SHINGLES, INSULATING PAPER, TARRED FELT, ASPHALT FELT, ROOF COATING ETC.

UNIVERSAL VARNISH, OUTSIDE SPAR, INSIDE SPAR, VARNISH STAIN, OIL STAIN, LINOLEUM VARNISH, FURNITURE VARNISH, FURNITURE POLISH, WAX ETC

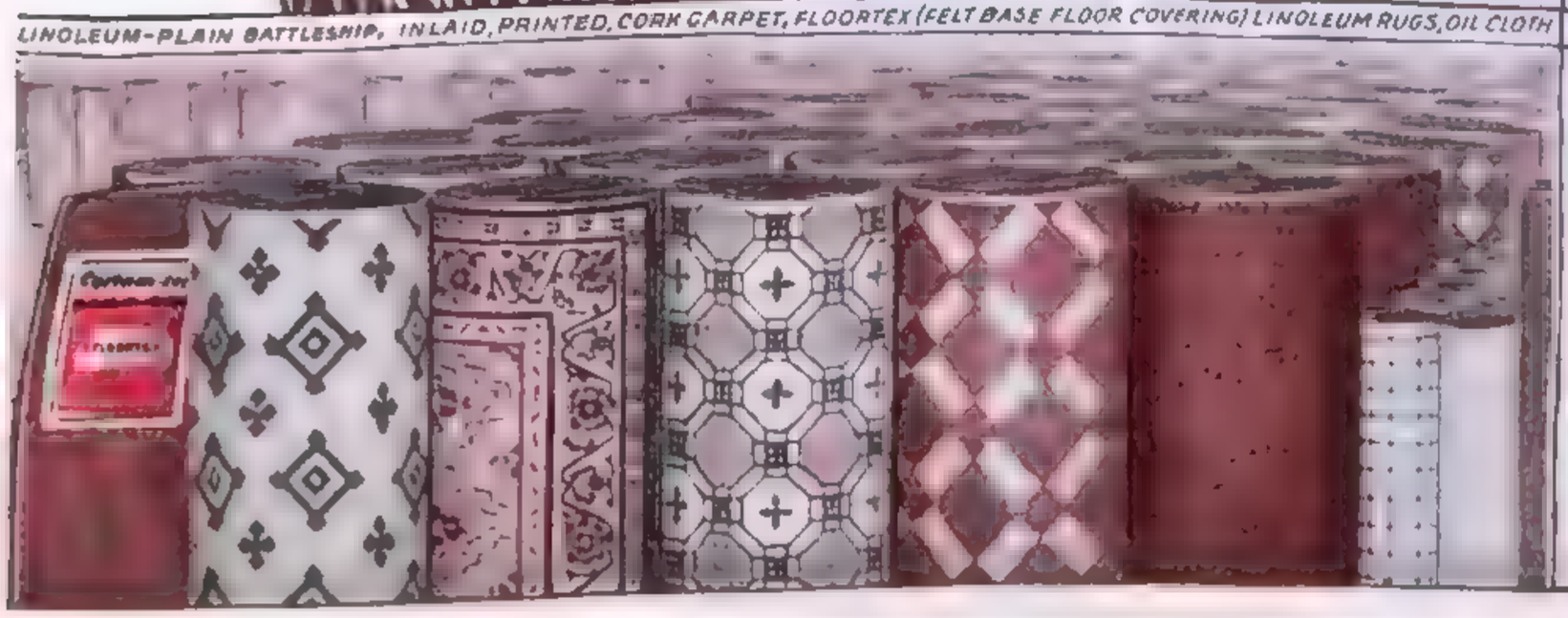
PLASTER GYPSUM BLOCKS GYPSUM

GYPSUM BLOCKS FOR BUILDING PARTITIONS, FLOORS, CEILINGS, ETC. DENTAL PLASTER, PLASTER OF PARIS, CRUSHED GYPSUM ROCK ETC.

We call this label the "Label of over a hundred satisfactions" because we put it on more than a hundred different products which we know are all right, and will give you more service than you pay for. This label represents CERTAIN satisfaction—quality guaranTEED.

President

LINOLEUM—PLAIN BATTLESHIP, INLAID, PRINTED, CORK CARPET, FLOORTEX (FELT BASE FLOOR COVERING) LINOLEUM RUGS, OIL CLOTH



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The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

Saving Coal is Saving Money

Chilly mornings are coming. Coal wagons are beginning to rumble down the street. Once again you must prepare for winter with its furnace and fuel problems. So why not do it in the really sensible way. Install a Humphrey Radiantfire and be independent of both the weather and coal situation.

The Radiantfire burns gas but you would never know it. It is absolutely odorless, ashless and dustless. It is ready for service in an instant and will burn many hours for the cost of a single shovelful of coal. For economy's sake—for comfort's sake—see the full line of models today.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is sold by your gas company or dealer. Please ask for it by name. There are many gas heating devices but only one genuine Humphrey product. You, of course, are not interested in imitations.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

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FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION AND EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION
STEEL PIER, ATLANTIC CITY, OCTOBER 15TH TO 19TH.

(Continued from Page 76)

the way they pay ministers, and it only goes to show that if a man will not look out for himself nobody else will look out for him. How can a man live and bring up a family on four hundred and twenty dollars and funerals? I know a fellow who is a second lieutenant in the Army, and the Government pays him over a hundred and forty a month although he is just out of school, and that is because he has no time to make money; and, believe me, the Government does not pay anybody too much. And what does a second lieutenant have to do? Nothing. George Hefferman was a sergeant in France, and he told me so. Now look at what poor dad had to do for his four hundred and twenty. By rights, any man that is not in a money-making business ought to make them pay him a good salary, or else quit."

"But you can't quote everything in terms of money, Miss Price. The glory of the soldier, the vocation of the clergyman, the inspiration of the artist ——"

"If they are willing to get along without money they should never get married. But you're not a soldier or a clergyman or an artist, Mr. Hines. You're just a young fellow starting out in life, and it's your duty to hustle and grab all the money you can. You talk about dividing up the money of the country; why wouldn't it be better to let the people that have got the money keep it, and hustle up and make a lot more of your own?"

"The new social ethics is concerned only incidentally with dividing present wealth; it is concerned more vitally with the division of opportunity. Everybody can't be rich."

"That's just the fun of being rich. That's why people work to get rich. I worked last summer in the office of Mr. Drury, the general manager of the Ferralum; say, he's the bossiest man I ever met in my life. That's his fun—to boss people around. His house is the boss house of the town; everything he has must be the best. He's an awful pill in some ways, but you've got to give him credit for making the Ferralum the boss company in the business."

"And Drury would quit tomorrow if his control of the Ferralum was interfered with," said Plato in sudden acquiescence. "I happen to know that. He has certainly built up the company enormously, and the source of his energy seems to lie in his arrogance and self-assertiveness. Now there is a point that comes within my own experience. But, Miss Price, if I grant that a man has a colorable claim to what money he has earned under the present competitive system, unfair as that system is, he can establish no just or honorable title to money which he did not earn, money which came to him through inheritance."

"Stolen money?"

"No, not necessarily; not under the current definition of theft."

"I wish I had inherited some money," said Miss Price. "I came near being an heiress, but poor dad died. He was paying into a mutual-insurance scheme—the last man living of the group to take all. That was the best he could afford. It was a sort of gambling, but he didn't have the money to pay the premiums for the straight article. He worried a lot about that gambling, but he didn't see what else he could do and leave mamma provided for. I suppose you'd say she and I had no right to the money because we didn't earn it."

"Not exactly," said Plato hesitatingly.

"Miss Price," he said some time later, "may I ask you a personal question? Thank you. Would you marry a poor man who had no prospect of ever getting rich?"

"Who is the poor man, Mr. Hines?"

"Oh, I had no one in particular in mind."

"I certainly would not!" she said firmly. "The man I marry has got to have the spunk to get out and hustle and get us our share."

"Would you marry a rich man whose wealth was derived from the competitive system?"

"The same kind of a rich man? Like a shot!"

"Your sentiments, Miss Price," he said kindly as he bent over her hand in bidding her good-by, "are curiously compounded of bad economics and self-interest, but I shall give them my best consideration, and ask the privilege of calling upon you again to go more exhaustively into these fascinating topics. I shall think very deeply on the things you have said."

"There!" she said with a touch of dismay. "It is all my fault for starting you off. Please don't do any more thinking, Mr. Hines. It is very bad for your brain. Do lots of work, and forget all about thinking. Why don't you take up radio, so you can sit and listen to a good lecture when you have nothing to do? Those radio lectures are a wonderful rest to the mind. Do call again soon, by all means. Mam-ma! Mr. Hines is going!"

VIII

"NOW, if I were running this country," said Plato, snuggling comfortably into a corner of the overstuffed divan, "I'll tell you what I'd do! In the first place ——"

"But you are not running this country, Hines," interrupted Sam Schwepperman brusquely. "And, the way you are going on, you are not likely to run this country either. It takes practical men to run a country, Hines."

"But I am practical," protested Plato. "Eminently so!"

Schwepperman blew through his thick red lips denigratingly; he put his hairy and powerful hand out to the mahogany humidor and helped himself to another long-stemmed Russian cigarette; he puffed it, inhaling the smoke deeply, glowering silently at the Turkey carpet, abstractedly fingering his short black beard in several places as though to make sure that it was all wool. When he was satisfied with his beard his hand strayed to his tousled shock of curly black hair, and went to feeling it and to testing it.

Schwepperman was not a simple type, not a man to be placed at a glance. He was a student; rows of books filled the large bookcase across the table from the divan, books that showed the marks of use. He was luxury loving without fineness of taste; there was too much furniture in the room, but it was all heavy and good. He was used to stimulation; he seemed rather to eat the cigarette than to smoke it. But there was more than sensuality in his face; it could have been the face of a fanatic. If a fanatic—a maker of a new religion, say—had changed his mind as to the quality of his dreams, but had not declared himself anew, he might have looked like Schwepperman. Schwepperman could still play the fanatic; and no one—perhaps not even Schwepperman—could say what part of his frenzy was sincere and what put on.

"You are not practical, Hines," he said. "You are a fool."

When he had thus delivered himself he turned and stared tranquilly at Plato.

"In what way?" asked Plato humbly.

"You are deceiving yourself as to the motive which impels you to work as a day laborer; the wise man deceives others, the fool deceives himself. You think that you are working as a common wage slave in order to acquaint yourself with the machinery of the capitalistic system, but your real motive is to shield Sean Murtaugh. You will learn nothing of value through your working; the whole truth concerning capitalism has been accumulated by men more able than you, and you have access to the many books they have written. Read Marx; read Kautsky; they tell the whole story.

"You know that it was Sean Murtaugh who set off the bomb under the statue of General Hiram Meadowsweet in Ferralum Park on Decoration Day. That deed struck terror into the heart of every capitalist in America; it shook them from their fancied security; that bomb spoke the mind of the working class concerning the militarism which Decoration Day was instituted to glorify. You were accused of having done the deed, and you refused—through a silly sense of fealty to Sean Murtaugh—to deny it. You wished to give Murtaugh a chance to flee the country. You provided Murtaugh with funds to flee to Russia; you should know that no comrade ever goes to Russia—unless deported thither by our oppressors—except as a measure of desperation. Sean Murtaugh is still in Ferralum.

"Let us examine the worthiness of your sentiment. If you have studied your Genealogy of Morals you know that ethics, morals, honor, are formulated always by the beneficiaries. The moral code, commonly so called, was created by the possessing class for its own protection. The rule against thievery benefits the owner of property and works against the man who owns nothing. Patriotism is taught to feeble-minded workers who could lose nothing whatever through an invasion of the country. Military orders and decorations are instituted and bestowed by people who never see the firing line. The poor are taught to be meek and industrious. One should consider with the utmost caution any course of action involving self-sacrifice, for self-sacrifice is a slave virtue and is biologically an absurdity. If one sacrifices an immediate good for the sake of a greater but deferred benefit, that is an exercise of wise judgment, that is our biological justification for giving unstintedly of our time and money to establish the industrial state. I should insult you if I suggested that you deserved thanks for offering to devote your money to our cause. I tell you that I am working for my own good all the time and I refuse your thanks. You are to consider whether your action in relation to Sean Murtaugh advanced the industrial state or deferred it."

Schwepperman rose, unlocked a cabinet, took from it a sheaf of papers and a bottle of gin, poured himself a generous drink, drank it, sighed, rammed the cork hard down, put the bottle back into the cabinet, locked the cabinet and returned to the divan.

"I happen to know," he said, "that the bombing of General Hiram Meadowsweet was so managed as to cast suspicion on you. Sean Murtaugh wished to commit you irrevocably to our cause. He thought that you might weaken; he thought that arrest and a few days in jail would cement your allegiance. You know that the matter eventuated unhappily; you were not arrested but were declared incompetent and were effectually incapacitated from helping the great work forward."

"But I cannot believe that Sean Murtaugh intended to cast the blame on me!" exclaimed Plato. "Why, that would be the most abominable treachery!"

"Surely, Hines," smiled Schwepperman, "you are not so childish as to think that loyalty and treachery differ in principle. One demands loyalty from his friend, and saves to himself the advantage of surprise. Friendship is founded on mutuality of interest or it has no basis in justice. Murtaugh sacrificed his friendship in order to further the coming of the industrial state; I urge you now to sacrifice him for the same end. In an endeavor to belittle our work, and in obedience to the suggestion of a certain cunning and powerful capitalist, the court chose to look upon your bombing of General Hiram Meadowsweet as evidence of unsoundness of mind. We shall prove that you had nothing to do with the bombing, you will be declared sane, and you will be again in a position to devote yourself to the cause. You will not permit yourself to be beguiled by your feeling of friendship for Murtaugh?"

"I shall," declared Plato firmly. "Sean Murtaugh is one of the purest and loftiest souls in the work; I shall never believe him guilty of a base act."

"Read that!" cried Schwepperman, shooting at Plato a folded document from the sheaf of papers. "These are the papers upon which the district attorney was about to ask your indictment. They were meant for his eyes alone; in case you are inclined to reproach me for having secured them in my own way, let me tell you that he promised immunity to anyone who would aid him in bringing about your conviction. He appreciated your vast importance to us; as do I. Read that!"

Plato settled his glasses on his nose, compressed his lips, turned back the blue cover of the affidavit, and began to read aloud:

"I, Samuel Schwepperman of the City and State of New York, but residing now in the town of Ferralum, County of Iron, do depose and say as follows: That I am well acquainted with Plato Hines ——"

"Eh?" ejaculated Schwepperman. "What is that?" He snatched the affidavit from Plato, glared at it, and thrust it into his pocket. "That is not the one, Hines. How did that one get in here? That is not the one. Here is Murtaugh's affidavit now. Read it. Read it, Hines!"

Plato wrinkled his high brow puzzledly but took the second affidavit. He read it slowly and carefully. It was quite as Schwepperman had represented. It stated that Sean Murtaugh of the City and State of New York, but residing in the town of Ferralum and County of Iron, was well acquainted with Plato Hines of the same place and had seen him thrust the bomb between the legs of General Hiram Meadowsweet. It was duly signed and the signature acknowledged before a notary public of the County of Iron. The notary had attached a gold wafer, and had impressed on the wafer his seal of office.

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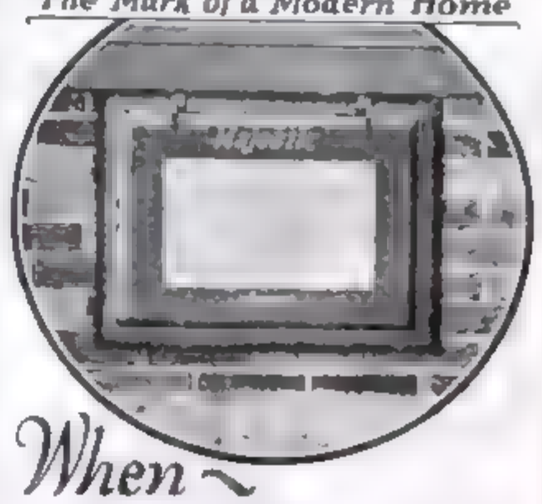
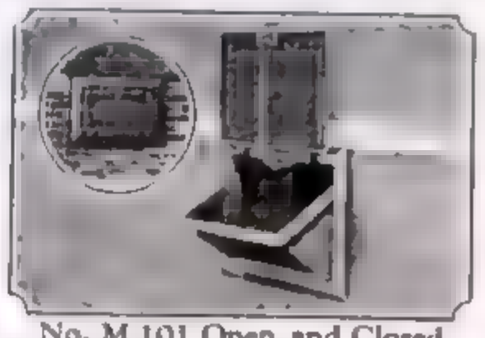
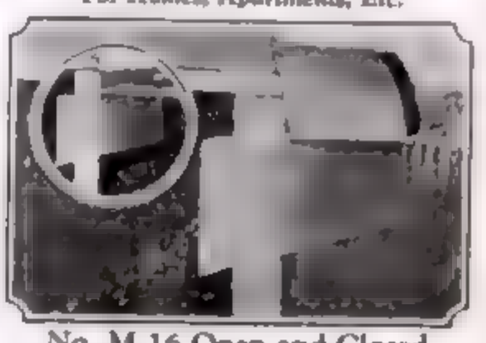


When ~ You Build

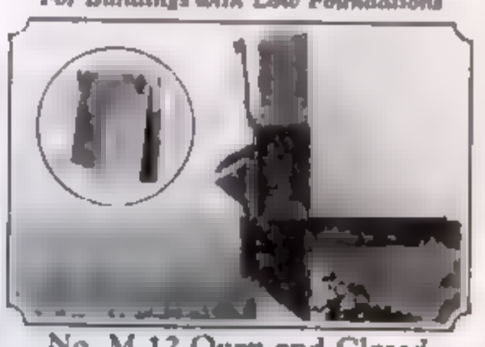
WHEN you build, specify the new improved MAJESTIC Coal Window. It is *break-proof!* And, it likewise prevents costly, unsightly damage to the wall above the window—damage which always occurs when an ordinary basement window of wood or steel is used as a coal window.



No. M 101 Open and Closed
For Homes, Apartments, Etc.



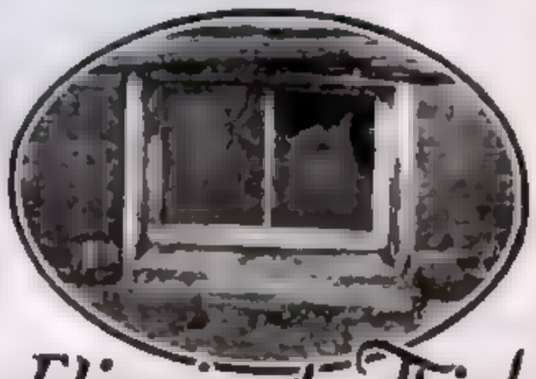
No. M 16 Open and Closed
For Buildings with Low Foundations



No. M 12 Open and Closed
For Store and Office Buildings

The MAJESTIC Coal Window is made in eight styles—two sizes in each style. And they are all *break-proof!* Sold by 5000 hardware, building supply and lumber dealers. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
HUNTINGTON — INDIANA
The Galt Stove & Furnace Co., Ltd., Galt, Ont.



Eliminates This!

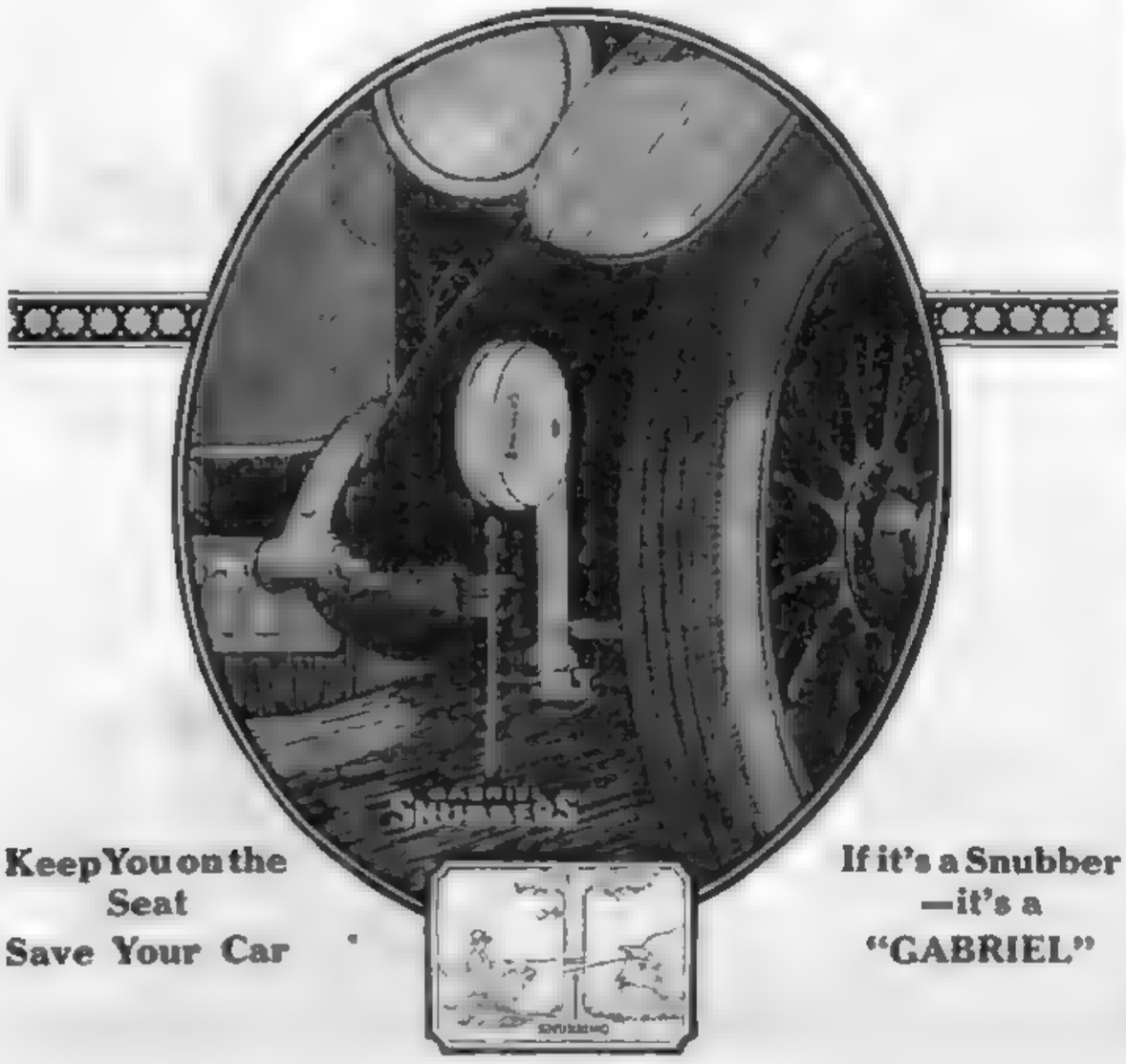
Re~gard~less

of price—do not overlook the fact that Gabriel Snubbers are standard equipment on 37 makes of cars and the manufacturers of 34 others put holes in the frame for them—*because Snubbers are best for riding comfort.*

Sold by legitimate dealers

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street Cleveland, Ohio

GABRIEL SNUBBERS
THERE IS NO OTHER



Keep You on the Seat
Save Your Car

If it's a Snubber —it's a "GABRIEL"

"Perhaps you will admit now that you are under no further obligation to protect Sean Murtaugh," said Schwepperman "His ascribing of the bombing to you has proved to be a blunder; I have seven of the comrades ready to establish an alibi for you, swearing in your behalf with the utmost loyalty. But they will not be believed if you do not yourself deny your guilt. Will you permit us to put the blame where it belongs—on Sean Murtaugh?"

"Yes," said Plato sadly.

"That is enough, Hines," said Schwepperman. "I shall cause the matter to be set right at once. I am very glad you called on me, Hines. Well, good day!"

"But ——"

"Eh?"

"That first affidavit you showed me The one you made. May I not see it?"

"Hines," said Schwepperman sternly, "are you accusing me of treachery?"

"Why, not at all. But—the circumstances are so—so suggestive. And, biologically, you know ——"

"Hines," broke in Schwepperman, "is our friendship on a biological basis? Would you betray me if our interests conflicted? Tell me, my boy. I am a man and I shall take the blow. If I thought for a single instant that you had ceased to trust me one of the finest things would go out of my life, but—strike if you must! Perhaps I was a fool to think that our friendship was different."

"Why, Schwepperman," mumbled Plato troubledly.

"You hesitate," said Schwepperman. "You hem. You haw. Come, I shall prove you! There is the affidavit. Take it! Read it and repent at leisure. Tear it up unread and take my hand."

He thrust the affidavit at Plato. Plato took it, balanced it undecidedly, opened it tentatively, cast a perplexed eye upon it, looked away.

With a groan of anguish Schwepperman whipped it out of his hand and tore it across again and again.

"I can't stand it!" he cried while the paper sprang apart ever again in his strong hands. "It's too much to ask of me—I can't stand your doubting me—I can't stand it! I had no right to put you to such a trial—you might have weakened. There! It shall never come between us now. I shall try to forget, my boy. I shall not permit this thing to estrange us. No, no, don't apologize, Hines. The fault is all mine. There's my hand again, lad. Take it without shame."

He wrung Plato's limp hand and walked him toward the doorway of the little apartment. Plato made confused excuses. He felt that he had acted contemptibly; he felt also—a subtler emotion—that he had been tricked into acting contemptibly. He was ashamed of himself, but his shame was not simple and hearty and understandable. He intended to think this thing over; his grip suddenly tightened, and he wrung Schwepperman's fist with fierceness.

"I AIN'T earned a dollar in a month," growled Bellew. "And it's all your fault. You're the fellow that got up that night in the Opera House and argued us into sticking for the wages. Oh, I heard you! And what was the result? A bunch of men were laid off, and ain't got back to work yet, and won't be taken on until things pick up. It would have been a whole lot better for us if we took the 15 per cent cut like Groner told us to, but you had to stick in your oar. And now look where we are."

Plato was backed up against the outer wall of the works, and Bellew, lashing himself into a rage, was pressing closer to him. Plato saw no hope of success in a fight with Bellew, but the fight was visibly approaching.

"I admit freely," he said, "that my advice of that evening was not in the best interests of the men. I see that now."

"Yes, you meant well," snarled Bellew, hunching his shoulders and thrusting his bristly face at Plato's so that Plato's head bobbed back against the hard wall.

"I am willing to do whatever is fair to repair the damage to your interests," said Plato, striving to think clearly and to disregard Bellew's truculence. "If a small loan ——"

"Ten dollars," said Bellew. "Come across! You got lots of jack. They made you timekeeper, didn't they? Nice sort you are; telling poor workmen to soldier on the job and then getting out yourself and working like a nailer. You're one of the cute ones."

"You are to understand," said Plato firmly, "that I am making you a loan and not a gift. I know, through my previous experience with you, that if I give you money it will only demoralize you. You are to repay me this money, understand?"

"Oh, sure! Interest too!"

"There shall be no interest; it is immoral to collect rent for the use of money. I shall be contented when I receive my own back again. I shall expect you to repay me this out of the first wages you receive when you get back to work."

"'Sall right," said Bellew, shoving the ten-dollar bill into his trousers pocket. "Interest, too, if you want. What do I care?"

That evening Plato lay on his bed in his furnished room and read a syndicated account of a prominent prize fight. Plato was not a fight fan; there was no cruelty in him; he was too fair-minded to accept the fierce thrills and gory ecstasies of fisticuffs while taking nothing of the pains and bruises. He would never cock a fat cigar into a corner of his mouth and bawl to a reeling gladiator: "Go on in, kid; go on in; he can't hurt you!" But he could enjoy nowadays a well-told fight story. The men about him in his working hours were mostly sport enthusiasts; they were interested not more than faintly in the serious things of life; they joyed in dramatic action and took sides with partisan fervor in prize fights, presidential elections, pie-eating contests. Plato had caught some of this enthusiasm; his mind was ardent and impressionable and immune to almost no contagion. And he had become himself a passable man of his hands; nowadays he did not regard the human body as a drag and a nuisance. He sighed, cast the newspaper aside, and reached with no great avidity for his liberally penciled copy of Berkowitz's The Red Apostolate.

Then the door to his room opened and a man thrust in his head.

"Hello, old-timer!" he said.

"Good evening," said Plato, lifting himself.

The man entered and six others followed him. They were workmen.

"Say," said the spokesman, who was a gray-haired man of sober and honest appearance, "you got money to lend, ain't you? We were laid off a month ago and we need a few dollars. We heard you were lending money and we come here to see if we could get some. How about it?"

"Why, no. I'm not lending money."

"You lent it to Bellew," protested the leader. "He was telling a crowd down on the corner when the boys asked him where he got the money for the hooch. And if you lent it to Bellew you ought to lend it to us. Bellew won't never pay you back a cent; he said so. He said he would give you a punch in the jaw."

"He said he would not repay the money? But how do you expect me to lend money if I am not to get it back?"

"You lent to the wrong man," said the leader, leaning forward from his seat on the trunk. "You ought to know better than to lend money to a man like Bellew; but I suppose that is a risk you have got to take in your business. You can kiss that money good-by. But it will be a different proposition with us; we are all family men and not rummies, and you will get your money back. How much interest did you charge Bellew?"

"I did not charge him any interest."

"What? No interest? Well, we will pay you interest. How much do you want?"

"I should not expect any," said Plato. "If in consideration of the fact that I was largely instrumental in getting you into your present fix I should spare you a few dollars from my savings, I should expect you to return only what I gave you."

"We'll be glad to have it that way," grinned the leader. "How much have you got to lend?"

"I have twenty-five dollars. I had thirty-five saved altogether ——"

"Twenty-five dollars!" repeated several of the men. "Why, one of us would need that much to scrape along on for a couple of weeks."

"I shall willingly lend it to that one of you who needs it most," said Plato.

They pressed about him, importuning him.

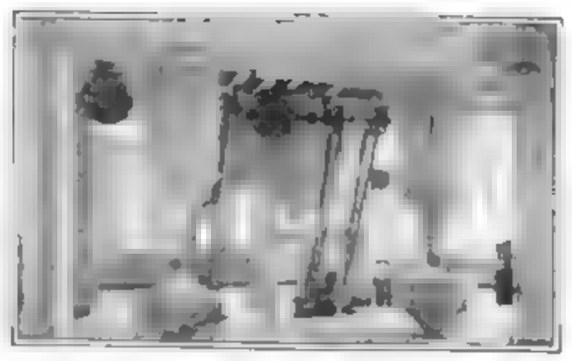
"I got four kids," said the leader.

"The wife is sick," said another.

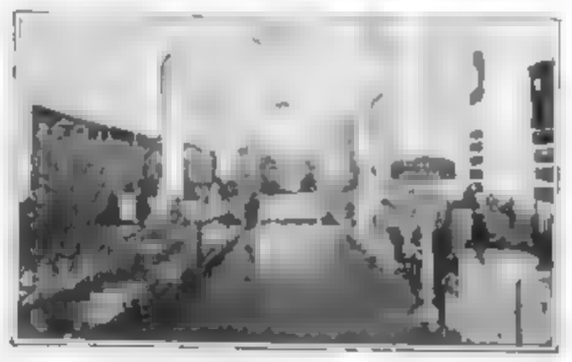
"Say, fellow, I ain't eaten since yesterday," pleaded a third.

(Continued on Page 85)

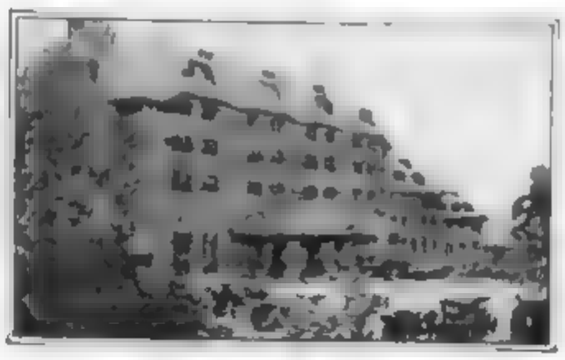
Woodwork that stays fresh and white! Woodwork without a fingermark anywhere! Barreled Sunlight is ideal in homes of every type.



FACTORY. Home of "Life Savers"—showing use of Barreled Sunlight



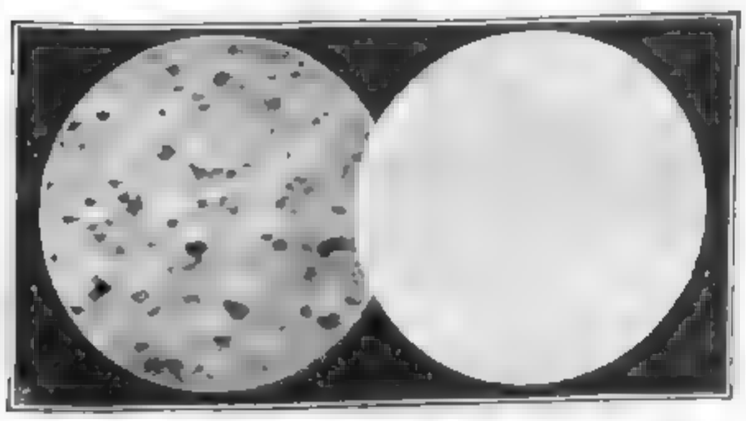
STORE. Note light interior



HOTEL. Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C., one of many famous hotels using Barreled Sunlight

A remarkable paint discovery—

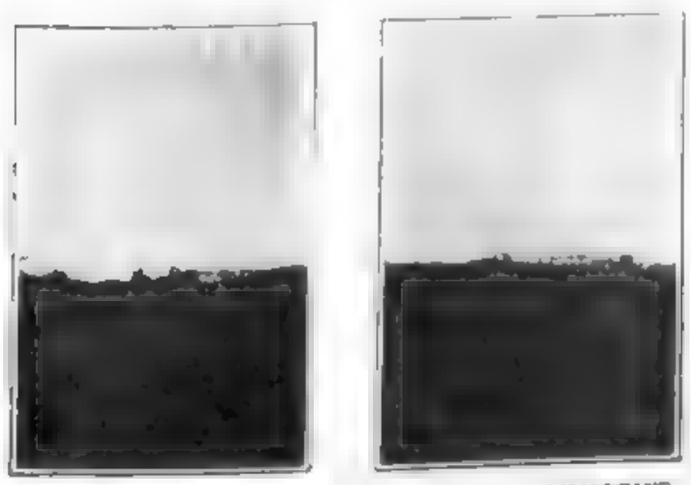
A unique, lustrous white for all interiors. Resists dirt, washes like tile—covers more solidly than enamel



ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs were taken through a powerful microscope. Each was magnified to the same high degree.

They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat-finish white paint soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.



ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.

MILLIONS of people have wanted such a paint. Home-owners who have dreamed of white woodwork without a fingermark. Owners of buildings where interiors that *remain* white are a necessity—where walls *must keep their light-reflecting whiteness without frequent repainting*.

Barreled Sunlight is the direct answer to this need. And throughout the country today its use is rapidly becoming universal.

What *is* Barreled Sunlight?

Barreled Sunlight is different from all other paints or enamels on the market today. It is made by a special process—the Rice Process.

Surprising photographs, taken through a powerful microscope and reproduced at the left of this page, show how smooth the surface of Barreled Sunlight is when compared with ordinary flat-finish paints, and explain why Barreled Sunlight actually resists dirt.

This smooth finish not only does not have the glare of enamel—but is less expensive and requires fewer coats. (A single coat of Barreled Sunlight is generally sufficient to cover over a previously painted surface.)

Barreled Sunlight is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

It is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted.

Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five-gallon size—barrels and half barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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New York—350 Madison Ave. St. John, N. B.
Chicago—659 Washington Blvd. Toronto, Ont.—54 Colborne St.
San Francisco—36 O'Farrell St. Winnipeg, Man.—121 Charlotte St.

Distributors in all principal cities of the U. S. A.
Dealers everywhere

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

ÆTNA-IZE

What does it mean to be Ætna-ized?

YOU know this picture. In it you will find yourself, your friends and neighbors.

There are the little shops where you trade. There are the big department stores with their crowds of customers and scores of clerks. There are the banks churches and theatres. Beyond are streets of homes sheltering wives, mothers and children. Farther off are the factories the railroad yards and river front employing hundreds of workers.

All these people and yourself, their possessions and yours, daily face the innumerable risks of life. In a twinkling health, life, property, savings or earning capacity - all your present security—may instantly be wiped out

Ever present as are these risks, there also exists a mighty and powerful force able to protect all against loss from misfortune in any form. This is the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies, the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world

To be Ætna-ized means to place your life, your health, your home, your business, your own and your loved ones future under the protection of Ætna's great resources

To be Ætna-ized is to own the complete protection that brings you the instant service of the Ætna agent on the spot, backed by the complete strength of Ætna, no matter where misfortune overtakes you or your interests

Etna representatives everywhere are proud to be known as Ætna-izers. There is an Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing

Ætna-ize according to your needs—

as you prosper and as your obligations increase

For seventy-three years the Ætna Life Insurance Company has been administered by New England men imbued with traditions of New England s honored ideals

By keeping continuous faith with these principles, its clients and its own organization it has built up a financial strength and a sales and service organization able to Etna-ize the American public with practically every necessary form of insurance

Ætna protection includes

Life	Burglary
Accident	Plate Glass
Health	Water Damage
Group Life	Fire
Group Disability	Marine
Automobile	Transportation
Compensation	Fidelity Bonds
Liability	Surety Bonds

These, and numerous related forms of Etna-izing, provide full protection for all your insurance needs—safeguard life, property and business.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

and affiliated companies

ÆTNA CASUALTY and SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO.

of Hartford, Connecticut

(Continued from Page 82)

"Really, I don't know what to say," said Plato. "I am in no position to investigate your stories or to pass upon the merits of your claims."

"Say, old-timer, you lend me that money and I'll pay you thirty-five back. Out of the next envelope."

"Oh, no," said Plato. But then he looked thoughtful. "And still," he said slowly, "your willingness to make a sacrifice to secure the loan is a rough-and-ready proof of your need. You must need the money most of all or you would not offer to pay a premium of ten dollars for its use."

"I'll give you fifteen!"

"I'll make it twenty!"

"Hey, fellow, you lend me that twenty-five and I'll hand you back fifty inside of a month!"

"You are to be very clear," said Plato, "that if I accept interest on this money it is with a view to your good and not to mine. Don't get the idea that I'm demanding this interest; you're offering of your own motion to pay it to me. I shall lend the money to the man who bids most for it, as I have no other method of gauging your need. Out of the usufruct of the money I shall take ten dollars for myself; that is to repay me for the ten I lost on Bellew; the rest I shall be prepared to lend out again to whoever needs it."

"To whoever needs it most, you mean," said the leader with a wicked side glance. "Well, mister, I need that money. I'll pay you fifty-five dollars on next Tuesday week; I'm getting a job over in Glassville, and that's when I touch my wages. You'll get your money, but it's the last time you'll catch me."

"You had better let me have your note," said Plato, remembering Bellew.

He sat down and wrote out a promissory note for fifty-five dollars. The leader signed it, snatched up the bills from the table, and stalked from the room. His companions followed him in glum silence.

"Good night, gentlemen," called Plato after them. "I am sorry that I was not able to oblige the rest of you. If you are still in need of funds after next Tuesday week you may call here, and you are very welcome to the money."

Dismissing his puzzlement at their disgruntled attitude, he sat down to write in his notebook:

A defender of Capitalism might argue with an approach to rationality that the operation of any economic system depends in the last analysis upon the morality of the individual. All economic systems are susceptible of abuse; the industrial democracy will develop abuses. One may be a usurer and be an altruist, one may be a Communist and be a lazy and vicious loafer. It may be said that the perfect economic system will be attained when every individual looks into himself for faults, and gives over seeking outside himself for the causes of his troubles.

x

PLATO'S door opened suddenly, opened wide. Only a policeman opens a door like that; there is no premonitory scratching or fumbling; he takes the knob in his firm grip, turns it noiselessly, thrusts the door open to the full stretch of his arm and enters the room with a single stride. An entrance so managed daunts an evildoer, disheartens him, makes him see that resistance is quite useless. Plato looked up and quailed; he was under the gleaming eyes of the chief constable.

"Is that our man?" asked the chief constable.

"That's him," said Wilbur, the attendant.

"That's him," said the gray-haired man who had borrowed the twenty-five dollars. He passed the chief constable, stalked up to Plato and threw a wad of bills on the small table. "There's your fifty-five dollars," he growled. "Take it, you bloodsucker."

"But, I say!" protested Plato insultedly.

"You come with me," said the chief constable. "You're under arrest! I'm warning you that anything you say will be used against you. When I get done with you, young fellow, your time won't be your own for the next fifty-five years. First off, you're going back to Garthman's bug house. Then you're going to be sent over the road for burgling Mr. Drury's residence. Then we're going to have you for criminal anarchy and upsetting the Government. Then we're going to know where you get off to claim you can make thirty dollars a week on a twenty-five-dollar capital. And that ain't all!"

"It's enough for the present," said Plato, reaching for his hat on its nail and just catching it as he passed the door in the grasp of the chief constable. "Do go more slowly, officer; there's a hole in the carpet."

"You'll fall with me, young fellow."

"That is the point I was making," snapped Plato, catching his slipping glasses. "I assure you that I was thinking only of myself."

They passed out from the doorway of the rooming house; a small crowd was in the street, made visible by the arc light on the corner. The crowd gave back grudgingly as the chief constable pushed his way with his prisoner. Plato recognized a number of the loiterers; among others, Bellew.

"That's him, officer," said Bellew, who walked with a wide stride and a slight stagger. "That's the very man himself. You got him. Comes around telling people to blow up the Government so as he can edge himself into a soft job. One of them bloody money-lenders, he is."

"Ought to be lynched, if he got his rights," muttered a bystander, meaning no harm but speaking exaggeratedly for rhetorical effect.

"Wish't we had a rope," threatened another man.

"Say, officer," said Bellew, encouraged, "let me take one poke at him, will you?"

"Get away!" ordered the chief constable.

The opposition of the policeman only stimulated Bellew. He bent back for leverage and took a long and leisurely swing at Plato. Neither Plato nor the chief constable noticed this assault; Plato walked on with disdainful nose in air, the chief constable plodded grimly after; Plato was walking at the rate of five feet per second. Bellew's fist arrived at the proposed point of contact just a fifth of a second too late; it collided with the constable's helmet, knocking it back into the hallway, confusing the constable and causing him to release his grip on Plato's shoulder.

And then, suddenly, Plato was running. He could not have explained how he came to be running; not for an instant had he considered an attempt to escape. But there he was, hurling himself along, humping his shoulders to help his legs, opening his mouth to increase the draft of his lungs, forgetting all the serious things of life, intent with all the powers of his heart and soul on the frivolous business of getting to that corner with all possible expedition and whisking around it and away. The crowd yelled; the constable abandoned his hat; Bellew left off explaining. All ran after.

Plato ran so heartily, so indomitably, with such clearness of purpose and such excellent coördination of all the impulses of his corporate entity, because he was running away from much more than the chief constable and his pitiful lockup, from much more than Wilbur and the refined horrors of Garthman's Home, from much more than Bellew's erring fist. He was running away from Schwepperman, from Karl Marx and Nietzsche and Kautsky and Proudhon, from a host of clever fellows who had amused themselves in the spinning of plausible theories for the fuddling of men of weaker brains. Plato, obedient to experience, had been changing his intellectual position; perhaps it would be better to say that he had been accumulating experiences irreconcilable with his theories; certainly he had not known that he was changing. The cumulative effect of his experiences had overborne him at the moment when he found himself standing free in the street; he had suddenly felt with urgency that he was in an unbearably false position, a position that he must get away from; he had run, burst into panicky activity. He could have made a more dignified renunciation and new confession of faith.

For some jumps Plato had the better of it; his legs were long and frantic, and he was aided by the fact that few gentlemen who run industriously in a street hue and cry are really impatient to come up with the quarry. They are sporting fellows, enjoying the glad view halloo, wanting to be in at the death, but not anxious to make the kill. But Plato did not have the lungs for long-distance running; the gentlemen who gave tongue most closely behind him were looking over their shoulders for the constable when Plato rounded the corner.

A large automobile, a six-cylinder monster, was rolling down the avenue as Plato turned the corner. The car was coming toward him, was slowing as though it intended to turn into the street, but Plato ran out to it to leap upon its step. Just as he reached it its door was flung open and a helping hand was extended; Plato was in the tonneau, the door had been slammed

How to Prevent the Br Br Br Br Br in a Ford

WHEN you hear a grinding br-r-r-r in your rear axle—it means rear axle repairs soon. A recent survey showed 80% of such repairs are due to one *preventable* cause—faulty lubrication.

Most Ford drivers keep their engines well-oiled. But vital bearings are neglected. For they're hard to grease properly with old-fashioned grease cups. You never know positively whether grease reaches the actual bearing surfaces. Frequently it does not. This is the main cause of rear axle and drive shaft repairs.

Now you can easily stop this. Get the new Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System just perfected for the Ford car. Nearly 4,000,000 other cars are already Alemite-equipped. On most well-known makes it is standard equipment.

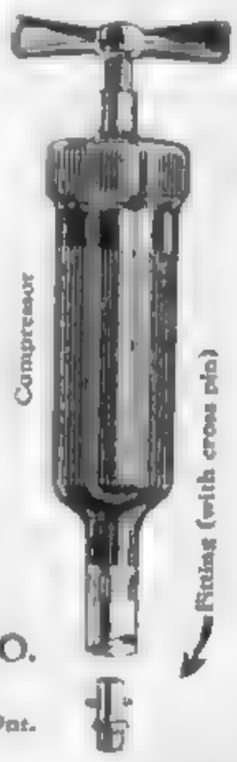
Now you can install the Alemite System on your Ford in 10 minutes yourself. From then on you can lubricate your rear axles, drive shaft, universal joint, steering gear, etc., as easily as you put oil in your engine. It takes 5 minutes.

The Alemite System does away with grease cups. A hollow fitting with a cross-pin, as shown at right, goes on every vital bearing. The Alemite compressor locks on to these fittings with a quarter turn of the bayonet coupling. And *as it locks* it shoots lubricant into the heart of the bearing under 500 pounds pressure. It also forces all the old grease, dirt, grit and rust out. This kind of lubrication every 500 miles will double the life of your vital chasis parts. It will prevent the unnecessary wear that causes 80% of repairs.

Today you can get this same system for your Ford. The cost is low—only $3.99, including gun. You can install it yourself in 10 minutes. It will save its cost 5 times over in repairs—in one year.

Get it today from any dealer. If more convenient, use the coupon and we'll send your set by Parcel Post, with full directions for installing.

Send no money. You pay the postman on delivery. Postage is prepaid.



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For polished hardwood floors—use Bassick Felloid Casters.

Write for Booklet, "The Cost of the Neglected Inch."

One *thing less to do*

HOUSE CLEANING is irksome work at best. It can't be avoided, but it can be made *easier*.

You can scratch off one unwelcome task from your list of house cleaning duties—dragging furniture around—if you use Bassick casters.

Rolling your furniture not only saves your floors and floor coverings from damage but it protects your furniture from wrenches and strains. And Bassick casters take the "weight" out of heavy pieces, they move and turn so easily.

Ask your Bassick dealer for the casters in the blue and yellow package. He'll know the kinds you should buy. There's one for every purpose.

And when you buy furniture see that it is equipped with Bassick casters

BASSICK Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

For thirty years the leading makers of high-grade casters for the home, office, hospital warehouse and factory.

by the woodenlike chauffeur, and the car, giving over any notion of entering the street, was humming swiftly down the avenue. Plato relaxed on the yielding cushions beside the only other occupant of the car. The other gentleman was Mr. Gurlick Drury, the general manager of the Ferralum Company.

"The chief told me he was coming here to get you," said Mr. Drury after an interval of silence. "After the first few days we decided that you had left Ferralum," said Mr. Drury, trying again. "We had a report that you were in New York."

If these remarks were overtures for a frank and free discussion, they were not accepted. The electric light in the padded ceiling of the car showed no change in Plato's posture; with a settled frown on his brown face he reclined on the cushions and stared at the back of the rigid chauffeur's neck.

Mr. Drury cleared his throat several times, making impressive noises. He took off his hat and passed a large and dimpled hand comfortingly over his pink head. He veiled his bulging brown eyes, set his heavy jaw, and drew his thick fingers through his short gray beard. A gust of rage swept him; his eyes brightened, and he uttered a fearsome snort; but the gust passed and was succeeded by an air of sweet reasonableness. He spoke in a well-managed voice, a voice that was paternal without being patronizing, persuasive without being cajoling The voice was overlight for Mr. Drury's bulk; it was almost a singing tenor, but there were traitorous bass notes in it. It suggested that Mr. Drury could sing another tune.

"I hope and trust, my dear boy, that you do not harbor any hard feelings because of the course of action I was obliged to take. I want you to believe that the course I took was dictated by the sincerest regard for your best interests. You remember fully the state of facts which compelled me to take action. As your only living relative, you could not expect me to sit by and watch you ruin and disgrace yourself and the family. If for the sake of your mother's memory alone, I was compelled to intervene."

Plato did not move. His apparent indifference would have justified Mr. Drury in shutting off at once; but the elder gentleman did not choose to take his exculpation by default.

"You are the majority stockholder in the Ferralum Company," he said; "as such, you are in control of one of the finest corporate enterprises in America. I will not conceal from you that I urged upon your father time and again the advisability of making me trustee of his estate to preserve it in the contingency of his death, until such time as you should be fitted to take over its management. He disregarded my advice; he put me off even latterly, when I pointed out to him how antagonistic to the proper conduct of the business were the outrageous notions you had acquired; he said that your wild talk was only boy's talk and that you would outgrow your childishness. You will not deny that you knew nothing whatever about the business, that you expressed the utmost repugnance to business in general, and that you had not visited Ferralum since first you went off to school in the East. Your mother abetted you in this wretched attitude; she refused to live in the beautiful mansion which your father erected seven miles out of town, and spent her leisure and yours in traveling abroad, wasting time and money in gadding about Europe. I say to you solemnly that that beautiful mansion was never a home to your father."

"But it was a home to his son," said Plato, speaking for the first time and with an odd grin. "Garthman's Home ——"

Mr. Drury enforced silence with a quelling motion of his golden-haired hand. "You sold that beautiful estate for a mere song in order to get money to throw to the sycophants who surrounded you; and it is now a sanitarium. Do not remind me of that; my heart was wrung enough when I heard the price you sold it for. I dare say that you never saw a dollar of the money; I dare say that that precious bunch of long-haired anarchists you brought here with you from New York cabbaged it all."

"You make the crude mistake of grouping under the head of anarchism all social philosophies which are antipathetic to your own, Uncle Gurlick," said Plato. "These gentlemen are less anarchistic than you are. Schwepperman got the money, but the industrial democracy ——"

"That will do," said Mr. Drury, snatching back the lead. "They are trying to overthrow the Government, and that settles it; they are anarchists. However, your tossing away of that fine property aroused me to take definitive action. You remember that I begged you not to make a fool out of yourself. You insisted that you would sovietize the Ferralum Company; you had in an accountant, and you then coolly proposed to me that I, the general manager, should accept thereafter a salary of sixteen dollars per day. You proposed to pay the same salary to every man jack in the works; this lunatic arrangement was to be worked out under the direction of the gang of long-haired buccaneers; they were to be the new board of directors. You would have shot the business to pieces in a week, and then somebody in his senses would have bought it up for ten cents on the dollar; probably that was what Schwepperman and his gang were driving for. Luckily the Department of Justice took a hand in the game; you were about to be arrested for criminal anarchy—anarchy, young man—the charge being founded on some of Schwepperman's crooked work. To save you from jail, and with more than a suspicion that you were not quite right in the head, I had you declared incompetent and had myself appointed your committee. I am making another appeal to you now because I have reason to think you have regained your senses; I understand that you have tried hard work during the last two months, and that you liked it so little that you have set up as a loan shark, making small accommodations to workmen to the tune of some 5000 per cent. It is hard for me to believe that a man who will bleed unfortunate workmen in that way is not in his right head."

"Stop the car!" called Plato, rapping peremptorily on the plate glass before him. He threw open the door and sprang out.

The automobile had been wandering about the town of Ferralum during the foregoing fifteen minutes; Mr. Drury had not decided on its destination. Now it was rolling by Ferralum Park; the hour was eleven at night, and the park was deserted of all Ferralumites except Mr. Marmaduke Preston.

That shaggy-faced gentleman was strolling along its margin with the leisurely and dignified step of a clubman approaching his club, of a staid citizen who has put off the burden of the day and is going to the moving pictures; Mr. Preston was going to his own, his native bench. He halted on hearing the hurrying footsteps.

"Hello, Plate," he called, cheerfully and throatily. "What do you say? What's the good word?"

"You stole a hundred and fifty dollars from me that night," said Plato, standing before him.

"Stole?" repeated Mr. Preston. He scratched several matches on the seat of his baggy trousers and brought his ragged cigar stump to a smolder. He held it out and flicked sparks from it. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, Plate. Made a borrow, if you like. Why? What's on your mind?"

"I want that money back, and I want it right now!"

Mr. Preston opened his mouth and lowered his brows; he surveyed Plato with this expression of frowning inquiry.

"Say," he blustered, "what are you trying to put over? Don't talk to me like that, Plate. I'm not the man to take it, that's all. Don't try it!"

"By George," exclaimed Plato intensely, "if you do not restore that money to me immediately I shall certainly knock you into the center of next week!"

"You try it," suggested Mr. Preston rashly.

He braced his legs far apart, and raised his fists like a man who upholds a great weight in the hollow of his arms; his posture was more that of an acrobat upon whom a comrade is about to drop from a height than it was the fleeting stance of the pugilist. Plato pinched his glasses more firmly on his big nose, pulled down his hat and ran at him, swinging his long arm as he came. Mr. Preston, with no apparent attempt to parry, was struck on the cheek bone and tumbled into the neat hedge of California privet. He lay there on his back, slowly sinking.

"Oh, I say, Plate," he complained, pushing at his yielding surroundings. "What's the big idea, smacking me like that? Ain't mad, are you, Plate? You might have hurt me that time, Plate. Of course I know you didn't mean nothing by it, but still and all,

Plate —— Say, give me a hand out of this, will you?"

"Do I get my money?" demanded Plato, hauling him out of the hedge.

"But I said it was a borrow, didn't I?" pleaded Mr. Preston. "What are you getting hot about? I wouldn't deny I owed you the money, Plate; not in forty years. I owe it to you, and I don't care who hears me say it. Wait, wait! Don't hit me again, Plate. I'll give you all I got. Here, here's five, six, six and a quarter ——"

"Give me all of it," said Plato, seizing the money. "And if you're in town tomorrow I'll have you committed. You better clear out."

"Oh, I say, Plate," whined Mr. Preston, "you wouldn't be hard on a poor fellow that never was done right, would you?"

"If you're in town you'll be done right by tomorrow," warned Plato, going off. He reëntered the waiting car.

"Settling an old score?" said Mr. Drury.

"There are several old scores to be settled, Uncle Gurlick," said Plato, still combative. "I've learned a few things in the last two months. I hold no grudge against you now for having had me committed to Garthman's as an incompetent. I've come to the conclusion that I was incompetent, in a sense, and I don't propose to take the management of the business out of your hands for the present. But I've seen how things look to the man down below, and I'm going to have some suggestions to make, and they'll be adopted or I'll know the reason why."

Mr. Drury reflected, seeing breakers ahead; Plato was not going to be an absentee owner.

He shrugged his shoulders and tapped on the plate glass to notify the chauffeur to proceed.

"Police station?" called the chauffeur.

"No," said Mr. Drury.

"Garthman's, sir?"

"No, no! Home!"

XI

"THIS is so sudden," said Miss Price. "I admit I have a feeling for you, but my head is buzzing. What is that you said again about us going to live in the lunatic asylum?"

"It will not be a lunatic asylum any more," said Plato. "That is the home of my ancestors, to use a literary expression. We will buy it back from Garthman, and furnish it up in style. You said once that you would marry a millionaire like a shot. Well, Hattie, here is your millionaire."

"I guess lots of people say things they don't mean," said Miss Price troubledly. "If I married you a big inducement would be to have charge of the Ferralum schools: it would be a shame to waste a good education on housework. The company appoints the school superintendent."

"You'll be appointed," bargained Plato.

She sighed distressfully; it was half past twelve in the afternoon, and they were sitting on her mother's porch. Laddie and the buggy were waiting to take her back to the normal college; already she would be late. She had an uncomfortable sense of stealing time from matters of real importance. And Plato was so annoyingly businesslike about his proposal; she knew he was wishing to look at his watch.

"Listen," she said, rebelling. "I am awfully rushed today. Why can't you come around to the house this evening, like other fellows, and maybe we will talk about this? There is a lovely moon out tonight, and it is just grand here in the hammock behind the honeysuckles. I know I shall be able to think lots better, what with having nothing on my mind. You'll come? That's dandy! Good-by, then—until tonight!"

She ran for the buggy in the road.

RÔLES

(Continued from Page 32)

reason —— Eva, I came to tell you—I've thought it all out. It can't go on."

"What can't go on? Won't you sit down to tell me?"

"Our engagement," he said, looking at her sternly.

"But do sit down. You are breaking our engagement?" His face showed his intense surprise at her manner. "Do you mean to say that you are jilting me?" she cried, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"It seems to make you happy, at any rate."

"Of course it does. It's an entirely new experience for me. I've never been jilted before."

"I don't blame you for being angry," he said wretchedly.

"But I'm amused. Don't you understand? And—of course I shan't allow it."

"Allow what?"

"Your jilting me. I won't let you off."

"But ——"

"No, I'm sorry; but it's endeared you to me, you see. You shouldn't have done it. I always want what I haven't got. If you'd only had discretion enough to stay placidly engaged until I jilted you, that would be different. But now—never! I shall never let you go!"

He stared at her in bewilderment. She smiled back at him charmingly.

"I don't seem to know you, Eva," he said. "You have changed completely in five weeks."

"I look just as nice, though, don't I?"

"You look very much nicer."

"Do you like this dress?" She turned slowly around, holding out her arms.

"I love it," he said enthusiastically, forgetting the main issue. "I wish I could paint you in it!"

"Paint me? Oh, yes! Well, why not? I'm not so busy now. I can pose for you some morning."

"But I came to tell you that we were not to see each other any more."

"Yes, I know; but you have told me. Now that's over, we can talk of other things."

She sat down at her make-up shelf and motioned toward the only other chair. He took it as if too weak to resist her any longer, still staring at her, hopelessly puzzled.

"I thought you would cry," he remarked naïvely.

"Crying went out with corsets," she said scornfully. "Tell me, are you mid-Victorian?"

"I'm not anything you can label," he retorted somewhat angrily. "That's why I don't want to marry."

"Oh? You don't want to be labeled 'married man'?"

"I don't want to be labeled anything. I won't be!"

"Except—artist?"

"Artist!" he cried scornfully. "Vaudeville! And I've got a man on my corner now who calls himself Joe the Shine Artist. It's as bad as 'Professor'. Besides, I'm no more that than anything."

"Of course I must take your own word for that."

"I paint and draw—yes. Once I was an actor. And I've written a play. I've sold pianos—for two days—until I got fired. And I've been a cowboy. But I refuse to be ticketed with any one of those things—forced down into a groove and made to stay there."

"You're absolutely right!" Gwynne said enthusiastically. "That's what I've always objected to."

He stared at her incredulously. Then, "You mean about the stage," he said impatiently. "I know you don't like it. But that's not the same. You don't get my point."

"I do too. I'm exactly like that myself. If some one said 'You may be empress of the whole world,' and I asked 'For always?' and they answered 'Always'—I wouldn't! I used to cry when I was a child and they told me you went on forever and forever in heaven being an angel, flapping your wings and singing—forever. 'But it's got to end!' I'd say. 'It's no fun unless there's an end to it.' Do you really think there's anything that would suit me for eternity?"

"Yes, Eva, one thing."

"What?"

"Love."

"Love!" she cried scornfully, laughing.

"Yes, I know you so well. You can't deceive me, Eva. You've been acting ever since I came into this room. Your pride makes you do that."

His eyes softened and glowed. He took her hand gently.

"Forgive me for hurting your pride," he said. "It's because I love you that I must let you go."

Now it was Gwynne's turn to wonder.

"I wish you would tell me what you mean," she said.

(Continued on Page 90)

Fill in the Coupon or Come to Louisville

THERE is real pleasure waiting for you at our Louisville factory. The pleasure that only smokers know when they "light up" with tobacco that smokes slowly, evenly, tobacco that is cool and mild, tobacco that is fragrant and rich, tobacco that is in prime condition, fresh from the factory.

We will deliver all this pleasure to you, with our compliments, free. You can test the tobacco in the only way that counts—by smoking it.

To our method of manufacturing and packing Tuxedo we have added *something entirely new*—a system of delivery which enables dealers to get Tuxedo tobacco fresh from the factory, packed in cartons which are dated to show the last day on which the tobacco can be sold. After this date the dealer must get a new supply fresh from the factory.

This time stamp guarantees that no matter when or where you buy Tuxedo the dealer can always deliver it to you fresh from the factory as mild, as mellow, as full of pleasure when you smoke it as it was when first cut, blended and packed at the factory.

Freshness makes, as the lack of it breaks, every bit of the joy of your smoke.

Unless you have smoked Tuxedo recently and from the tin with the "fresh from the factory" label, you cannot know what this new method of guaranteeing freshness means to the pleasure of your smoke, but now you can know at our expense, FREE.

So take us at our word, come to our Louisville factory, or mail the coupon or send a post card today, and receive a test outfit of fresh Tuxedo.

Mail This Coupon Today For FREE Test Outfit

FACTORY MANAGER,
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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Dear Sir,

I wish I could come to your Louisville Tuxedo Factory, but since I cannot I would like to try some Fresh Tuxedo "Fresh from the Factory."

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

Town _____

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JEWETT

Get into business for yourself!

WANTED ***Good business men with experience in any line, and with $5000 to invest in their own business. Profitable opportunities nearly everywhere.***

Able business men make big money as Jewett dealers. Unusually big money compared with the capital invested. Ten to twenty-five turnovers a year are usual—with the help of our financing plan. It's the rapid turnover that makes the steady profits—while margins remain small to give good value.

The Jewett reputation starts you off immediately. You don't have to work years to build up a clientele as in other lines. With reasonable diligence you can make money from the start. Here's an example—an Iowa dealer who writes:

> "Dear Mr. Jewett:—I had $5000 last year when I began with your cars in this town of 5000 people. Today I am worth $10,000, have a real business, and drew more last year than I ever earned on a salary."

In a middle western city are three hustling young men who started with our cars and $15,000 five years ago. They have continuously made a good living, draw handsome salaries today, and their firm is now worth $200,000. And here's part of a letter recently received by Mr. H. M. Jewett:

> "Dear Mr Jewett — You used to be in the coal business, and you told me when I started handling your car in this coal-mining town 10 years ago that it looked like pretty lean pickings to you. You remember I had only $5000. So I thought I would write you that my January 1st statement shows I am worth $100,000, and I have made every penny of it handling your cars in this town you thought wasn't a good field to sell in."

You see, the right car and the right company and the right man make a wonderful combination. As to ourselves, we have been in business since 1909, continuously under the same officers and directors. Last year our sales were $38,000,000. This year, to September 1, about $40,000,000. This company has never had to be refinanced—and we owe for no bonds, notes, or anything else except current accounts.

Right near you—perhaps in your own town—is this real opportunity to get into a profitable business for yourself. Tell us what capital you would invest—$5000 or more required—and something of your experience. Use the coupon below, with your letter.

TO PRESENT AUTOMOBILE DEALERS:

Why handle a car that Jewett beats when Jewett is open for you?

Mr. Dealer, the money-making car for *you* is the easy-selling car—the *wanted* car! And the wanted car today is the peppy performer, the easy handler, the comfortable rider, the sturdy traveler—at 'round $1000.

In all these wanted features Jewett is the leader! What kind of a car are you trying to sell compared with Jewett?

Are you trying to get $1300—$1400—$1500 for a car with a motor no larger than Jewett at $1065? Are you struggling with service expense on a cheaper "light six" that weighs 200 lbs. less than the sturdy Jewett? Why continue the battle so handicapped?—When Jewett is open for you.

Are you battling against the inevitable six-cylinder tide, instead of profiting from it? Are you side-stepping performance comparisons because your car would show up poorly? Why not sell a winner? Jewett is open for you.

Are your traded-in used cars worth what you allowed for them—or are you "stuck" for a pretty loss? Have you merely a few sure sellers on hand—or a big stock growing older every day? Why play a losing game?—When Jewett is open for you.

Many Jewett dealers make half their sales without trade-ins! Think of it! 1300 Jewett dealers reported an average of only four used cars on hand July 15, in spite of their tremendous new car sales. Why?

First: Because the Jewett is the *wanted* car. The public is glad to pay a fair price for such merit.

Second: Because of that, the Jewett dealer can afford to pass up prospects who demand unfair allowances—he thus gets this record high proportion of cash buyers without loss of volume.

The first 18 months of its life Jewett delivered more than 50,000 cars. The new plant under construction will produce 500 Jewetts a day. We can generously supply Jewetts to 1000 more dealers.

Below are listed hundreds of open towns. Get our proposition on the town that interests you. Use the coupon.

These and hundreds of other cities now open for you. Use the coupon—today!

Present Dealers in these Big Cities Can't Handle All the Business. Room for You.

CALIFORNIA Los Angeles, San Francisco
COLORADO Denver, Pueblo
CONNECTICUT Hartford
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA Washington
ILLINOIS Chicago, Peoria
INDIANA Indianapolis
IOWA Des Moines
KENTUCKY Louisville
MASSACHUSETTS Boston
MICHIGAN Detroit, Grand Rapids
MINNESOTA Minneapolis, St. Paul
MISSOURI Kansas City, St. Louis
NEBRASKA Omaha
NEW JERSEY Paterson
NEW YORK Albany, Buffalo, New York City, Rochester, Syracuse
OHIO Akron, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo, Youngstown
OREGON Portland
PENNSYLVANIA Philadelphia, Pittsburgh
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TENNESSEE Nashville
TEXAS Dallas
VIRGINIA Norfolk
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Cities Waiting for Some One to Handle Paige and Jewett. Many Other Open Cities Not Listed. Ask.

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ARKANSAS Fort Smith, Helena, Jonesboro, North Little Rock
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DELAWARE Dover
FLORIDA Lakeland, Tallahassee
GEORGIA Albany, Athens, Brunswick, Waycross
IDAHO Boise, Idaho Falls, Lewiston, Twin Falls
ILLINOIS Belleville, Cairo, Clinton, Freeport, Lincoln, Murphysboro, Paris, Princeton, Taylorville, Vandalia
INDIANA Elwood, Mishawaka, Newcastle
IOWA Centerville, Creston, Independence, Osage, Vinton
KANSAS Hutchinson, Independence, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Parsons, Wellington
KENTUCKY Paris
LOUISIANA Alexandria, Baton Rouge, Lake Charles
MAINE Auburn, Augusta, Bath, Waterville
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MASSACHUSETTS Adams, Arlington, Athol, Attleboro, Beverly, Greenfield, Marlboro, Newburyport, Peabody, Plymouth, Quincy, Watertown, Winthrop, Woburn
MICHIGAN Alma, Benton Harbor, Big Rapids, Cadillac, Charlotte, Cheboygan, Dowagiac, Greenville, Ludington, Mt. Clemens, Niles, Petoskey, Pontiac, South Haven, Three Rivers, Ypsilanti
MINNESOTA Austin, Fergus Falls, Hibbing, Virginia
MISSISSIPPI Hattiesburg, Jackson, Laurel, Meridian
MISSOURI Cape Girardeau, Carthage, Mexico, Sedalia
MONTANA Helena, Miles City
NEBRASKA Beatrice, Grand Island, Hastings, Nebraska City
NEW JERSEY Asbury Park, Belleville, Bloomfield, Hackensack, Lakewood, Long Branch, Paterson, Summit, Town of Union
NEW MEXICO Albuquerque, Santa Fe
NEW YORK Beacon, Fulton, Hudson, Ilion, Ithaca, Johnstown, Norwich, Ogdensburg, Watervliet
N. CAROLINA High Point, Rocky Mount
OHIO Ashtabula, Elyria, Medina, Norwalk, Sandusky, Washington Court House
OKLAHOMA Blackwell, Nowata, Sapulpa
OREGON Pendleton, Salem, The Dalles
PENNSYLVANIA Beaver Falls, Columbia, Connellsville, Dunsmore, DuBois, Homestead, McKees Rocks, Nanticoke
RHODE ISLAND Bristol, Central Falls, East Providence
SO. CAROLINA Anderson, Charleston, Columbia, Spartanburg
SOUTH DAKOTA Brookings, Huron, Madison, Mitchell
TENNESSEE Bristol, Jackson
TEXAS Abilene, Bonham, Brownwood, Corsicana, Denison, Greenville, Laredo, Marshall, Palestine, Paris, Port Arthur, Ranger, San Angelo, Sherman, Texarkana, Tyler
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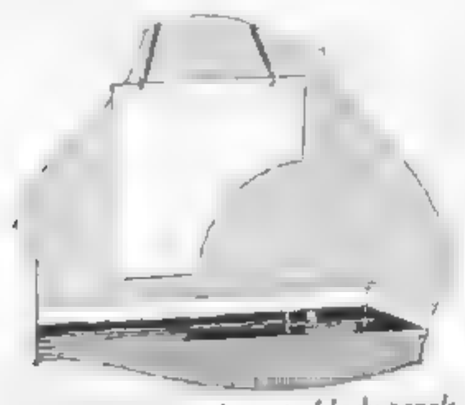
SIX PAIGE BUILT

Here's the New Jewett Six Brougham, $1325

Lasting Lustre, Baked Enamel Finish by New Process

Quite the smartest car the season has produced—just the achievement you'd expect from Paige engineers and designers. Jewett Six Brougham at but $1325 gives peak quality—the best value the Paige manufacturing organization ever produced for the money.

The lasting lustre finish is the result of a new process. Each steel body panel is separately dipped three times in finest black enamel, then baked—then separately fastened to the extra-large, extra-strong wood body frames. Wood frames—not steel—because wood reduces noise, absorbs vibration. Lift the rear seat cushions. See the steel body

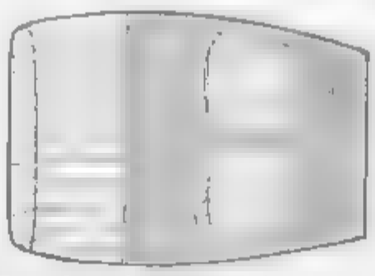


How Jewett Brougham steel body panels are enamel dipped for separate baking

panels enameled on the inside, too—no rusting possible.

Never before could this finish be placed on a wood frame body. The intense baking heat would burn the frames. But separate pre-enameling and baking give you a car of lasting lustre. It gives the Jewett Six Brougham the rich black gloss all over the car, seen only on fenders of other cars. Trust Paige to contribute such a step toward lasting good looks!

Full, roomy comfort for five—extra long leg room in front. Two individual front seats which both fold forward, give easy entrance

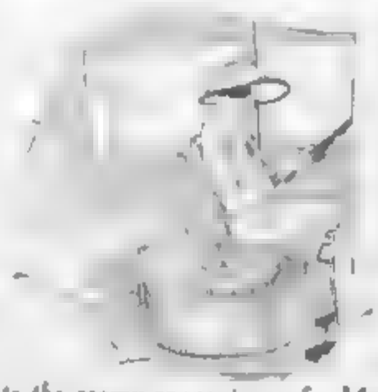


Jewett Brougham floor plan and seating arrangement. Both front seats fold. Enter either side

and exit from either side. Rear seat is of full width for three. Interior finish the kind you'll be proud of. Upholstered in velour. Remove the rear seat cushion and there's room for sample trunk or cumbersome baggage. Commodious trunk on rear is extra strong and well made.

Like all Jewetts the Brougham has full 50 horse-power, Paige-built motor that fills the hood. Hollow crank-shaft high-pressure oiling system gives silent smoothness and long life. Paige-Timken axles front and rear; ball-bearing steering spindles; 6-inch-deep frame. Ruggedness throughout that explains Jewett's acknowledged stamina.

Jewett Brougham performs like all Jewetts—goes from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds, in high gear; from 2 to 60 miles an hour, in high. Passes most any car on any



Note the roomy convenience for Mother and baby, for shoppers, salesmen, farmers

hill. Gear shifting is rare, and easy when you do shift. A bare 3-inch movement of the lever.

Business men, salesmen, farmers, wives with children to look after—everyone will welcome this new Jewett Brougham. It is smart in appearance—permanently good looking. No apologies for the appearance of the finish—requires no attention but washing.

Jewett dealers everywhere are proud to have you drive this new model 5-passenger Brougham yourself. Give it any kind of a test you want—a test for performance, for comfort, for good looks, for safety and for convenience.

(607)

Touring $1065 | Brougham $1325 | Sedan $1495 | Special Roadster $1195 | Special Touring $1220 | Special Sedan $1695 | *Prices at Detroit, Tax Extra*

Tastes better out of the "Krinkly Bottle"

"SAFE ON THIRST"

Two strikes, three balls, an Orange-Crush, and "You're safe on thirst." And you're the umpire. When you've yelled until the old throat gets husky, it fairly aches for a cold, sparkling drink. Here they are—right off the ice—Ward's "Crushes," Orange, Lemon or Lime flavors. Good! Say, the "Crushes" are great at a game; fine by the bottle or glass. A case at home makes them handy to ice and serve. The "Krinkly Bottle" signifies a Big League drink and lets you know it's genuine Ward's "Crush."

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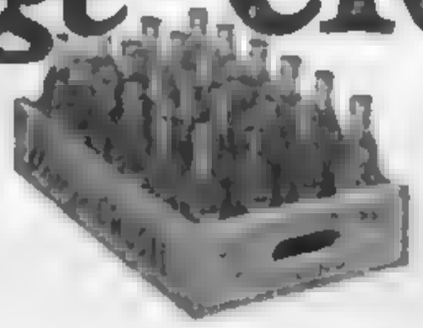
Orange-CRUSH

Try Ward's
LEMON-CRUSH
LIME-CRUSH
The two delicious companion drinks of Orange-Crush



CONSTITUENTS

Ward's "Crushes" owe their distinctive and delightful flavors to the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes. To these have been added pure cane sugar, citrus fruit juices, U. S. certified food color, fruit acid and carbonated water

(Continued from Page 87)

"But it's hard to explain, because we are so different. I know you won't understand. You must think me a cad."

"Just because you want to get out of—an entanglement? No. Why should you go on if you don't want to? I wouldn't."

"But I do want to. I want to marry you more than anything else in the world."

"Then why ——"

"Because I'd wreck your life, Eva. I'm not the right man for you."

"Isn't that for me to decide?"

"No, it isn't. You don't know me at all."

"What are you, then?"

"I don't know, myself. I only know that I can't—it isn't because I don't want to—but I can't settle down."

"And you imagine that I want to settle down?"

"Of course you do! It's what you were made for."

"Of all the ridiculous ideas!"

"Listen, darling! You remember our agreement?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I was to take that commercial-art job Shilberg offered me."

"Yes?"

"Well, I did. I've finished it these weeks I've been away from you. I made fifteen hundred dollars."

"Yes?"

"In five weeks. That isn't bad, is it?"

"Well, I don't know much about making money."

"Shilberg was so pleased he offered me something else at once. I could make five or six thousand a year—maybe more. We could live on that, couldn't we?"

"People do, I suppose."

"I wouldn't sign the contract! I told Shilberg to go to hell with his silly posters. That's how much I love you, Eva."

"You mean you don't love me enough to give up ——"

"I love you too much to give up. Do you know what you're letting yourself in for if you allow anyone to sacrifice anything for you? It's you who become the slave—not they."

"I still don't understand ——"

"Look here, Eva, if I'd signed that contract we could have taken a little house in the suburbs. You'd have liked that, wouldn't you?" She was silent. "You'd leave the stage," he went on. "You'd like that too. You'd settle down into a nice little housekeeper. We'd have stuffy, respectable, gossipy neighbors. You'd get a little fat—but even then you'd be adorably pretty. All that would suit you."

"Well?"

"Look here, darling, it's so hard to explain! But you know that about 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players'? Just look at how many of 'em get miscast! I know your rôle, Eva, and you couldn't be happy in it if I married you."

"What is my rôle?"

"You were meant to be a mother."

"What a ridiculously old-fashioned idea! As if all women ——"

"Of course I don't mean all women. What rot! A quarter of the women, at least, aren't fit to be mothers—shouldn't be allowed. But you—that's what you were made for. It's the only part you'd ever find happiness and success in playing, and I should make you so miserable. I wasn't meant to be the good provider, the dutiful father and husband. I suppose I would provide—I'd not desert you or beat the children. But all the time there'd be rage in my heart, and you'd know it, and it would be hell for us both."

Gwynne was silent a moment. Then, "What would you like to do? What's your rôle?" she asked curiously.

He moved his shoulders impatiently.

"How can I tell yet? I haven't found myself yet. There's only one thing I know for certain."

"Yes?"

"It sounds—too Greenwich Village; but I've got to be free, to find something; and then to change if I like; and to go on filling out my outlines gradually instead of being poured into a mold like jelly."

"I'm not any more jelly than you are," said Gwynne. "It's just like a man's egotism to think ——"

"Hello, there!" he exclaimed. "What's happening to the lights?"

The globes over the make-up shelf were dimming, winked twice in warning, glowed red for an instant, and then went out. The room was dark.

"They're putting out the lights. They think everyone's gone. Hurry!" cried Gwynne, catching up her wrap and running to the door.

The landing and the stairs were dark, but at the foot of them a light shone, and Gwynne called to the doorkeeper that she was coming. Then, as she ran lightly down, with Hal beside her, her foot slipped on the iron stairs and his arm shot out to save her. For one breathless moment she was pressed against his shoulder, in the curve of his hard-muscled arm; and like an electric shock, she felt a sudden current leap from his body to hers and back again, leaving her weak and dizzy with surprise. She pulled herself away and ran down the remaining flight alone.

"Sorry, Miss Grahame. I thought everybody was out," apologized the doorkeeper in the lower hall. "I seen your car go away some time ago, miss. So I thought you was out. I'm sorry ——"

"I sent Parker on an errand," Gwynne explained. "Has he come back?"

"I'll go see. Maybe he's waitin' at the end of the alley."

"Shall I take you home, Eva?" asked Hal, coming up to her.

"No."

He hesitated. "But at any rate, let me put you into a taxi."

Suddenly, for some reason which she could not explain, Gwynne did not want him to know that she owned a car.

"No; I'm waiting for one of the other girls. Please go ahead."

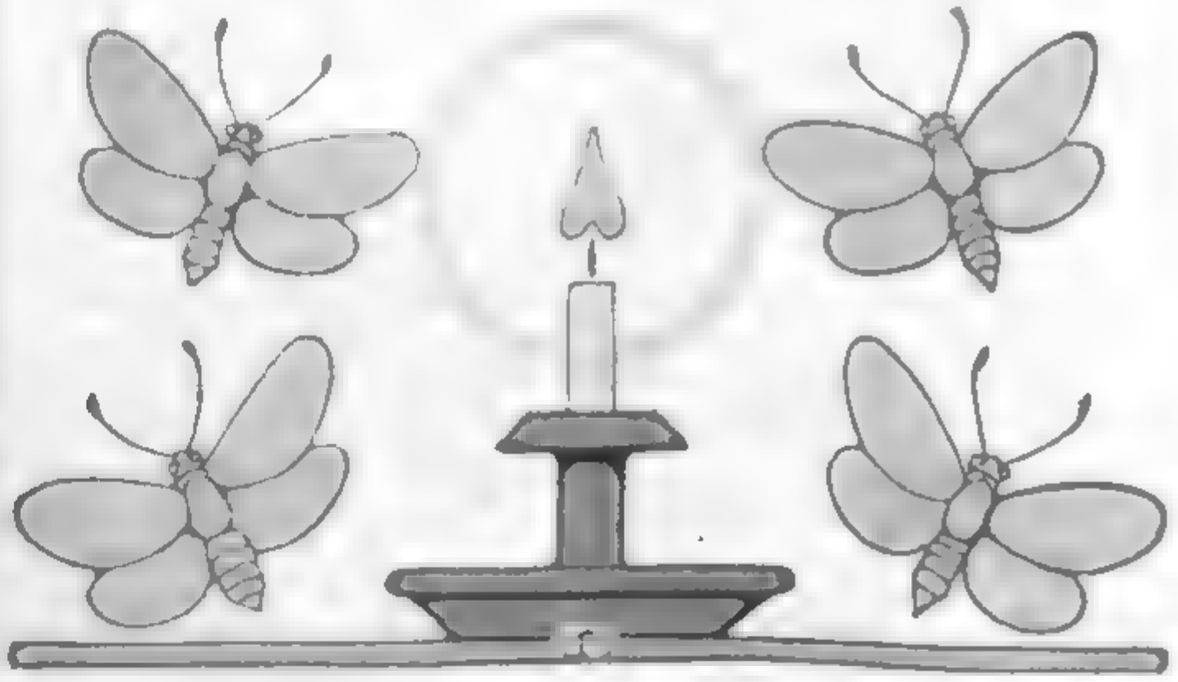
He looked about the darkened theater. "But I'm quite sure everyone has gone, Eva."

"Please don't be tiresome! You are not—my fiancé any longer, you know."

He looked curiously at her flushed cheeks and almost angry eyes; bowed slightly, and silently pushed open the stage door.

At the end of the dark alley, drawn up to the curb, was a beautiful town car, with a chauffeur; and as Hal approached it he saw, also, the maid whom Eva had said was her own. And as Hal went down the street, scorning to stop and spy but irresistibly compelled by his youth and his love to turn his head back over his shoulder, Eva came out of the darkness of the alley and got into the lighted car, with its soft gray cushions and vase of flowers, and was expertly whisked away in the opposite direction from that in which she was supposed to live.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



What is Your Mark?

IF you have ever laughed over that delightfully whimsical story of Frank Stockton's—"Rudder Grange"—you will remember the tramp who climbed the apple-tree to get away from Lord Edward, the ferocious watch dog.

The man of the house, you recall, came to see what the trouble was all about and the tramp promised "if you'll chain up that dog, and let me go, I'll fix things so that you'll not be troubled no more by no tramps." It was a bargain. The next day a curious mark was discovered cut in a tree at the end of the lane. No tramps appeared that summer—to the great wonderment of the household.

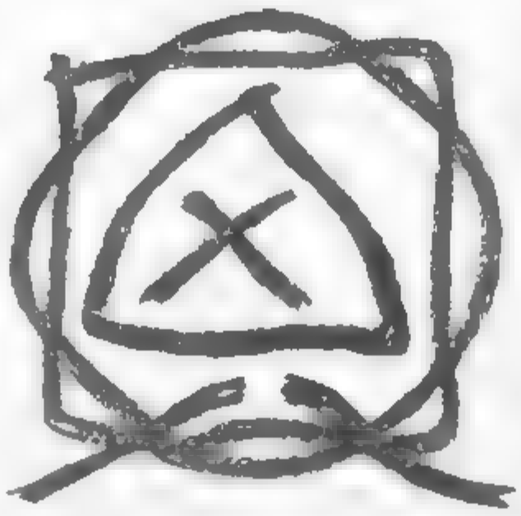
Weeks later the man noticed another tramp looking at the mark on the tree. He bribed the hobo to tell him what it meant. And he learned that he had been branded as "a mean, stingy cuss, with a wicked dog" and it was "no good to go there."

* * * *

Every shop, every factory, every business has its mark—so that those who know the signs may read. It is the mark given it by its employees. Be sure of this: there is no way to escape the mark that is deserved—whether good or bad.

You have known factories where every employee hated his work—where constant sullen bitterness and strife were the order of the day—where Jim told Bill, "don't work down at X's place unless you are starving." A *black* mark was the symbol of such a place.

And you have known other factories and businesses where the employees were contented, where everything ran smoothly, where strikes were unknown, where it was a pleasure to work. A *white* mark for such a place.



Perhaps you say:
"This is none of my affair."
—But you are wrong!—

It concerns *you*—wherever you are and whoever you are.

It concerns you in all your daily comings and goings—whether you live on a farm and plow the land or whether you live in the city and work in a bank—whether you are the President of your company or its least important employee:

Any general strike affects *you*—even though you are not directly connected with it.

For instance, when the employees of a transportation company go on strike—if you *buy* milk, it may not be delivered; if you *sell* milk, it may spoil on your hands. Either your baby or your pocketbook is liable to suffer. Perishable food may spoil and prices will go skyrocketing. Building materials won't move and work on dwellings and schools will stop.

Not only your luxuries and comforts but also your actual necessities may be cut off *without warning*—when work stops!

What makes the difference between the two? What gives one a bad mark and another a good mark? The difference is in the business vision and the human kindness of the men at the helm.

* * * *

Business today is undergoing a great change. In this new-day business outlook wise employers do not grind work out of their helpers as though they were machines. A new art has entered business—the art of coöperation.

The employer who has this vision sees the *whole* man he has employed—not just his hands or his brains. He knows that Hands, Head and Heart must all be considered. And the employer who recognizes this art in business finds in practice that the day-to-day well-being of his employees makes for his own welfare.

He knows that every single one of his employees has four sides—physical, mental, social and financial. He provides better working conditions. He enables them to earn enough to live decently. He helps them to save. He enlists their intelligence as well as their skill. He knows that they need recreation. He sees that these wants are met and he goes still further by insuring their lives.

It is the dawn of a new tomorrow in business—the day when employers and employees begin to understand each other and plan together for mutual good. Men at last are learning that Humanics plays as great a part in business as Mechanics and that *happy workers* are the big concealed asset in many a business enterprise.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has searchers constantly at work in all parts of the United States and Canada, gathering data concerning various businesses. It is a giant magnet of business information—a great clearing house of better business ideas.

Every day the Metropolitan receives inquiries from employers for information on what industry is doing to bring employers and employees into closer sympathy by making business more *human*.

One phase of this new concept of business is the importance assumed by Group Insurance. It is life insurance at wholesale rates carried by an employer under one policy covering his employees.

Here in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company we have found Group Insurance a new opportunity and a new responsibility. Through it we have come in closest contact with hundreds of widely varied businesses whose needs we have studied, which we have been instrumental in helping.

One of our group insurance policies gives life insurance protection aggregating $51,400,000,—the largest ever known in the history of insurance. One sheet of paper with one signature and the names of 42,000 people attached—42,000 people helped to greater health and happiness! It is inspiring!

A fine thing about Group Insurance is that it enables people whose physical condition will not permit them to pass a regular examination to be insured without medical examination. Think of the weight of worry this lifts from the men and women who need insurance most and without it must leave their families unprovided for.

Our Policyholders' Service Bureau has prepared reports covering many of the present day business problems—factory management, safety devices, stock purchasing and profit-sharing plans, housing, sanitation, factory routing, etc. Valuable information of this kind is at your disposal and will be mailed on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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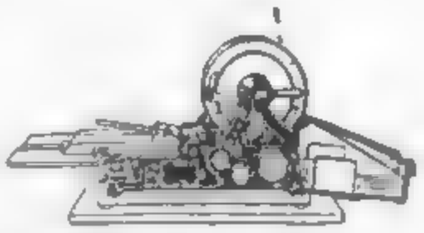

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THE SUPERIOR MOTHER

(Continued from Page 9

her youth with an uncle in Paris and Rome. This uncle also was an artist. She had been home at odd intervals when he was at Harvard. Her hair had been reddish; he remembered that, and the fact that she and Violet always quarreled. That was natural, however, belonging as they did to the same family.

Then he forgot her, and her mother and Violet. His first week in New York, like all first weeks in New York, was half nightmare, half nervous breakdown. He talked, ate and slept Tonaka water power. He dreamed of concrete mixtures and water velocity and rainfall. Old Mr. Knowlton, of Knowlton, Hembridge, Lyall & Sanders, his associate counsel, told his wife that Alec Cochrane's young man seemed less stupid than most young men today. The long list of attorneys on the side of the concrete mixers heard that he had brains. Meanwhile they lunched and dined and played golf and poker together, as is the way of men engaged in significant business. On Saturday they took Joe out to a club, where they played thirty-six holes of golf, dining later on a cool veranda overlooking the sea. They wanted Joe to stay the night but he had planned to work all day Sunday. He rode back to the city in someone's car, aglow with food and talk and exercise. He liked this world, this life, these men. There was nothing to mar the peace of his mind, no visible wrench that could be thrown into this splendidly cogent, smoothly dynamized man's world.

Nothing until Sunday morning, when a telegram awoke him at 7:30 from the luxury of promised sleep. Mrs. Craig had grown impatient. She had wired:

For heaven's sake, use your influence. Angela is sailing to Spain. Must have her for my garden party next week. Depend on you.
VERA.

Sleepy and disgruntled as he was, he couldn't help grinning at the "Vera." It was a clever stroke. By taking him into her class, immune from any romantic danger, she constituted him a mere policeman, *in loco parentis*. The garden party was a hoax, of course; merely a hook upon which to hang an argument.

"Darn her!" Darrange muttered as he turned on the water for a tub. Had he never been engaged to Violet, had he never got to be so friendly with her mother, he would now be sleeping peacefully. He would have to see Angela. He would go this morning, get it over with, and come back to work. It was better to land in upon her early in the morning, before she could plan anything for the day.

"Confound them!" he said as he began to fish about among the papers for the card Angela's mother had given him. It was not in his pocketbook or in the lining of his hat. It was not in his cigarette case or his brief case. He began one of those systematic searches of which only patient young men are capable. He went through all his unanswered letters, his receipted bills, his socks, his underwear. Eventually he discovered it in the jacket pocket of the pajamas he had worn in the sleeper.

The pajamas were in the laundry bag waiting for their big adventure. He wished they had gone, and Angela's address with them. Meanwhile his tub ran out, and then ran over, and then ran in again. He stepped into it finally, a crossed and harassed man.

He felt better when he stepped from his club after breakfast and submitted himself to the benediction of a soft May morning. The air was delicately fresh, caressing yet electric, as it can be on a blue-skyed New York morning. Breathing it in, Darrange straightened and turned down the street. It was a good day. He would walk up the Avenue and over east to Angela's.

On the corner of Thirty-seventh and Fifth Avenue he wavered. The Craigs did not take advice easily; how could he walk in upon Angela, whom he hadn't seen for more than ten years, and tell her to go home to her mother? Who was he to stick himself, like some uninvited dove, into the natural warfare of mother and daughter?

But Vera Craig was the champion sender of idiotic telegrams. For the most unimportant whim she resorted to the long-distance telephone. She was capable of calling him away from the court room, from a conference of counsel, from a significant luncheon. She could ruin him. He turned north and on to Angela.

He walked along, a young man happily absorbed in thoughts of water velocity, damages, seepages, thinking with the logical continuity possible only to one as yet unharassed by the demands and insistencies of a woman.

He knew, at that moment, little about women, and he had less intuition about himself. Had he had more he would not have gone on thinking Violet a romantic idealist after she had first seen the polo player.

"Oh, Joey, those divine breeches!" she had moaned.

For six weeks he had still believed in her.

No, even now he was vulnerable. A discerning woman, seeing him, would say, "Serious, but isn't he simply sweet?" Observing him further, she might decide to seize him for her own. If she were the right woman she would be keen enough to see that the blow dealt to him by life had injured, for the time, his romantic capacities. His eyes, just now, were closed to the excitements of experience. She must wait, near at hand, patiently, enchantingly, until his eyes opened, when, of course, they would fall upon her.

Darrange had walked far east on one of the upper Fifties, beyond Third Avenue, before the East River looming up before him brought him out of his thoughts. All about him were shabby buildings, some brownstone houses done over into flats, others obvious tenements. It was a strange neighborhood for the daughter of Vera Craig.

Angela's door was that of an old house which had put on a new green-painted, stuccoed face. He pushed the bell. He listened for the answering buzz, but it didn't come. He waited hopefully. She might be out. As he turned away, the buzzer roared, sounded, clacked. Angela, no meek woman, pushed that button as she would summon a slave. He opened the door and climbed four flights up through an increasingly hot staircase. At the top he faced a shabby painted door. Breathless, he wondered what to do. The door opened and she stood there, a young woman of about twenty-five, as tall as his shoulder, with a mop of reddish-gold hair and a pair of greenish eyes. It was Angela. She gave him the old contemptuous look.

"You haven't changed a bit," he said. "Why do you live in such a hole?"

"It's good enough for me," she answered proudly. "Who are you?" He looked exhausted, and it was not Angela's nature to be unkind. Then she caught on. "Oh," she gushed, "you're the man to fix the skylight. It leaks frightfully."

Darrange was annoyed. He stood unwillingly before her unflung door, wiping his brow with a large handkerchief. This Craig was a new edition—vivid, alive, where Vi had been insinuating and piquant. The heat was awful.

"Angie," he said, "let me in. I'm Joe Darrange."

Her face flushed and her eyes widened. She looked at him as if she were searching for the things she remembered, the things time had covered. She was twenty-five, he must be almost thirty-three now. She stretched out her strong white hands.

"You are, aren't you? It's ten years since I've seen you. Come on in and let us have a look at you."

He shuddered as he went. That was one of Violet's phrases; only from her it meant, "Come and look at me, poor slave!"

Angela's egoism was less obvious. She looked him up and over and down, with her funny, honest, green eyes. She had on a long green silk frock, embroidered, expensive, imported, but daubed here and there with streaks of dirt. She had a fine straight body and a pair of strong capable hands.

"Well," said Joe, who was matter of fact, if shy, "when did you start being so pretty? I don't remember you looking like this."

Angela neither blushed nor wriggled nor denied the charge.

"You never looked at me. Wasn't it Vi you came to gaze at?"

"She was your sister, wasn't she? But you're not a bit like her, except for your voice. But you talk faster."

"Yes, Vi always drawled. She's even worse in England. What she begins today she finishes tomorrow. Sit down. Have a cigarette?" He did both. "What brought you here anyway?" She kept looking at him, surprised at seeing him. "It's queer,"

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she said. "I feel as if I should know you very well, and yet I don't know you at all. I haven't seen you since I was fifteen. Then I saw you every day. Do you still live in your old home?"

He told her all about himself—his father's death, his law, his war, his office at home.

"What are you doing in New York?"

He lectured on the Tonaka Power Company. She seemed interested. He explained seepage, velocity, dams, floods. She interrupted most logically; not, he decided, a bit like Vi.

"Well, you are amounting to something," she said finally. "I never heard what happened to you, of course, because there was no one to tell me. After I went to live with Uncle Tommy in Rome I never saw mother except in the summer. And you know how mother is in a foreign country. Simply ecstatic about a piece of brocade on a cardinal's back or a hunk of lace in some shop. I used to ask her about you, and she would say, 'Splendid, a perfect dear. . . . Will you come with me to Luigi's tomorrow? Your Italian is so superb, darling. Joe has wonderful shoulders,' and so on."

Joe roared. She mimicked perfectly the high-pitched shouting Vera indulged in.

"Then when she came over last year, after Vi had chucked you, I didn't dare mention your name. She was crying all the time. Remind her that she had been a mother and she'd fall into a faint. So I shut up. But I did wonder."

"Wonder what?" He was interested.

"Well, how you were taking your jilting. People are so different about it. Somehow, being jilted brings out the best or the worst in us." Joe grinned. "Do you mind my talking about it? I think it was awful, the way you were left flat. If I had been mother I should have killed Vi instead of giving her the old silver. Marriage doesn't condone vulgarity. But that isn't what really puzzled me."

"What was that?"

"I never could see why you didn't see through her. How could she fool you so?"

Here he was, he thought, at home with the Craigs again. There was something in himself that answered to the call of this savage family life. All his mother's people had been sentimentalists, swooning in a sea of family affection. There was a tonic, if terrifying, honesty about the Craig dissections. He waited for Angela to go on. She did.

"I could have told you, Joe, years ago. Vi was always bragging and flirting. It wasn't you she liked, or anybody. It's herself. She's happy now in England because they cut such a dash. She has six cars and a house with twenty peacocks. Why didn't you ask me about her before she broke your heart?"

"One doesn't go about asking the truth about one's promised wife."

"I know, but it would save a lot of trouble. Now I knew she was a fake when I was fourteen and you didn't find out until you were thirty. And you loved her passionately for six years. Oh, Joey, how dumb of you!"

She giggled, and spread her long legs even longer. She was a graceful and lovely creature, well worth the four flights.

"You have got marvelous shoulders. Exactly what I want for a fountain. Why can't you let me use them?" She eyed his collar bones.

"I don't want to stand perpetuated in a bird bath. Besides, your mother wouldn't like it."

The friendly light in her green eyes went out. Suddenly she was suspicious.

"Joe, are you working on the side of my mother?"

"What do you mean?"

"How thick are you and mother?"

"Why, we're merely good friends. I've seen her several times this spring."

"She must have someone to lament with."

"Now, Angela, honestly, you are a bit rough. I feel a little sorry for your mother."

"Sorry for my mother? Now why, I ask you?" She spread both hands dramatically before her, as famous actresses do when they are calling upon a man to save their honor. "Joe, why should you be sorry for my mother?"

Joe floundered.

"Well, she's there, isn't she?—all alone in that big house, and the gardener's no good, and she doesn't like the people who bought the Stone house, and she misses Violet, and all that. She wants you to come home for the summer, she says."

Angela exploded.

"Don't tell me what she says! I dream of what she said yesterday, of what she will say tomorrow. She's trying to keep me from the biggest thing that ever came into my life."

"Great Scott, the girl wants to marry someone!" thought Joe.

"Oh, Angela," he said, "how awful!"

"Awful? It's hellish! Here I am, with this chance to study with Morizet, and she won't hear of it!"

"But what's she got to do with it, or anything? Haven't you your own money?"

"But how can I go to settle down in Spain for the summer when, at any moment, mother may turn up in Barcelona and wire me to come to help her buy table linen? You ought to be glad you're a son, Joe Darrange."

"Why? Women have the soft cushion, as far as I can see."

"Who wants a soft cushion?" she shouted. Leaning forward in her chair, she pointed a finger at him. "Don't you know what the matter is with mother? All her life she's been spoiled. Now her show is over and she wants to take part of mine. She won't let down and live a quiet life as people should at her age. Oh, no, I must give up what I want to do and stay home to feed her excitement. We don't agree on a single thing. In fact, if I should I would bore her to tears. Yet she wants me at her side. It's disgusting. Why can't women go their lives alone?"

It might be dangerous, Joe realized, to be caught on Mrs. Craig's side of the fence. Besides, Angela had an argument, and her hair was beautiful.

"I don't see many men facing senility alone," he countered valiantly. "They're all hanging on some woman."

Some instinctive kinship led him dumbly into alliance with her. Aroused, she came even more alive. Her square, long-fingered hands were weapons of gesture; her eyes were those of a passionate kitten. The hot words came off her tongue with deft accuracy, sweet maliciousness. She was truly one of the Craigs.

"Mother's keeping me from the chance of a lifetime. When I was in Paris, the winter before last, I studied with Morizet. He really started me. You know Morizet?"

He didn't know, but he nodded.

"He picked me and three others to go with him to Normandy to work all summer. It was heavenly—until August, when mother pounced down upon Paris, and I had to go with her; that was the last of Morizet. I had to escort her to London, and then to Pau and then to Tuscany and then Rome, avoiding all the places where Vi might be, and of course you never knew. It was one damn thing after another until last November, when we got back to New York. Then I struck."

"That's when you stayed here."

"That's when we had the row. We almost scratched each other's eyes out."

She sat silent a moment, remembering that mauve-and-silver room at the Carlton, and her mother, white and angry, on the edge of a gilded chair.

"If you weren't related, you'd get on," Joe said. "She admires you a lot; I know she does. All the things she gibes other people for not having she's proud of in you. Why don't you come down for a visit?"

"Joe, don't be asinine! I'm sailing in three weeks. I've got thousands of things to do here. Besides, I won't be treated as a daughter."

"Well, you've got to expect it. You are a daughter, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not." She jumped up and began to walk around the room. "I'm more than that," she said from the window; "I'm a darned good artist."

There were artists in the world, Joe knew, and she might be one. She was acting like one, certainly, and she had the looks for anything.

"You don't believe me," she said.

"Oh, yes, I do, Angela. I believe everything you say. Walk right over me." One didn't argue with Mohammed.

She looked at him relentlessly.

"I'll prove it to you. You shall use your own judgment, and I shan't influence you in the slightest."

That was the Craig way. They stood over you, with a sword in their teeth or an ax in their hand, and begged you to be impartial—in their favor.

"What do you want me to do?" Joe asked.

He must have been there already half an hour. His office, his books, his quiet day of work became suddenly desirable.

"I want you to come out to New Sharon with me today to see Cardoza. You can find out what he thinks of my work, and then you can report to mother. You'll see whether it's worth my while to go to Spain this summer."

A whole day in the country with this insistent girl. Horrible! His Sunday lost, his neat pile of facts unassembled, his week's work unplanned. Impossible!

"Look here, Angie, I can't. I'm a lawyer, not a play boy. I've got to work."

"But this will be work," she took him up gayly. "Why, you ought to be thrilled at the chance to meet Cardoza."

"Who's he? I never heard of him." The only Cardoza Joe had heard about was a jurist.

He learned. Cardoza was the greatest sculptor in America. Angela was his most apt and promising pupil. She had just finished in his studio a design for a bridge-head decoration in St. Paul. Cardoza was sure it would win the prize. Joe had to go.

"And then you will tell mother how wrong she is. Let her get to think it chic to have an artistic daughter."

Angela disappeared to dress. Inheriting the family nerve, she had captured him. Yet underneath his protests he liked the excitement of being with her. She was, he was sure, some kind of faker, but he didn't know what. It would be fun to learn.

When Angela was in the room she had held his eyes. Now he looked about him, at the big room with its three windows looking north. Overhead, a skylight had been set in and the hot sunlight slanted down into the room. The furniture was nondescript—two or three wicker chairs, one or two good Italian pieces, a chest of drawers and a big flat drawing table on which was massed an untidy pile of papers. Joe, walking over to look at them, saw that they were charcoal sketches, all legs and heads and shoulders. On the mantel was a coffee cup, a silver cigarette box and a photograph of a man in a British army uniform. On one wall hung a strange modern woodcut. There was not much else. To Joe it was less attractive, as a home, than Vera's place. But then, freedom was something to be cherished.

His eye caught that instant the thing her freedom bought her. It was the lateral half in plasticene of a young girl, eighteen inches high, caught in an insolent irreconcilable gesture. It was a hollow profile: Angela had hammered away the rest evidently. It was as incomplete, and as tantalizing, as a back view of Hamlet. He turned it around gently in his fingers, wishing for the other half. This shattered fury was Angela's work. She had laid her arresting mark on that clay, even as she thrust herself into her talk. As he stood fingering it she came in the door. The bell rang, and she stood watching him as she pressed the buzzer.

"Like it?" she said.

He nodded, still looking at it. It was more than a talent this girl had. He didn't need to tell her. She knew it.

"I do," he said. "Why don't you finish it?"

"Give me time. I only wrecked it last night."

He looked up at her. She had cast off her disarray for a soft knitted frock, a tan thing, that was careless, yet all distinction. Like all the Craigs, she wore her clothes to frame, every day, a new and striking picture. She mingled in them, knowingly, violence and taste, color and discretion. There was about her something of the lily and more of the tiger. She smiled at him. He smiled, helplessly, back. The alliance was beginning to be cemented.

Joe never was clear about the last name of the young man in whose car they drove out to Cardoza's. He was waiting at the curb, all aglow, when they descended, and his face was radiant until he perceived Darrange behind Angela.

"Oh, Alec," she cried, "this is Mr. Darrange! We haven't seen each other for ten years. He's going up with us to see my things."

Alec stuck out a hand and mumbled something about its being splendid. But it didn't sound sincere. He was, Joe observed, falling in love with Angela. They had gone and spoiled his Sunday. With a pang of commiseration Joe climbed into the back seat. Whenever Angela spoke to him, or turned around, he made a face at her. So she treated Alec nicely all the way up.

Joe sat looking at the straight column of her neck, and at her back, flat like a sheath. This big, intense little sister of Violet was incredible. How much of her was obstreperousness, how much genius, how much was pose, and how much honest ability? His own hazards interested him. He gave up resenting his capture and began to enjoy himself.

Before the door of the rambling white farmhouse that sheltered the Cardozas he began to be glad he had come. Cardoza himself, as well as the play which Angela unwittingly staged, was entertainment enough. There was no resisting this leonine red-bearded man. Looking less like the story-book artist, more like a bridge builder or a sea captain, he was huge and confident and mellow, roaring and a little profane. He came tacking around the corner of his house, carrying a three-year-old child around his neck as lightly as most women wear pearls.

"This is Teresa," he bellowed at Joe. "Named for the saint, and not at all like her."

He flung the baby to the ground, where she clung to his insteps and burbled. In a few minutes' time Joe was his slave.

Before they had climbed out of the car Angela had darted warning to him—"Don't mention mother."

Now he saw why Angela to Cardoza had no mother, no family, no ties. She existed in space, the embryo of a great artist. As such, he saluted her with deference and affection. Mrs. Cardoza, a tall stout woman, with a Roman nose, black hair, an enormous pair of coral earrings, ran, too, from a side door.

Kissing, the two women punctuated the air with French. Angela's was Parisian, Mme. Cardoza's that of the Midi. They mingled if they did not mix.

"You hear," said Cardoza above the din, "two great artistes keesing each other." Cardoza was a blond Spaniard. His wife, an Italian born in Toulouse, had fled a bourgeois home to Paris in her youth and become a miniature painter. She was six feet tall, and her arm was twice the size of Darrange's. Her reputation was solid and international. Most of the crowned, more of the empty heads of Europe had been set down in their native ivory by her meticulous genius. Then she met Cardoza. They had fallen violently in love and come to America. She had two little children, and when she left them to paint she cried all the day before. Art was a harsh mistress.

All this Joe learned at lunch, which they ate at a large round table placed out on a greensward, facing to the northeast. The warm sun was overhead; before their eyes rolled a pleasant prospect of pastures and meadows, and far off the foothills of the Berkshires. Joe sat facing all this, his chair tipped comfortably against the white wall of the house. Opposite him was Angela, silhouetted against a background of lovely country.

They ate an endless, substantial French *déjeuner*, placed before them by one of those racing French maids, who ran back and forth, chattering, commenting, flirting, fetching and carrying scores of plates, glasses, platters of food. Cardoza commanded and madame snapped her fingers.

There was good talk, too; not so much about art as work, the darling and beloved talk of the shop. Joe liked it. Inexplicably it merged all types and professions. Out of the welter of gossip and hearsay—who sold what, who painted whom, who ran off with whose wife—the talk solidified and deepened, the act led to the principle, the instance to the idea. Of such talk, gathering form and momentum from gay and flippant beginnings, Cardoza was a master.

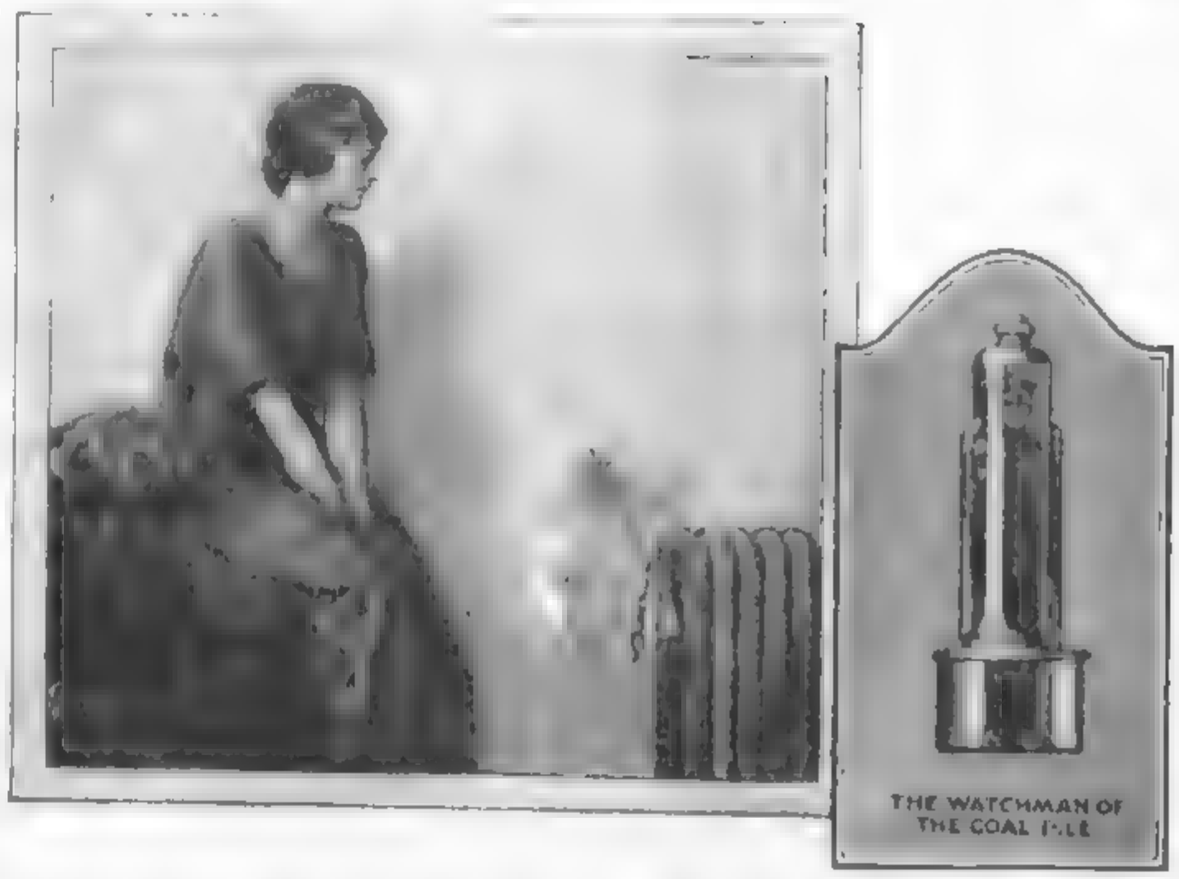
"That's the trouble with women," Joe thought of Violet. "They have no shop; nothing real to hang their lives on."

Angela gave the lie to his reflection. She was talking, her lovely face alive with the excitement.

"Look!" she said. "Look what he did to Eddie Chellis, and to Graham, and Mary Sullivan. If any three started well they did. And now they go about seeing things in rhomboids. They were all right until Sebastian got hold of them. He can't paint and he can't teach. He's jealous, so he decries everything, and his pupils lose their nerve and their discipline, and go simply nutty. You know it. It makes me ill to think of Mary. Why, she was a wonder when I first knew her!"

She bewailed the decay of Mary exactly as her mother lamented an unfortunate marriage or the loss of good money at bridge. Cardoza disagreed with her sharply.

(Continued on Page 98)



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"Costs more nothing!" she retorted. "One of the valves I have now is costing me $59 for new wall paper."

"Well," chuckled the heating-contractor, "that's why Hoffman Valves are really the least expensive of all. If every one knew what I know about the inside of air-valves I couldn't sell anything but Hoffman's. They're the *only* valves that won't spit or leak under any condition."

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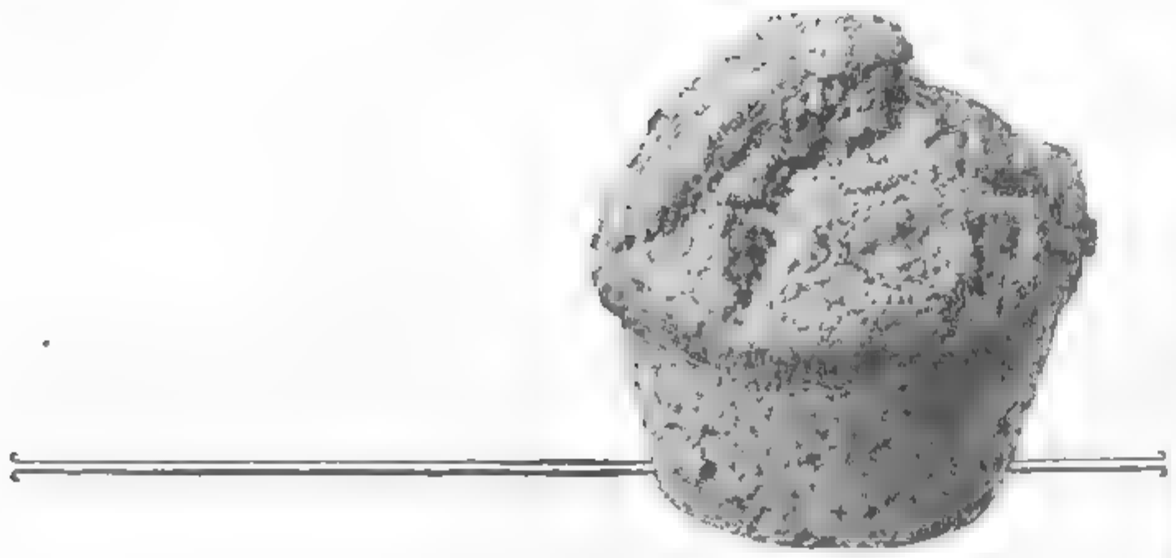

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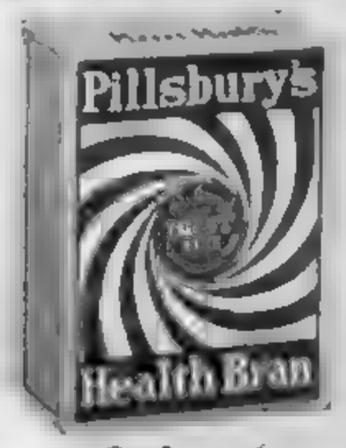


One of the family

(Continued from Page 95)

"Your talk is foolish," he said to her. "What can a teacher do for an artist? Look at me! Did I have a teacher? Didn't I go right on working my way up from the stable boy I was, to the artist I am? Look at my wife! Did she have the right teacher, the wrong teacher? No, she had the passion, the will, the genius. That's what your Mary hasn't, or she wouldn't be letting this Sebastian make a fool out of her. He is no fool, I tell you. He has had trouble with his wife, and he is not himself. That is all."

"Oh, tommyrot!" said Angela, laughing.

"Tommyrot yourself! Look at you—you, Miss Angela Craig! You have had no help from your mamma, but you are an artist. Aren't you?" He pointed his knife at her. Angela smiled.

"If I am tell him so." She pointed with her fork, in turn, to Darrange.

Cardoza darted a quick look at him. Mrs. Cardoza turned her flashing black eyes upon him. She scented a romance. But Angela should never marry. She should not try to love two things. Cardoza was perturbed. He didn't want this young man coming around his protégée.

"Him?" he smiled. "Why should I tell him? Does he like you? Mr. Darran-ge"—he sounded the last two letters—"you keep away from this girl. She is too good for love. Love—love—poof! What a foolishness! She must not love anybody. No, not until she is an old, old woman, and her arm is good no longer. If she stay an old maid until she is sixty, then her mamma will be proud of her." He burst into a roar of laughter. Angela raised amused eyes to Darrange, who blushed. As for Alec, he turned white. He didn't like Angela's future discussed so publicly, for no matter what general good.

Cardoza was not through.

"Hey, you, Mr. Darran-ge, you tell me—do you want to marry Angela? Hey?"

He was having a great joke. He waited for his answer. Darrange gave it to him.

"No, sir, I don't; not on a bet."

Cardoza almost expired with laughter. Then he turned to Alec.

"But you are the romantic one. You are the man of danger." And he poked him in the ribs.

Over the table, Angela looked at Joe. He looked at her. And Angela, who had hitherto been only an artist, lowered her challenging eyes.

After luncheon, which lasted until almost four o'clock, Joe was shown the works of Angie. A formal procession wound its way to a barn on the top of a little ridge in a neighboring field, which Cardoza had turned into a studio. Angela walked, considerately, with Alec. Cardoza followed with two visiting artists from a near-by farm, who treated him with immense respect and paid Angela the deference beauty exacts even from the arrived. Joe tagged behind with Mrs. Cardoza, one child asleep in her arms and another clinging to her skirts. She had wound a red bandanna around her head to keep off the sun.

"Why not take an umbrella?" suggested Joe.

"Oh, no, an umbrella—so ugly!" And she drawled out her words, smiling at him with the smooth benignity of the middle-aged Latin.

The barn had been made over, neatly and substantially, into a workable studio. It had big skylights, a hardwood floor and a huge fireplace. All around was a splendid medley of Cardoza's half-finished, unfinished work. Down in one corner, in a space cleared out for her, was Angela's design.

Joe knew it from afar as hers. It had the insolent sweep, here embodied in a restraining form, that there was about her statuette, that there was even about her walk. She had gone ahead of him and stood looking at it, touching it here and there with a caressing finger, wondering, no doubt, if it was as good as she felt it to be.

Joe came up beside her. He didn't know anything about art. He knew that Rodin had been a sculptor, and so was Phidias. He liked the horses of MacMonnies, and he had a strange feeling for bas-relief, like the Elgin marbles, for old medieval gateways and tombs. But faced with painting or modern sculpture, he was lost. He did know something about music. This thing of Angela's satisfied him, aside from the beauty of its separate figures, as he was satisfied by great orchestral music. Here was a theme, and will and power to express it. Form marshaled feeling, imagination threw in an eerie beauty. Blended, they fell into a completed pattern.

Angela had forgotten that he was an emissary from her mother. He forgot it too. Cardoza and his mates approached. For an hour they listened to him lecture and bully and praise Angela, correct here, appraise there, and finally approve.

"A great woman some day—this keed," he said.

Mrs. Cardoza put her arm around her. The baby cried jealously. They all went out into the fast-coming twilight. Angela walked ahead, alone, a little cocky perhaps; but why shouldn't she be? It was strange to think that a girl like that, a pretty red-haired impudent woman, should be able to make something out of clay that would set three artists jabbering for an hour!

That night at twelve Joe got out of the car and said good-by. He left Alec the pleasure of driving her home alone.

"Well," he said, "I'll write your mother a good report."

"Well, see that you do," she said. "Perhaps she'll come around. I don't want to hurt her. She's all I've got." She smiled sweetly at him. "I'd like to leave her at home happy." She waved her hand. "Come and see me." She was gone.

He went right to the telegraph station and wired Mrs. Craig:

Advise no interference with Spain. Girl has great promise as artist. Cardoza admires her immensely. No stopping her anyway. JOE.

Then he went home, gave one startled look at his unopened brief case and went sleepily to bed.

All the next week he worked. Never had he been so busy; consequently never had he felt so important. He was excited, stimulated, almost tense, as a man is playing a game when he knows the odds are turning slightly in his favor. The sense of his senior partner's approbation was elixir to him; he drank, as few men have the luck to drink it, the sweet wine of pleasurable work.

It was not surprising, therefore, that for these few days he forgot the Craig family. He remembered dimly, once or twice, that he had wired Vera; he thought it was funny she hadn't answered him; he wondered how Angela was getting along with her bridge contest. Then he was snapped back into the pressing welter of talk and work. Mr. Hembridge, who was trying the case, had taken him on as special assistant.

Friday night, however, he went home a little dejected. That afternoon Mr. Hembridge, who was fifty, and the father of a family, was strangely cynical and critical. He became, as the day wore on, almost indifferent to Joe's comments and contributions. He walked to the window to look down on the city. He took off his coat, snapped at his stenographer, dropped his telephone receiver, said "Oh, hell!" four times, and took off his collar. It was a warm day; but this, to Joe, seemed unnecessary. Then as suddenly put it on again, took his coat and hat and went.

"Sorry, Darrange," he cut the young man short, "I've got to go home early. See you Monday."

It was only half past three. How were they to get this case in hand if Hembridge took it so lightly? His secretary, a young woman who rarely spoke except to her employer, came in.

"Gone, is he?" she asked Joe.

He nodded grimly. He felt absurd, abandoned by his chief.

Miss Riordan began to straighten up her boss' desk. She switched the blotter about, straightened out the papers in his baskets, took the clips out of his inkwell, the cigarette stubs out of the glass pin tray, and produced a silk duster from one of the drawers. Joe watched her. She was quick and capable.

"Left you flat, didn't he?" she said. "Do you want to stay here and work? Because you can."

Joe preferred to go back to his own cubby-hole.

"He certainly went quick," she went on. "But then he's been in a mood all day. He's awful worried, I guess. He wouldn't even speak decently to Judge Cray."

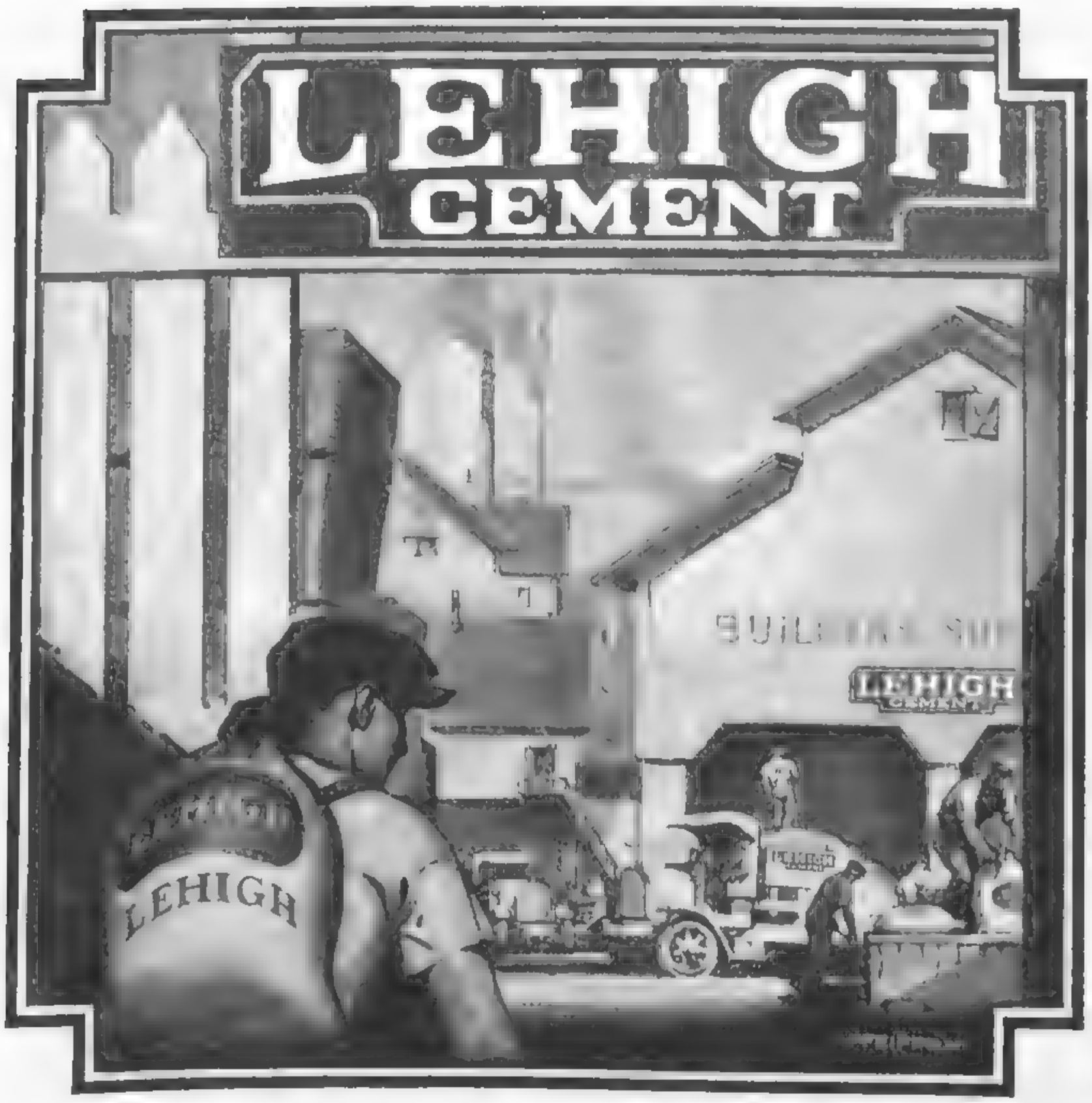
"Worried? What about?"

Joe had a pang of fear. Had some secret calamity happened in their case?

"His two little boys," she went on—"not the big ones, but the two little ones—have the measles. They're pretty sick, I guess. He thinks too much about those kids. Deliver me!"

She grinned skeptically and went out. Joe followed her, a little put out, and thoughtful.

(Continued on Page 100)



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Continued from Page 98

What a silly thing life was, when a man like Hembridge was not able to work because his children had the measles. How mad the Tonaka people would be if they knew! But perhaps they, too, had children—children—laid low with whooping cough, chicken pox, what not, all more important to them than this case. Joe wondered whether any man but himself took this lawsuit seriously.

He sat for an hour, looking out the window. An extraordinary idleness. Then he started to fill his brief case with papers and then took them out again. He did not want to work this evening. Sticking the brief case into one of the drawers of his desk, he took his hat and went home.

That of course meant the club. As he stepped into that celibate refuge he was depressed at the thought of a lonely evening in New York. If he were home he might be riding now; he could feel the thudding solidity of his horse's body beneath his own. Here, he did not know what to do with himself. Then a man he had known at Harvard saw him standing in the lobby, perplexed and indifferent.

"I say, Darrange!" he yelled.

At once it was arranged. They were to dine and go to a show. Darrange went upstairs whistling.

Later, when he was waiting in the lobby for his companion, two men he knew got out of the elevator, nodded to him and went out. They wore dinner coats and straw hats. They were going to get some girls. Another man, in a telephone booth, was talking to a girl. His stentorian voice could be heard all over the lobby.

"No, Hel-un," he roared. "Listen, Hel-un! Don't be a crabapple! I want you to come—see?"

She must have acceded, for he came out smiling, to run out to a taxi. Joe wondered if he was not getting a bit slow. He hadn't bullied a girl like that since

The other man arrived and they went forth. It was not until the end of the second act of a musical comedy, in the midst of increasing dejection, that he noticed the red hair of a hard-working dancer. Angela's had more gold in it Angela! What a swab he was! Why in the name of heaven hadn't he thought of Angela before? Perhaps she would have dined with him. She didn't seem to dislike him. His anti-Craig vows disappeared into the vacuum that has been so kindly provided for good resolutions. Between the acts he rushed out to telephone her. Information eventually produced Angela's number.

"Hello!" It was her quick, ringing voice. She was home.

"Where have you been?" she said. What had happened to him? Her cast had been shipped to St. Paul. She had had her hands full with that and other things. She was exhausted. "Where are you anyway?" she asked.

"At a show."

"With a girl?"

"Lord, no! Some man. I hardly know his name. Until I thought of you I didn't think I knew anyone."

Their mutual distress was comforting. Angela's voice trailed off pathetically.

"I've just had an awful hour."

"When can I come up?" he dared.

Of course he went immediately. To the man in the theater he told some story. In his taxi, he felt the delicious excitement of the human being caught back into contact with his kind after isolation. He found Angela in the studio, a rather dirty smock over a gray chiffon dinner gown. She was desperate and bereft. Art and life alike had failed her. Cardoza today, in New Sharon, had said some mean things to her. They had quarreled over the packing of her bridgehead and she had hammered one of her fingers.

Coming home in a black mood, she found Aleck waiting. He had seized the moment to propose. When she turned him down he cried, and then accused her of flirting. They had quarreled, he had gone away, never to return.

"He will come back," she said. "He left his cane. It's always an excuse."

She was shot to pieces, the poor girl. Her eyes were tear-stained, and her body, stretched out in a big chair, was limp and forlorn. One strand of red hair kept falling across her eyes. She gestured feebly with a hammer.

"What are you smashing now?" he asked.

"This."

She picked up from the floor the shattered remnant of the figure he had seen on his first visit.

"Oh, Angela, why did you do that? I liked it"

"It was rotten," she said savagely. "I'll do it over for you. I've got to go on with this. It soothes me."

Soothing was a noisy process. She hammered away until the plasticene was gone, and only the stark frame of the armature remained. Then she began to model. Joe sat watching her.

They talked about each other, and her mother, and Vi, and love and marriage, and art. It was superb. When he looked at his watch it was midnight.

"Great Scott, I've got to go!"

"Oh," she said, "you shouldn't have stayed so long. Think how early you have got to get up!"

She Never Slipped Into the Silvery Frame of Sweet Middle-Aged Motherhood

Her green eyes were distressed. She went with him to the door. To his tremendous surprise, she agreed to dine with him the next night.

"Seven-thirty," he said.

"Seven-thirty."

She held the door open so that the light led him down the otherwise pitch-black stairway.

Life had been good before; but it became, during the next ten days, even better. Friday afternoon's depression was soon forgotten. Mr. Hembridge's children recovered; their father's intensity and interest returned. Moreover, he openly approved of Joe because that young man had turned up several useful cases which he himself had overlooked. He had taken Joe to lunch. The case was coming up next week. Each night they worked late, sometimes past their dinner time.

Joe didn't mind: in fact he got a curious new pleasure out of overworking, because of the friendship Angela had so quickly bestowed upon him. She had not mentioned her mother; neither of them had heard a word from her; it was as if in the interim of peace she had found a harbor with him. He had seen her five times in eight days. He was going to see her tonight. She pleased him and amazed him. She was unlike Violet, unlike anyone he had known—a reality, vigorous and coherent in herself. And realities are cogent arguments.

He could not understand how Angela came of the Craig stock, except for her intense assurance and her way of speech. She was intelligent, they were clever; they existed to please themselves, she breathed to serve her art. They were superficial, unreserved, amusing; Angela was intense, probably selfish, but, for all her flaming brilliancy, plodding, almost to the point of boredom. At night, in a hot room, she would sit toiling away at a piece of clay or a faulty framework until the sweat rolled down her lovely brow, and Joe would drag her out to buy her the most expensive ice he could find on Park Avenue. Angela always ate two.

He kept thinking as he went home to dress this night, a week since their first dinner, of what she had said the night before.

"I don't see why your mother maligned you so to me. Your disposition is fair enough," he said.

She ate two spoonfuls of ice cream and then grinned at him.

"Humph," she said, "you don't know me! You don't belong to me, nor I to you. Therefore, I'm happy with you, and pleasant. I like seeing you—like this. I don't mind Cardoza's bullying. I respect him. It's mother, or people like moony Aleck, who drive me crazy."

"You're a Craig, all right. You don't want to be disturbed. You're not fit for life, Angela."

"Why not? Everybody is always saying about women, 'Well, she had to stand a lot.' I'm not like that. If I don't get what I like I'm going to throw it away."

"Suppose you got a husband?"

"Oh, husband! Bother, who wants a husband?" And she looked him happily in the eye

"You wait! You'll fall in love!"

"Well, I will fall in nicely. Wait and see!"

"Well, suppose you didn't. Suppose it meant some tremendously important choice. What would you do?"

She laughed him down. The word "choice" made her tired.

"Why should a woman always have to make a choice? Why people must wreck their whole way of living merely because they can't resist each other is more than I can see."

Joe said a surprising thing:

"It isn't, Angela, as if I wanted you to choose or be different. I like you—as you are."

They ordered another ice, and each of them wondered what he meant.

Vera Craig's telegram, sent the night before, was waiting for him at the club:

Leaving tonight. Depend on you. Telephone Carlton. VERA.

Angela, no doubt, had written the date of her sailing—the ninth or tenth of June. This was the twenty-eighth of May. Vera had decided to use the physical force of her presence. He did not want a row with Vera, yet he could not honestly take her side of the fight. If he could be called out of town!

The telephone rang. He knew who was calling him

"Hello!" called Vera in the shrill about that only the well-born middle-aged dare risk. "I've been searching for you all over the town. Where have you been?"

"In the Subway like other slaves."

"You poor thing, come and dine with me this minute. I've got the most astounding news. It's worse than I thought."

She waited. What human being could resist that lead? But Joe had ceased to be a human being. He had become the impersonal protector of a young woman.

He said, "No, I can't come to dinner. I've an engagement."

"Oh, dear!"

"But I will come up later—about 9:30."

If she were disappointed she didn't show it. She chattered gayly for five minutes and then hung up.

(Continued on Page 103)

New thousands are driving this car

Its mounting popularity is today's marvel in motoring circles

You have always heard, "Velie makes a good car!"

But today you hear, "Have you seen this year's Velie?—have you driven it?—have you examined the Velie-built motor in detail?—did you know it is pressure-lubricated even to the piston pins?—that it is not unusual for Velie owners to average better than 20 miles to the gallon?"

The huge percentage of Velie owners who *repeat* when they want a new car is increasing daily.

But the *new thousands*, renouncing all former allegiance and flocking to this Velie 58 are taxing the factory's production—and proclaiming a new leader in the medium-priced field.

Consider the Touring Sedan for Instance

Disc wheels and bright nickeled, double spring bumpers lend distinction to its handsome exterior, two extra cord tires with tubes and covers are mounted on side carriers.

The roomy trunk at rear contains two full-size suitcases and hat box. Vertical aluminum guard rails protect the rear of the body and individual aluminum step-plates adorn the running boards. The luxurious upholstery is a fine grade of Taupe Mohair Velvet.

Choice details of studied selection complete the interior equipment—rear vision mirror, silvered flower vase, vanity case, cigar lighter, smoking set, windshield wiper and eight-day clock.

See this car at the nearest Velie dealer's. Drive it.

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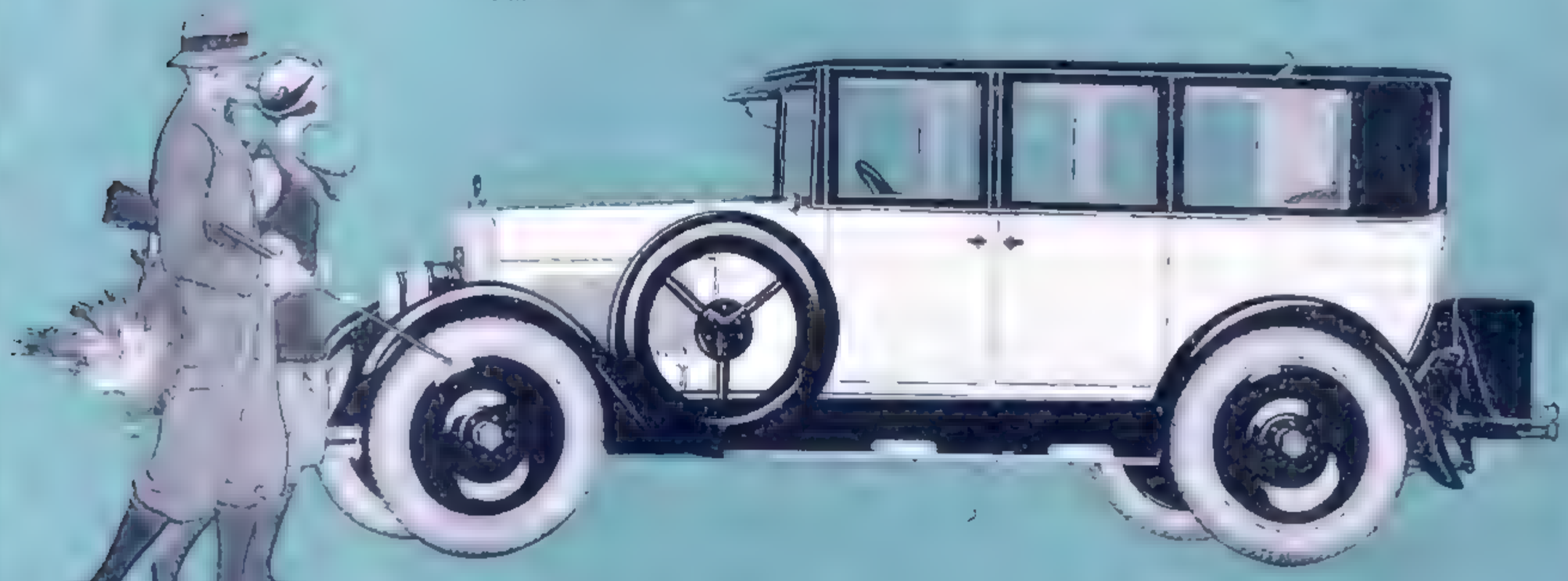

VELIE
V A L U E

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Clean, sweet and fresh when embedded dirt is out

The Royal gets ALL *the dirt*

To make your rugs and drapes *really* clean you must remove more than surface soil and litter.

The worst dirt, and usually the most dirt, is in your rugs—not *on* them. Note below the Royal jar-of-water laboratory test

This embedded dirt is musty and unwholesome. Germs thrive in it. Footfalls bring it up—draughts stir it into the air. No room can be truly immaculate, sweet and fresh unless this embedded dirt is removed

Removing the embedded dirt

Some housewives try to get it out by vigorous beating. Others employ professional cleaners. Hospitals solve the problem by avoiding wherever possible the use of rugs and heavy drapes.

The wise housewife keeps her home sweet and fresh with the Royal—the Electric Cleaner that gets ALL the dirt.

She has learned that other cleaning methods get only a part of this deeply embedded dirt. She knows there is only one way in which it can be effectively removed—*with powerful air suction, scientifically applied*—the Royal method. The rug is lifted, the nap opened up, and the embedded dirt, as well as the surface litter, sucked into the bag. The wide Royal nozzle with its long protruding ends gets into corners and out-of-the-way places and does a thorough cleaning job. It will even clean hardwood and linoleum floors. It can not harm your finest rugs; it cleans by air alone

[illegible] taken from a rug [illegible] a jar of water. Note the [illegible] of EMBEDDED dirt [a sludge] [illegible] how thoroughly the Royal removes it

Ideal for all cleaning

With the convenient Royal attachments you can clean upholstered furniture, mattresses and hangings just as easily and thoroughly. So versatile are these attachments that with them you can also—quickly clean fireplaces, registers, drawers and inside of automobiles

Easy to use—and built to last a lifetime

The Royal won't tire you out. It is light in weight, easy to carry or roll around. The convenient trigger switch on the handle saves stooping to turn the current on or off

And so sturdily and simply is the Royal built that it will last a lifetime Every part is guaranteed. It is practically trouble-proof.

Ask for a demonstration

You'll get a new conception of real cleanliness, freshness and sweetness in your home with a single demonstration of the Royal. Clean one rug in any way you wish. Then ask the Royal dealer to send a Royal Man to clean this rug. (No obligation on your part.) Note the amazing results. If you don't know the Royal dealer in your vicinity, write us

Look for these seven features in the cleaner you buy

1. *Patented adjustment screw which produces maximum efficiency from powerful air suction*
2. *Scientifically de[illegible] nes dirt dire[illegible] into [illegible]*
3. *Light weight, easy to carry or roll around, will never tire you*
4. *So simply and sturdily built it lasts a lifetime with ordinary care; every part guaranteed*
5. *Cleans hardwood floors, linoleum, concrete, etc.*
6. *Powerful-suction attachments clean upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, pillows, registers, automobile upholstery, etc.—a complete house-cleaning plant.*

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
Also manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Royal Hair Dryer and Hair Cutters, and Royal Clothes Washer

ROYAL

The Electric Cleaner that gets ALL *the dirt*

(Continued from Page 100)

Joe picked up Angela, who had been working at Cardoza's, in the Grand Central. The news of her mother's arrival didn't alarm her.

"Poor dear!" she said. "The heat will go to her head."

"Angela, it's cruel of her to harass you. It isn't as if she came to say good-by or to buy you clothes; she's here to reorganize your life."

The girl laughed.

"I shan't say a word. I shall be meek—and sail on the tenth. I've got my passage. You'd better not come tonight."

"Why not?"

"Because we can't help fighting, and it's no place for one who isn't a blood relative."

"Oh," he said, "I've got to go. It wouldn't be polite."

It had been a warm day for May, and it had taken the fire out of Angela. As they walked to her mother's hotel she rested her hand, wearily, for a while on his arm.

"You shouldn't have to go through this," he said.

"Good Lord," she said, "I don't mind—if you will stick up for me!"

She did not know how that would unnerve Vera.

Mrs. Craig was waiting for them in a chaste paneled room at her impeccable hostelry. Through the door he saw her over Angela's shoulder. A French window, opening on a small grilled balcony, opened to a fluttering wind and starry sky. In the softly lighted room sat Vera, in a filmy lace gown, defiantly upright in a straight-backed chair. She was an exquisite figure of protesting pain. Her white hair waved back from her imperious brow; her black eyes met Joe's squarely as he followed Angela into the room. Without a word she knew that they had come together. Angela went over and kissed her. They seemed glad to see each other.

"Darling," said Vera, "you look exhausted. But what a nice frock! Joe" and she gave him a gesticulating hand—"you're handsomer than ever. How's your case? I suppose this fast life of the big city agrees with you. I never saw a man who didn't improve under the strain."

She turned to Angela. That tired girl was looking out at the city.

"Lovely," she said to Joe, "isn't it?"

"Angie, I suppose the artist in you makes you look at a sky line instead of your mother. Come over here and sit down, and tell me about this Spanish excursion."

Angela went white. Then a little daub of red glowed in her cheeks. She looked at Joe and turned her back on her mother.

"That I won't discuss," she said in a cold, queer voice. "I've written you all I can say."

Vera spread her hands in the familiar Craig gesture.

"Joe," she cried, "do you think this is fair to me? Don't you suppose I have any rights or privileges? She won't tell me where she's going in Spain. She even won't introduce me to Cardoza."

"I won't," snapped Angela, turning, "because you can't act like a sensible human being. You'd tell Cardoza all this stuff about safety and motherhood and he will laugh at me, and then you'll come chasing over to Spain. You've got to promise ——"

"Promise!" Mrs. Craig's voice mocked her. "Promise! What a word!"

"I don't see anything wrong with the word—if you happen to know the meaning of it," said Angela.

"Are you insinuating ——" cried Vera.

She could go no further. Angela was cool, angry, disdainful, Vera excitedly indignant.

Angela laughed provocatively and walked over to the window. With the insolence of youth, she shrugged her shoulders and turned to look at her mother with contemptuous eyes.

Joe watched her, a little aghast, and yet fascinated. She had not yet lost her temper. Aggressive but composed, she was like a young battle cruiser bearing down upon her mother with intent to sink.

Mrs. Craig's technic was showier, but less deadly. She invoked ideals and called names; she said everything that came into her head, with the discursiveness of the middle-aged.

"It isn't as if you were an established artist," she said finally. "I never heard Uncle Tommy mention your genius. Who says you are a real artist? Only this Cardoza, who suddenly discovers you, and flatters you, and you believe him. You always were sure of yourself. It's from your father that you get these vast ideas."

"You married father; you put up with that ——"

"Angela, your father is dead."

"That never prevented you from belittling him."

"Angela, how dare you?"

"Mother, this is nonsense!"

"Nonsense! Anything of which you disapprove is always nonsense. It's nonsense this or nonsense that unless you have your way about things. You are the most self-willed, selfish girl God ever made. All my life I have tried to tell you that. Now I might as well begin to give you up."

"Oh, I wish you would!" shouted Angela. "I don't want you ever to think of me again. I know why you don't want me to go to Spain. It's your silly idea of convention. You think there is some man mixed up in it. You think I'm like Violet—a flirt and a cheat. You know you do!"

All the hidden feeling between the two was out now. Angela was beside herself, white-faced, shaking. Mrs. Craig was very still; still as a volcano resting before its next eruption.

"You do me a great injustice, Angela. Yet you are more selfish and cruel than Violet. I don't see why you shouldn't be more false."

Angela stamped her foot.

"That's a lie!" she sobbed. "A lie! You know it's a lie! I never want to see you again!"

Crying, she walked out on the balcony. Joe walked over to her. He was a little afraid, but he suddenly, unrestrainedly wanted to comfort her. She shook her head angrily. She was lost to him in her passion. Mrs. Craig sat on her chair a little shaky, two tears on her cheeks. She gestured to Joe.

"You see how hopeless she is!"

Joe was angry. He had lost all sense of his own safety.

"Hopeless? You're ridiculous! You've no right to treat her so!"

"Why, Joe, how nonsensical! As if I weren't doing it entirely out of duty! I didn't want to come up to this disgusting city."

"Well, then, why didn't you stay away? It would have been kinder."

No man had ever spoken so brutally to Vera—except perhaps her husband. She was shocked, yet fascinated. Joe, picking up a small painted chair, climbed over it so that he was talking right into her face. He was intensely angry. Angela's distraught, half-hysterical voice had gone to his head.

"You've got to stop this, Vera," he said. "You're making an awful mistake. You can't treat Angela as you treated Vi. She's different."

"Women are all different—to different young men." It was a mean one, but he let it pass.

"No, you've got to stay here—at home, like a middle-aged woman, and let Angela have her career. Your day is over and hers is just beginning, and it will be something you will be proud of. She's worth twenty of Vi and ten of you. You've got to let her alone."

"But why can't I see this Cardoza, or see her work, as any mother should?"

"You wouldn't let Cardoza say a word; you wouldn't look at her work. You'd simply harass him about your daughter. You ruined Violet—yes, you did—you filled her silly head with sillier ideas. You've got to let this girl alone."

Vera was aghast. For twenty minutes Joe lectured her. He explained Angela to her—art, Cardoza, Morizet, the St. Paul gateway. Mrs. Craig became calmer and calmer, dangerously still. She sat with her delightful hands folded, her black eyes piercing him. She was thinking in her canny head how she had sent him into Angela's clutches.

"Are you all through, Joe?" she asked him as he got up.

"Yes."

"Well, you certainly know your subject. But a man does, I suppose, when ——" Her voice trailed off, laughing. "Oh, Joe, what a funny world! But I don't see where Angela gets off."

"What do you mean?" He stood looking at her.

"Well, I'll let her go to Spain. She can go anywhere she likes. I am sure I don't want her around me against her will. But you're the jailer now."

"Why?"

"Because anyone with half an eye can see that you've fallen in love with her. Angela, Joe's in love with you."

(Continued on Page 105)

"Well--! can you beat that?

First a puncture—then no air in the spare—and the sun *hotter-n-blazes!* Enough to vex a saint!"

That's what comes from letting some other fellow test your air pressure. No good blaming him, though. It's only human to forget to inflate the spare tire—unless it's your own.

If you test your *own* tires with your *own* gauge—if you make sure of your *own* inflation—if you do this simple thing with your *own* hands, things like this won't happen to you.

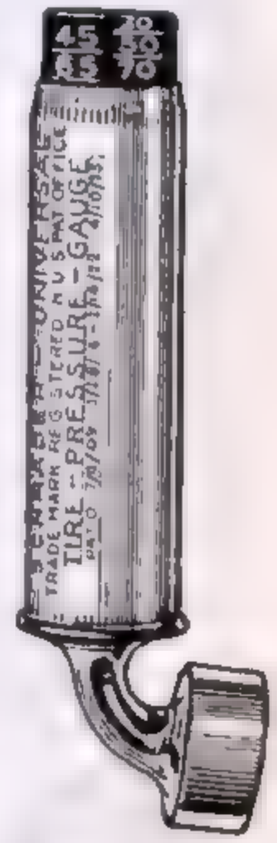
A certain little device, the Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge, owned by all wise motorists, will keep you right on inflation.

Test your air yourself

Press this gauge over your valve and it tells you instantly and accurately the amount of air in the tire in pounds. Knowing how you stand on inflation at any given time makes it easy for you to keep your tires always blown up to the correct pound-pressure all around—*including the spare.*

You don't depend on others to tell you when you need oil or gas—neither should you take chances with your air. Don't rely upon borrowing a Schrader Gauge. Own one. Carry it in your tool kit or door pocket—use it often.

You can buy a Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge at every motor accessory shop, garage, or hardware store. It is an accurate gauge and will last for years—made by the same people who make Schrader Universal Valves and Valve Insides, standard tire equipment.



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TRUE BLUE

ASBESTOS FOR ROOFING & DAMP-PROOFING

TRADE MARK REGISTERED & PATENTS PENDING U.S.A. & Foreign Countries

TRUE BLUE ASBESTOS is not a paint but an asbestos product, in fluid form designed for water-proofing roofs and damp-proofing foundations.

It is not like any other preparation.

It can be applied right over any old roof regardless of its condition. It should not be confused with a "roofing" which requires the tearing off of the old roof.

True Blue Asbestos is a new type of coating. It is made from long strands of blue asbestos dug out of our mines at Griqualand, South Africa, and fiberized at our plant at Bound Brook, New Jersey. These blue asbestos strands are then blown into a binder of highest grade asphalt. There is only enough asphalt used to mat the blue asbestos. It contains no coal tar.

Blue asbestos is the best possible asbestos for such use because its fibres are at least an inch in length and because it is absolutely acid-proof, water-proof and fire-proof. It has the greatest tensile strength of any asbestos known. True Blue is the only coating made of blue asbestos. True Blue forms a coating on roofs that is impervious to moisture of all kinds, that will expand and contract with the expansion and contracting of the roof without checking, cracking or splitting. It will make any leaky roof permanently water-proof. Because of its low cost per square foot and the ease with which it can be applied, True Blue Asbestos is the cheapest means of getting permanent results.

True Blue is unconditionally guaranteed for fifteen years.

Send the coupon in the corner of this advertisement and we will have our Approved Contractor who lives in your vicinity call upon you and submit an estimate showing its real economy.

Asbestos Limited
8 West 40th Street
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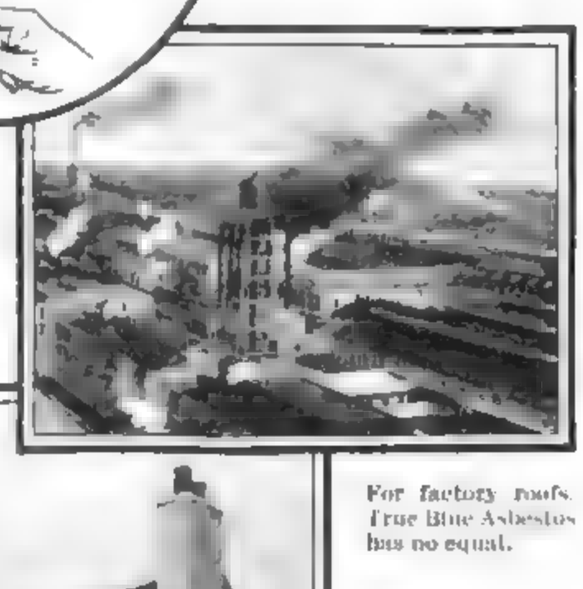
Make this simple test

Lift a small quantity of True Blue on a palette knife. See the long fibres. Note how they mat together. ¶ Then do the same thing with any other asbestos roof preparation. Note that it is granular and falls off in chunks because there is nothing to bind it together



For factory roofs, True Blue Asbestos has no equal.

For wood shingle roofs, True Blue Asbestos is supplied in green, red and brown as well as black. It is ornamental and waterproof and preserves the roof

For flat roofs, True Blue forms a coating that will not be lifted off by snow or ice.

On the farm True Blue has innumerable uses. For house, barn, silo, sheds, water troughs, basements, etc. It can be applied with a long handled brush by any farmer

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(Continued from Page 103)

There was a dreadful silence. Joe could see Angela's mute figure on the balcony. She started a little and then stood, unanswering. Joe felt his face burning, his heart pounding. There was nothing he could say, because he couldn't speak. How he hated the mocking Vera! Awkwardly he found his hat and went, in the supreme confusion of his life. As he closed the door he heard Mrs. Craig burst into tears. That was the end of that.

His state of mind during the next week was peculiar. Vera, with her witchlike devilry, was right; he had no doubt fallen in love with Angela. The anger Vera had roused in him as she scolded Angela, his disgust with her indifference to the girl's genius, his annoyance with her interference—all these had not ignited his rage as had Angela's one little sob. He was a fool, an average male fool, caught by his senses, trapped by his imagination. He knew all the gradients of his downfall. But there was nothing to be done about it. He was in love with Angela, doomed, despite all his planning, to permanent captivity among the Craigs.

For the moment he took a stand with himself. He would conquer this infatuation. He could not go near Angela now. If he professed that he loved her she would recoil from him in disgust. If he denied her mother's accusation he would lie. He worked by day and lay awake one or two nights, complimenting himself on his self-control. Then he succumbed again. She would think he was funny, walking out like that. He was in love with her. But was he really? Or was it the excitement of knowing a beautiful girl who was an artist and the sister of the girl who had jilted him? The combination of possible psychological reasons for his attachment was bewildering.

Luckily, he was not able to think long about it. The great Tonaka case came up before the master. Angela was a shadow, if a somewhat haunting one. Late at night, when his mind was free to sleep, he thought of her. Within a week she would be on the high seas.

He might follow her to Spain. If he did she would probably shoot him.

On the evening of the ninth he dined at the club with two men. One had just been divorced, the other's wife had gone to the country for the summer. Each of them was lonely and cynical. They gave Joe plentiful warning against marriage.

One of them opened a newspaper and held it spread out before him. Joe gasped, checked himself and looked covertly again. Then he excused himself and went out to the telephone.

Angela's picture was in the paper. She had won the St. Paul bridgehead prize—Talented Young Sculptress Sails Tomorrow for Spain. Angela—his Angela—no, not his Angela at all—winning a prize over a hundred others. He was immensely proud of her, as some men are proud of race horses or fast sailboats. His mind raced to a decision. For one moment he must see her.

She didn't answer the telephone. Grabbing a hat, he took a taxi. It was the most precipitate—and costly—move of his life.

His heart was pounding strangely as he climbed the familiar hot stairs. At the top she waited, pale, silent, almost a little wan. She held the door open for him, her wide-opened eyes fixed on his, her half-parted lips strangely unsmiling. He walked into the room, aware of some strain between them. For some reason he could not speak. Angela shut the door and walked over to the middle of the room, where she stood with her back to him, looking uncertainly around her. There was plenty to look at half-packed trunks, boxes, clothing, hats; all her belongings. Joe took heart.

"You're going, Angela," he said.

She faced him, nodding her head.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked, still staring at him.

He didn't move, for he was puzzled. Yearningly he looked at her face, where he had expected to see rapt excitement, ecstasy. She gave him instead listlessness, a brave mustering of indifference.

"Won't you sit down?" she said again.

He could bear it no longer.

"Angela, for God's sake, what is the matter with you?"

He hung on her answer, which didn't come. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her lips trembled. He seized both her wrists, and in an instant she came alive. Struggling, she cried to him.

"Oh, how dare you? How dare you?"

Unaccountably and suddenly she was in his arms, clinging to him, sobbing. The fact absorbed him. His hungry arms went around her as she buried her head on his shoulder. He waited for her to realize her whereabouts, to accuse him angrily again. To his amazement, as the seconds passed, she stayed. She seemed to be there permanently.

Courageously he murmured, "Angela, I love you."

She burrowed deeper contentedly. Joe was perplexed. Suddenly, like a flash, she lifted her head, the old Angela again.

"Then why did you leave me that night at mother's? I had to go home alone."

Joe explained.

"But why," she went on relentlessly, holding tightly one of the lapels of his coat—"why did you abandon me all week? You can't imagine what I had to stand from mother!"

He explained again.

"Do you realize," she said, "that you have kept me in perfect misery for ten days?"

"That," he guessed wisely, "is because you love me."

He was right. She did.

"When you sat down on that chair in front of mother and talked," she said, "that was the supreme moment. Now I know why I never wanted Vi to get you—because I wanted you for myself. I do love you."

She looked up at him. He took her again into his arms. Over her bronze head he saw the unpacked trunks, out of which tumbled her sprawling possessions. On these trunks she had sat, waiting for him or Spain.

"Angela, suppose I hadn't come. Would you have gone?"

She laughed.

"That I'll never answer. I know I'm not going now. I'll cable Morizet tonight. He can find another prodigy."

"Good Lord," he said, startled. "I can't allow you to do that! You'll hate me in a fortnight. You've set your heart on it for months."

"Listen to me," she said firmly. "I set my heart on something else ten days ago. You should be flattered."

"I am, but it makes me nervous."

"We'll get married and I'll go home with you and work in your barn."

"That will be splendid for the barn."

"And next year," said his promised wife, "I'll go over to see Morizet."

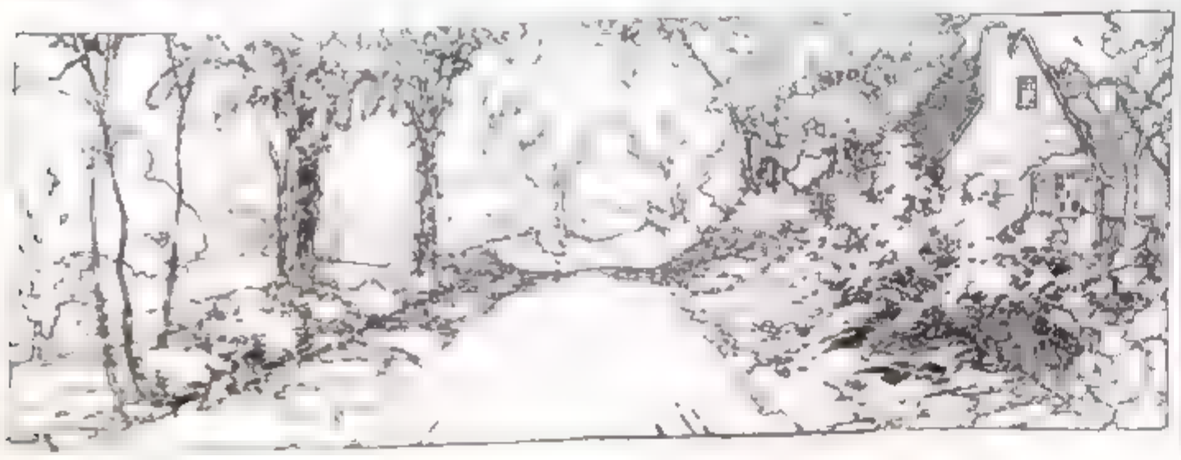
"Or I'll hire him," said Joe, "to come over and teach school in our back yard."

He sank his lips into the cool smoothness of her hair. His future became colorful, exciting, hazardous. His life was now Angela's; her whims, her moods, her passions and her desires were to be his to cope with. Fate had indeed intended him for the Craig family, but fortune had bestowed upon him their prize daughter.

"Promise me, Angela," he said—"promise me you'll stay yourself. You won't become a nice home-loving woman, will you?" She giggled in his shoulder.

Suddenly she raised her head and cried to him, "Joe, can you see mother's face? She'll think we're crazy. Perfectly mad!"

Joe grinned. It had occurred to him that Vera, like some good old-fashioned mother, had planned the whole thing.



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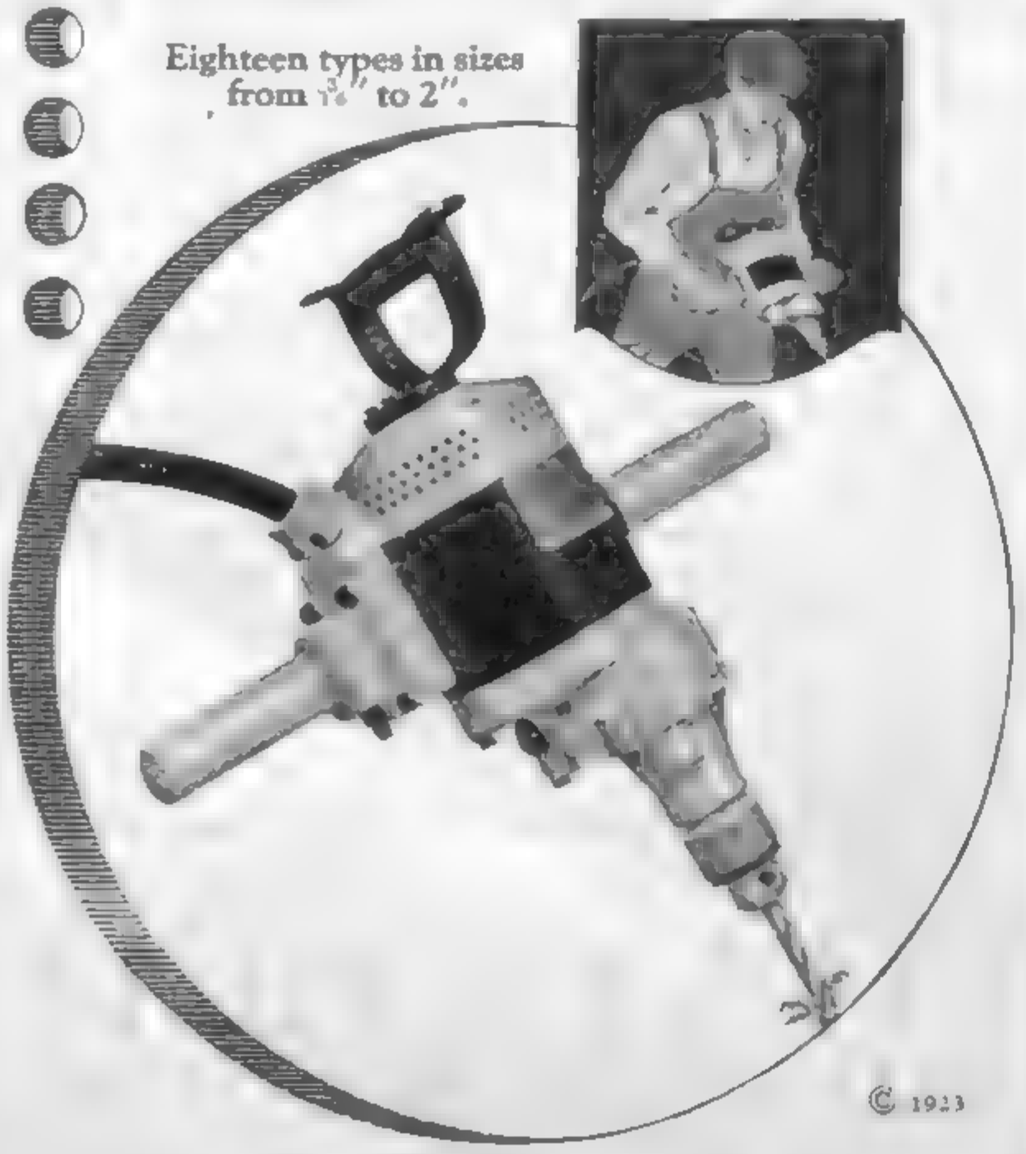

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THE CITY OF REFUGE

Continued from Page 19

trickled in looking for something soft, and trickled out with a kick in the seat of his pants instead. Governor Alvarez had no use for such cattle, priding himself on having the most orderly state in the union. Goodness, yes, you were a thousand times safer here than in New York or Wheatoria! Revolutions? Funny how Americans always asked that. Why, there hadn't been a revolution in Carupano for sixty years! The Alvarez family had ruled for four generations, and had dug themselves in for keeps. The capital, San Cristobal, had its troubles, of course; but the backwash scarcely touched Carupano.

Nothing would satisfy Fred but that Wright should take up his abode with him in the big, pleasant bungalow behind the store. Accordingly the latter was intrusted to Mrs. Fred, a very pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, who was so artlessly terrified of her guest that he might have been the smallpox coming to stay with them instead of a rich American her husband delighted to honor. The barefooted servants were equally shy, though to Wright they had an aspect of smoldering resentment. He never entered the sitting room either then or afterwards without a sensation of acute discomfort. There was likely to be a pattering of feet getting out of his way; a rustle of fleeing garments that he assumed to be his hostess'.

He grew to hate the unfamiliar food, the idleness that hung so intolerably on his hands, the constraint, the meaningless jabber. Never having been out of his own country, he had none of the elasticity and acceptance of the old traveler; no previous experience to soften the shock. It was all so unlike Wheatoria that he could have cried. But he did not dare think too much of Wheatoria. It unnerved him to think of Wheatoria—Wheatoria that he would never see again.

But the nightly poker parties were enjoyable, though somewhat marred by the stiffness of the two Britishers—old Dow, and McGill, the red-bearded Scotchman. They were very stand-offish, to say the least, and one felt instinctively that they had been reading the American papers. But Fred said Britishers were always like that till you broke the ice, though without suggesting how it was to be broken. Aguirre, a shriveled-up little shrimp of a man, with a harsh laugh and a sarcastic manner, seemed to hold himself equally aloof. Of them all, except Fred, the banker preferred Father Vorst, a lethargic, fair, middle-aged man, with pudgy hands and an aspect of kindly simplicity. Like Aguirre, he spoke excellent English. The two pretended to be great enemies, and were always tilting at each other about religion.

Wright had been about a week in Soledad—the longest week of his life—when something occurred that was not a little disturbing. It seemed that there was an unexpected flaw in the Fundamental Laws. Governor Alvarez, as an act of grace, had the power of surrendering a fugitive to his ravening pursuers. Don Miguel, the governor's secretary, had been casting out hints. Five thousand pesos had been indicated, which in American money was about two thousand five hundred dollars. Fred, who admitted that he himself had paid a thousand, urged the necessity of meeting this blackmail, which had to be paid with great secrecy so as not to hurt Alvarez's feelings. Spanish-American sensitiveness made even a bribe a matter of extreme delicacy. The banker, with much reluctance, counted out the necessary notes.

"What is to prevent him from holding me up indefinitely?" he asked, in a state of unimaginable misery. "After getting twenty-five hundred so easy, won't he be tapping me next for five thousand?"

Fred replied that you had only to know Alvarez to realize he was incapable of so dishonorable an action, and when this failed to reassure his friend he went on to instance the fact that he himself had paid but once.

"Yes, but you married his daughter," said the wretched fugitive.

"All right, go to the devil your own way," said Fred, becoming suddenly offended. "I was merely trying to help you, that's all. This is a one-man country, and Governor Alvarez is the one man. If you want to smack him in the face, smack and be damned!"

Wright groveled. The old fellow nearly cried as he made his peace with Fred. Fred, whatever his faults, was his sheet anchor in this horrible place. He held Fred's hand, apologizing humbly. He hadn't meant any offense; he would do exactly as Fred said.

That night Fred went to the palace, and came back reporting that the governor had been profoundly touched; so touched that, though he made a point of never accepting presents, he would be glad to keep the five thousand pesos as a temporary loan at 8 per cent.

"Of course he will forget all about it," said Fred. "There is a royal forgetfulness as well as a royal memory, you know. But it's the way they do things here—always very punctilious and handsome. And it is my belief that Don Miguel tipped us off in the nick of time, for I saw several very official looking letters with American stamps on the governor's desk. I fancy somebody is suggesting the act-of-grace idea, and offering to pay for it in the crude way Americans have. They don't know how to deal with a thoroughbred gentleman like Alvarez; and I guess that was why he said so significantly at parting: "Tell Señor Wright I am lacerated by his misfortunes, and am proud to offer him the shelter and solace of beautiful Carupano."

Señor Wright had to express his satisfaction, though inwardly he was in a terrible turmoil. He shivered to hear of the American letters on the governor's desk, and in his panic began to tremble for the safety of his hundred and eighty thousand upstairs. Madman that he had been to leave it so easy of access to Fred, who was as little to be trusted as his rascally father-in-law. That night, sitting on his bed, the banker checked it off to the last dollar; and the next morning he announced that it was time for him to be looking for a house of his own and bringing his delightful visit to an end.

Fred was amiably concerned. Nothing in the world would have pleased him better, he said, than to have dear old Ren stay on with him indefinitely. But of course he understood; a fellow wanted his own roof-tree and all that—especially a bachelor, ha, ha! Perhaps it might be possible to rent old Señora Guipuzcoa's house. A bug collector named Clarke had had it for two years, and had fixed it up most comfortably—wicker furniture, matting, dark room, and glass cases full of butterflies—a peach of a place.

The old señora was found to be very willing, indeed, to rent her house for forty pesos a month. Wright was so eager to quit Fred's that he took it at once, though it was in sad contrast with the trim and pretty bungalow he was leaving. An artist would have loved it for its picturesqueness—its tiled roof, mossy with age, and the flaming bougainvillea that half embowered it in strident blossom. But to eyes trained in Wheatoria it seemed scarcely better than a mud hovel, gloomy within and crumbling without, and uncomfortably suggestive of snakes and centipedes. The vaunted furniture was rickety in the extreme; the matting was mildewed, with great discolored splotches; the cistern bath was a creepy-crawly cellar full of bats. Wright, with a rueful laugh, said it was just the place he had been looking for, and paid a month's rent in advance.

Then the servant question came up—as acute in Soledad as elsewhere. The Indians, it seemed, had all changed for the worse, and demanded preposterous prices. Formerly the most reliable of mankind, and happy on six pesos a month, they had all turned Bolshevists and robbers. The servant problem, in spite of a dozen applicants, remained unsettled all day, and was still unsettled that night. Wright, meanwhile remaining in the bungalow, could not help thinking that Fred had been strangely backward. After dinner, mellowed by some excellent Spanish wine, the young man grew confidential.

"Of course there are lots of servants," he said. "If only it meant getting somebody to cook and wait on you and sweep dust into dark corners it would be simple enough. But your position is so peculiar that you can't afford to take the slightest risk. That was what I was thinking all the time, though I hardly liked to mention it."

"How do you mean—peculiar?" asked Wright. "I don't see as I am any more peculiar than this fellow Clarke, for instance."

Fred toyed with his glass.

(Continued on Page 109)

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Fuller Duster

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 106)

"I am not blind," he said at last. "Just because I don't ask questions it doesn't mean I haven't eyes in my head."

Sipping his wine, he added: "I know as well as you that you have enough money in that ratty old suitcase to make a dozen men rich."

"Well, what of it?" retorted the banker, paling in spite of himself.

"You will have to keep it guarded," returned the other. "You can't leave it about like an old shirt, can you? If I were in your shoes I would put it in charge of Governor Alvarez, but I don't suppose that would appeal to you particularly."

"No, it wouldn't," said Wright hastily. "I am free to confess that it wouldn't at all."

"I have been turning over all sorts of plans in my head," continued Fred. "What I would suggest is to get old Pedro in to live with you, and have his wife do the cooking. Pedro belongs to the old type of Indian—absolutely honest and incorruptible. I would give him a hundred pesos a month and an automatic pistol and make him personally responsible for the suitcase. If anybody gets it they will have to get it across his dead body. That's the sort of old-fashioned Indian Pedro is. Of course, he may not be willing; I cannot guarantee that; but he is in rather hard luck just now, and I believe he would jump at it."

The banker had been so frightened lest Fred should propose to keep the money in his own safe that he fell in with the plan enthusiastically. The next day, when Pedro had been sent for, he was less inclined than ever to change his mind. Pedro was a striking-looking man of about fifty, whose coppery complexion had been burned black by years of exposure. Half naked though he was, he carried himself with a proud, free air, and there was something about him so frank, almost fatherly, that Wright was won over at once.

Yes, he would be pleased to come, he said in Spanish, Fred interpreting. That is, if the American señor would graciously meet his wishes in a few trifling particulars. Besides the hundred pesos a month for himself, he would need twenty-five for his wife; also a rifle, an automatic pistol, a long .38, two cartridge belts and a dagger in a sheath—all to become his own property in the event of the gracious señor dying of yellow fever or leaving the country. He would also require six bolts of cotton print and the necessary needles and thread to dress his family in a manner more appropriate to their new way of living. He would also respectfully solicit two pairs of denim trousers, six shirts, a sewing machine and a charcoal flatiron. Were these conceded he was prepared to serve the American señor to the death.

The American señor forthwith closed the bargain. Pedro came high, but he seemed well worth having. Late that afternoon Wright and Fred walked over to Centipede Cottage, as the banker had humorously named his new home, and found it buzzing with life. Pedro's family was unexpectedly large—Juana, his wife, who was young enough to be his daughter; her two children, Pedro's two daughters by a previous marriage—so to speak—and each of them with more children; one son-in-law, a grandmother and a nondescript hanger-on named Geronimo, with colossally swollen legs due to a disease novel to Wright, called elephantiasis. The whole family was busily settling itself in a pandemonium of squalling babies and shrill feminine commands, while Pedro, in stately aloofness under a mango tree, was oiling his new armory.

Wright was perplexed to see a row of boxes ranged along the front veranda—boxes from which there arose a strange sour odor; twenty boxes or more, with slats nailed across the tops.

"Oh, those are Pedro's wild animals," explained Fred. "He makes a business of catching all sorts of wild creatures, you know, and selling them afterwards to agents of circuses and menageries; trains fighting cocks too; has seven of mine he is grooming for the ring."

As a shade passed over his friend's face, Fred added apologetically:

"I am afraid I told Pedro you wouldn't mind them. They must be banking up on him a bit, what with orders falling off. Whew! They sure smell to heaven, don't they? I will see if I cannot get him to move them a little farther off."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," exclaimed Wright with a mirthless laugh, surveying his new abode with a bitter sort of amusement. The joke was on him all right, having to pig in with all these scabby-headed children and snakes and stinking tigers, he who had dreamed of a little paradise under the palms amid scenes as beautiful as the drop curtain of a theater, and surrounded by lovely young women. Well, it was all in a life, and there was nothing to do but to make the best of it.

The Faithful Pedro Had Made Himself the Siamese Twin of the Suitcase

But that night his heart was as heavy as lead as he tossed on his rawhide bed, sleepless and miserable. Pedro, armed to the teeth, lay in the same room on the floor with his head on the suitcase, awakening at the most unearthly hours to sit up and smoke cigarettes. The close hot air was rank with the smell of confined animals; babies whimpered in their sleep; a bat flew hither and thither; all about him was the faint pulsation of a slumbering multitude.

Introspection at such a time was like digging a knife into the soul. Oh, why had he not smashed as others smashed instead of trying to save himself by speculation and forgery? He could always have made his living somehow; he had never been a man with expensive tastes or vices. Why, it was ridiculous how little he had got out of it all personally! What a fool he had been! It was pride that had been his curse, being a millionaire and a leading citizen and all that.

If it hadn't been for his idiotic pride he would be walking the streets of Wheatoria a free man instead of being cooped up for life in this horrible place. If he lived out the normal span that would mean twenty-four years. Good Lord, twenty-four years in Soledad!

The morning brought pleasanter thoughts, and in a few days he became somewhat at home in Centipede Cottage. He arranged to have one room specially set apart for him, where he slept, ate and read the month-old American papers in a privacy none dared disturb save Juana and Pedro. Children had to halt at the threshold under pain of whipping; Chichi, the pet snake, six feet long and regarded as affectionately as a cat, was under a similar ban, though it was constantly gliding in to coil itself in the rafters.

The faithful Pedro had made himself the Siamese twin of the suitcase. His eyes were never off it. When he had to make unavoidable absences he took the suitcase with him. When he trained fighting cocks under the mango tree he sat on it. Once when he was unexpectedly summoned to court the suitcase went with him. Whatever else the banker might have to complain of, it was never of Pedro. Fred had been right in saying that there was nothing to compare with an old-fashioned Indian. And he was straight in everything, Pedro was, rationing his family as strictly as his animals, and keeping comical accounts with bits of sticks.

One morning as the banker was reading a newspaper under the mango tree he was surprised to see a young white man sauntering up the path. The newcomer was a very bulky young man, dressed in the shapeless white clothes that tropical tailors run off so badly in a few hours, and his suffusing face and wilted collar indicated a stranger who had just arrived from cooler climes.

"I am looking for Mr. Reniker Wright," he said, smiling in the friendliest way and speaking with a Middle West twang. Not that it would have occurred to the banker to call it by such a name. To Wright it was the dulcet speech of back home.

"Whew, it's a hot day, ain't it?" added the melting stranger.

"I am Mr. Wright," said the banker. "Hey, Pedro, bring over that box for the gentleman to sit on."

The gentleman, in what was almost a fog of perspiration, collapsed fatly on the box, fanning himself with his hat. "You are very nicely fixed up here," he observed.

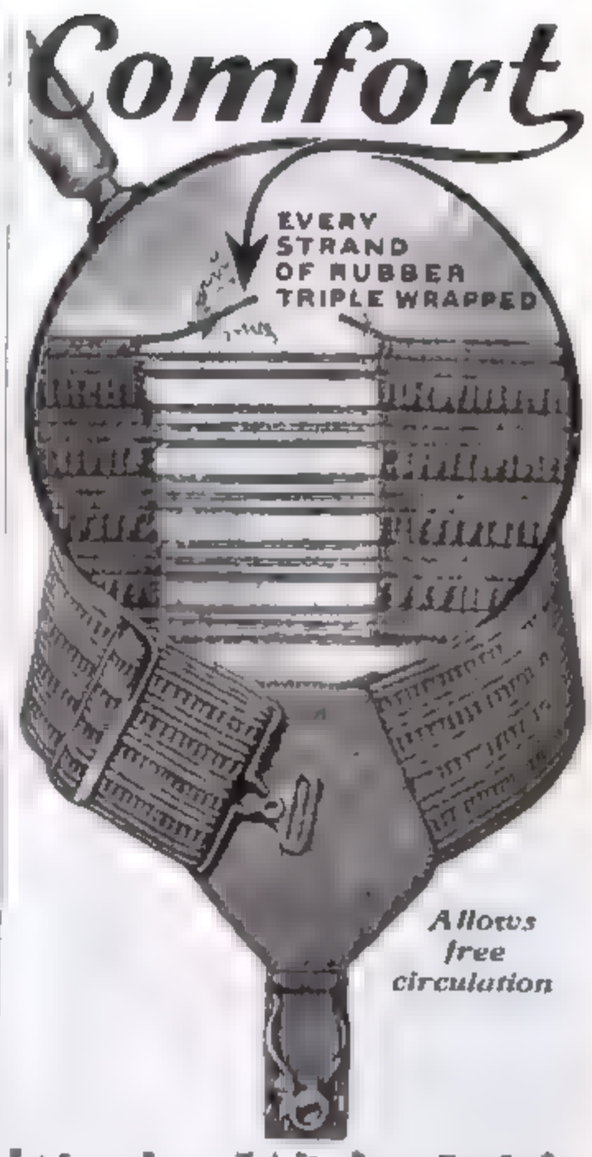
"Is that what you have come here to tell me?" asked the banker, who felt that the bulky young man boded no good for him, and whose tone was genially ironical. "Yes, sir, I am very comfortable here, and I may also say I am extremely busy."

The childlike blue eyes met his own in unspoken reproach.

"My name is Holcombe," said the young man after a pause, "Joseph W. Holcombe, and I am not the kind that beats about the bush, specially in a little hole like this, where a stranger is as rare as a striped elephant.

"To make no bones of it, Mr. Wright, I am an operative of the Blake Detective Agency, and have here a warrant and all the necessary papers for your arrest and extradition."

"Oh, you have, have you?" exclaimed the banker, still in the same ironical key.



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"Yes, I have," said Mr. Holcombe, fanning himself and murmuring "Whew" again under his breath.

"Well let me tell you something, young man," said Wright. "In 1816, when the state of Carupano was asked to join the confederation of Nueva Gerona, it specifically ——"

"Oh, I know all that," interrupted Mr. Holcombe. "Them Fundamental Laws! I could repeat them to you backwards if you like."

"There is only one way I could be touched," continued the fugitive, "and that would be by my friend" - he stressed the word "Governor Alvarez surrendering me as an act of grace."

"Oh, I know that too," observed the young man; "and I know he damn well won't. You are as solid here as a steeple on a church."

"Then may I ask what your warrant and things amount to?" inquired the banker sarcastically.

"Oh, some fellers don't know their rights," returned Mr. Holcombe, drawing forth a cigarette case, offering it to Wright, who refused, and then taking and lighting a cigarette. "Some fellers can be bluffed that easy that you would laugh. But I see you are not that kind. You are the steeple on the church, all right. But, say, have you ever thought of compromising?"

"What do you call compromising?" asked Wright.

The bulky young man lowered his voice. "I am commissioned to tell you something," he said. "If you will plead guilty and return all that is left of the money you took with you the state's attorney will ask for mercy and let you off with four years."

Wright burst out laughing.

"Mighty generous of him," he ejaculated with scornful jollity. "Overpowering is what I would call it. So I am to go home with my tail between my legs and spend four God-forsaken years in a little cell nine by four! Birdie, birdie, come and be caught, hey? Well, now I will tell you something, young man. Birdie is very comfortable here, and Birdie's going to stay."

"I have it in writing," continued Holcombe, undisturbed. "It is in black and white, and absolutely binding. If you would care to see ——"

The banker shook his head.

"You have come on a fool's errand," he said.

"I reckon I have," observed the fat young man, less cast down than might have been expected. For a while he puffed at his cigarette in silence, and then added: "I am going to make quite a stay in Soledad."

"Nobody's stopping you," said Wright. "You can stay till the cows come home for all I care."

"Now, please, please, Mr. Wright!" protested Holcombe, as though refusing to take offense. "You misunderstand me entirely. It's not what you think at all. You are determined to remain here—well, that is the end of it. I give you up as a bad job. But my side of it is to spin out ten dollars a day and expenses as long as I can. This work ain't at all congenial to me, believe me, and if it were not for such nice, long, well-paid holidays I would chuck it in a minute. I hate the whole dirty business, but it pays, and pays high, and I am salting down every cent till I shall have enough to go to Paris and be an artist. I have drawn pitshers ever since I was that high. I was always crazy about pitshers. If the love of a thing means talent; if ——"

The banker glanced at his paper as though to terminate the interview. He had no interest in the young man's ambitions. Though Holcombe had taken the hint and risen to his feet, he still lingered.

"This is what I mean," he said. "That my staying on here don't signify I am trying to raise the hue and cry against you; don't signify that I'll talk about all this to every Tom, Dick or Harry I meet. It is our secret, Mr. Wright, and it won't be me that will give it away. Let us pass as friends, Mr. Wright, and keep them all in the dark."

Whether this was a trick or not, it suited the banker very well. He certainly did not want this Joe Holcombe confabbing with McGill and old Captain Dow and unloosing tornadoes of gossip. When he spoke his voice was extremely cordial.

"I shall be very glad to fall in with that," he said. "You are showing me a consideration that I appreciate, and I am ready right now to be friends and shake hands on it. Drop in and have a bite with me at seven, and afterwards I will take you over to Fred Mellinsip's, where we play poker every evening."

The parting was most amicable.

"So long, Joe—tonight at seven."

"Good-by, Mr. Wright; it will be a real pleasure to come."

Joe Holcombe was an adaptable sort of fellow, who dropped into the life of Soledad without causing a ripple on its placid surface. Though he seemed fat and lazy, he was indefatigable as an artist, painting little water colors in an endless profusion. He rambled everywhere with his kit in a trout creel, and a folding stool under his arm, looking for subjects.

Joe became a great comfort to Wright. The younger man was a constant caller at Centipede Cottage; they had so many acquaintances in common that it was like a breath from home to talk to Joe. "Home" was an inexhaustible topic; Wright was always coming back to it. Even such details as the exact location of the Builders' Exchange or the new Elks' Club were lovingly discussed with a zest out of all proportion to the subject. There was pain as well as pleasure in these arguments and recollections. Wright often ended them by suddenly saying, "Oh, hell, let's have a drink," with an intonation in his voice at once bitter and sad. He hardly knew how homesick he was. Nostalgia, which men die of, was not in his vocabulary, but it ached lurkingly in his heart.

Yet outwardly he seemed a most jovial old fellow. Seated in the poker game, with his glass beside him, he was the personification of good fellowship, his laugh ringing out the loudest and his round red face irresistibly merry. Everybody had grown to like him. He should have been as cozy in Soledad as a bug in a rug. But somehow he wasn't. He was like a dog that had been stolen and tied up in an unfamiliar place. Internally he was howling.

Fred said the trouble was that he had no troubles. It was an unfortunate remark, for, of course, although they had both touched wood, it brought down the lightning. You couldn't defy the gods like that even in such a jumping-off place as Soledad, where Olympus has an agency, as elsewhere.

Alvarez wanted to borrow ten thousand dollars gold. The announcement fell from the sky like a bomb from an aëroplane Ten thousand dollars! Ten thousand dollars gold! Fred was a little pale as he divulged the news.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," he said. "I was flabbergasted. Ten thousand dollars gold! I couldn't believe my ears. Great Scott, who is safe in this country when they can pile on exactions like that? It makes me feel like getting out myself—if I only could! It's like being fattened for dinner, with Don Miguel feeding you like a turkey till he is ready to cut your head off."

Wright, though quieter, was even more disturbed. The logical end of this kind of thing would find him a beggar on the

(Continued on Page 113)

Wear Duofold and You'll be Comfortable

Winter Holds No Fears

for those who wear Duofold Health Underwear because—

—the two THIN layers of knitted fabric with air space between keep cold and dampness *out* and body warmth *in* more effectively than a *single* layer of fabric much thicker.

Warmth and protection outdoors, happy comfort indoors—that's what Duofold offers you.

Made in all-cotton and mercerized; and in garments having the *outer* layer of fabric made with wool (away from the skin) and the *inner* layer made with soft cotton; for men, women, children and infants.

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HARD SURFACE — A Labor Saving - Easily Cleaned - Dollar Saving - Durable ~ Economical — Floor Covering — WATER PROOF

Imagine this rug on your kitchen floor

ITS ATTRACTIVE PATTERN and rich coloring will make your kitchen a pleasant place to work in. And it will save you much hard sweeping and scrubbing because its smooth, hard surface is absolutely waterproof and greaseproof. When you spill things on a Bird's Rug—when ice man and grocer's boy track in mud and dirt—a light going-over with a damp mop will make it fresh and clean as new.

Bird's Rugs are beautiful, economical—their wearing qualities will surprise you. Made in all standard sizes and priced from $9 to $18. And each rug carries our guarantee of "Satisfaction or your money back." Ask your dealer for Bird's Rugs—and Bird's Floor Coverings, too. Or, if he does not carry them, mail the coupon to

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Look for this Mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of Satisfaction or your Money Back

No house should be built or furnished without a Bird Product

(Continued from Page 110)

streets. Fred and he talked for a long while together. To give the money was to court fresh demands; to refuse it might be very dangerous. They had almost concluded to offer twenty-five hundred as a possible compromise, when Fred suddenly jumped up—they were in the office in the rear of the store—and in a bursting sort of way cried out:

"What's the good of being his son-in-law if I can't talk to him, man to man? I am going straight to the palace and have this thing out with Alvarez himself!"

Wright, terrified, tried to stop him. But nothing could have stopped Fred, who, incensed beyond measure, flung himself out of the room and out of the store, and jumping on the nearest horse galloped off like a madman. That quiet little Fred, with the fine complexion and the small regular features of a girl, had the most unexpected way of flaring up at times. The thud of his horse's hoofs sounded down the street in a wild diminuendo.

Wright waited for an hour—the longest hour of his life. He dared not go back to Centipede Cottage, for it was now late in the afternoon and Joe Holcombe was sure to be there. He was trembling with apprehension. What if Fred were playing double? What if all this noise and outcry were make-believe? Or if it were sincere, might it not roll down the avalanche of Alvarez's wrath on their heads? Rouse that silken tiger who had but to put out his paw to annihilate them?

But here was Fred, his face enigmatic with unsaid news and his white trousers in a sop of horse sweat. Without saying a word, he went to the sideboard, poured himself out a big drink of Scotch, and then with his thumb opened a hissing bottle of soda water. With a gesture he invited Wright to do the same.

"The fat's in the fire," he said at last with a gravity that seemed to bode the worst. "Only it isn't the kind of fat we thought it was."

Bringing his glass with him, he seated himself by the table, cocking up his wet legs on a chair.

"It's a long story, Ren," he said. "But I guess you've got to hear it—you being the goat, you know."

The banker sipped his highball and waited in silence. His hand was shaking; the glass wabbled as he raised it to his lips.

"This is a place where there are wheels within wheels," continued Fred, "and inside those wheels are more wheels. In this country, if you want to buy a horse you ask the owner if he has settled his bill at the hacienda store or what year it was his grandmother died; roundabout, you know; indirection. Well, to start at the beginning, Alvarez don't really want that ten thousand dollars at all."

"Then what does he want?" inquired Wright, with the word "goat" still leaping on the crags of his memory.

"He wants you to marry his daughter, Señorita Costanza de Pontevedra y Alvarez."

The banker slowly digested this astonishing intelligence. Then he said, "But I can't; I am married."

"Excellency will unmarry you," Fred retorted, mimicking Don Miguel's precise periods. "Excellency will have you divorced, and in four months the marriage will take place in state at the cathedral. Either that or ten thousand dollars, gold, plus Excellency's ill will. I closed with the offer for you."

"Oh, you did, did you?" remarked Wright, murmuring something about unexpected kindness in a sarcastic key.

"The governor has four families," resumed Fred in his natural voice. "With the first, legitimate, he had six children; with the second—also legitimate—he had two sons and two daughters, one of whom is my wife, Mariana; with the third—the Limons—three children; and then five more by the De Pontevedra lady. The second one of this batch is the Costanza all the fuss is about. The fact is, nobody will have her."

Fred stopped to let this sink in. The banker meditated gloomily. Though he knew he was doomed to spend his entire life in Soledad, an unextinguishable hope —— Married! Married in state at the cathedral to a left-handed, copper-colored daughter of Alvarez! Like all his kind, robber though he was, Wright was puritanical to a ridiculous degree. America abounds with such gross, half-baked, self-deceiving hypocrites. The dozen suicides his defalcations had caused seemed insignificant when compared to this final outrage on Wheatoria's feelings. What would Wheatoria say? Wheatoria was an intensely moral city. Indeed, it was a byword for every form of social oppression.

"Homely as sin, I suppose," he remarked.

"No, she isn't," returned Fred. "She is decidedly the prettiest woman here, and the only one with any pretension to be civilized. You must have seen her driving around in a maroon carriage, with a driver in livery, dressed like a wasp. No?"

"Old then?" grumbled Wright. "I know those raddled old hags, skipping around in short skirts and rolled-down stockings, and ambling by like they were sixteen."

"Yes, she is old," admitted Fred. "Old for this country, that is. A woman that passes twenty-five in Carupano is a hopeless old maid—laughed at, pitied, despised. They like them young here—just bursting into womanhood, and so on, and so on—with bits of shell still sticking to the fluff. Señorita Costanza de Pontevedra y Alvarez has reached the terrible age of twenty-seven."

"Lame?" inquired Wright.

"You make me tired!" exclaimed Fred, going off in one of his tempers. "She is just as pretty and huggable as any woman you ever saw. The trouble was that she was brought up in a fashionable convent in Buenos Aires, and came back here with her nose in the air, scorning all our best young men till it was too late. Now the family don't know what to do with her, and the damned fools are throwing her away on you."

The banker laughed. No one could deny him a sense of humor.

"Well, I don't want her," he said. "Though I want still less to pay Old Whiskers ten thousand dollars, and then more and more and more till I am flat on my back. Rather than that—I'll take her!"

Fred was mollified. It was the only thing to do, he said. With Alvarez for a father-in-law Wright would be as solid and safe as the Rock of Gibraltar.

The next afternoon, elaborately arrayed, Fred called for him in a carriage, and together they drove to the home of the De Pontevedras. It was one of the massive forts that the upper-class lived in, and reminded Wright of an old-fashioned county jail, with all its windows barred with iron, and its front door thick enough to withstand rifle shots. Inside it was somber and silent. A servant led them through a court to a large sitting room, which had the stuffy odor of a place that was never ventilated and seldom occupied. The furniture, all gilt and spindly, was upholstered in mildewed satin. There were cut-glass chandeliers and pictures that loomed blackly from glittering frames. A figure became visible beside an onyx table—a seated lady, somewhat past middle age; a lady, dark, aquiline and distinguished-looking, with an amplitude of gray hair covered with a white lace mantilla.

An elaborate introduction was made in Spanish, the banker merely catching the words "Señora de Pontevedra—Señor Wright."

"Kiss her hand," commanded Fred in a whisper.

Then another figure rose out of the gloom—a young, slender, graceful lady, with very shining eyes and a piquant, most attractive face. She was dressed in a soft, closely fitting black jacket, embroidered with small yellow flowers, and full, billowing skirts of dull carmine. Wright thought it an extraordinarily striking costume, little dreaming, however, that it had come straight from Paris. Another sonorous introduction was made, the banker catching nothing save the name Costanza. The charming young woman inclined her head.

"Kiss her hand," commanded Fred, though he himself had but bowed.

Wright did so in a hearty Western manner. However else he might be lacking in manners, he was always cordial—tremendously cordial. Kissing ladies' hands was a new idea to him, but he went through with it robustly. The señorita's fingers clung to his, and he was fortunately quick enough to perceive that she was inviting him to share her gilt sofa. Accordingly he sat down, stealing glances at her and exchanging smiles. Why, you could have taken that girl right into the Ritz-Stratford in Wheatoria and never have had a qualm about her—she was that elegant and refined, you know. And not coppery a bit, but a sweet, willowy brunette that could have passed anywhere as an American girl of the swellest kind of family.

The conversation began ponderously. The ladies spoke no English; Fred had to translate everything. The weather was reviewed; the weather, past, present and future, and including Señora de Pontevedra's recollections of the great hurricane of 1902. Then Señor Wright was asked how he liked Carupano, and he answered, not untruthfully, considering his circumstances, that he much preferred it to his native North America. Was Señor Wright comfortable in Señora Guipuzcoa's house? Señor Wright, in an access of high spirits, gave a humorous account of Centipede Cottage that made everybody laugh. He was conscious of making an excellent impression. The señorita, who seldom opened her mouth, had a silent convulsion of mirth at the banker's description of his Indian household.

Then chocolate was served with much ceremony from priceless old Spanish silver. After a decent interval, and more dragging talk, Fred rose, and thanking the señora and the señorita for their very gracious hospitality, which he and his friend, Señor Wright, would enshrine forever on their hearts, he begged permission to retire. Wright needed no instructions this time to kiss the ladies' hands. Copying Fred, who bent very low and only touched the tips of the fingers to his lips, he acquitted himself with credit. Then the pretty señorita, with an air of great daring and showing the whitest teeth when she laughed, archly murmured something in Spanish.

"She says you must not let the pet snake get into your bed," translated Fred.

Everyone laughed, though the señora looked slightly scandalized. The parting took place amid general good humor.

"She's a pippin!" exclaimed Wright as they got into their carriage. "I didn't know there was a girl like that in the whole country. She makes all the others look like mud pies." Then detecting the shadow on Fred's face, and recollecting Mariana, he added, "She is almost as nice as your wife."

"And do you think you will be happy with her?" asked Fred, the shadow gone.

"Happy!" cried Wright. "Why, she is a beauty! She's a perfect little love! I didn't know things like that could happen to an old fellow of forty-six. I don't want to get chesty about it, Fred, but she positively seemed to like me."

"She would like anybody," said Fred, who, touchy himself, was often very obtuse where other peoples' feelings were concerned. "Cooped up like that, you know, and regarded as a has-been because she is twenty-seven. Her heart is probably going pit-a-pat this very minute at getting such a grand, splendid, imposing North American gentleman for a husband."

"I know mine is," said Wright with a jolly laugh and placing an enormous red hand where the pit-a-pat was supposed to be. "Honest, Fred, I never was so stuck on a girl in all my life."

Life in Soledad took on a new aspect for the exile. Not only were there those formal calls twice a week; but getting married, in Soledad as elsewhere, involved all sorts of tasks and cares. There were the negotiations for a fort even more massive and county-jaily than the De Pontevedras'—which was finally purchased for thirty thousand pesos, and deeded to Costanza. There was the divorce, which, though assured beforehand, required a stage play of complicated legal proceedings. There were horses and carriages to buy. There were laborers, plasterers, painters, carpenters, stonemasons to be borne with, reasoned with, threatened and cajoled. Fort Wright, as the banker named his new premises, was being entirely made over.

But Wright's outlay ended at that. Governor Alvarez had munificently taken it on himself to furnish Fort Wright in every particular as a wedding gift. Carupanoan taste in gilt and splendor was thus assured. Forgotten gorgeousness of all kinds was dug out of the custom house, which was also rich in confiscated German property. Every boat from San Cristobal brought consignments of crates and cases. Old Indian women were already repairing the great crimson silk hangings which had done duty in the cathedral on state occasions for more than a hundred years.

The banker lived in a dream. He did not ask himself whether he was happy or unhappy; he had the sensation of whirling in

(Continued on Page 115)

Kind words from a smoker in far Australia

There is something besides distance that lends enchantment to this letter

A more modest manufacturer might not print this letter. He might file it away to bring out only on dull, gloomy days.

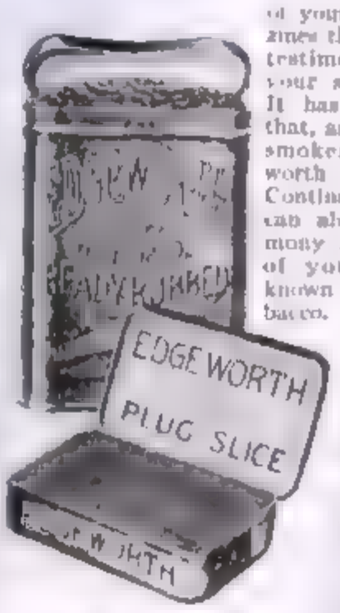
Nevertheless, when an enthusiastic pipe-smoker thousands of miles away takes his pen in hand to say something nice about Edgeworth, a breach of modesty on the manufacturer's part should be forgiven.

"Chetwynd," Copeland Road,
Beecroft, New South Wales,
Australia

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.

Gentlemen

Perhaps you are somewhat surprised to receive this letter from Australia, often referred to in England, our Mother Country, as "Down Under."



I have noticed in some of your American magazines that I subscribe to, testimony in praise of your splendid tobacco. It has occurred to me that, as one of the many smokers of the Edgeworth in this Southern Continent of Australia, I can also add my testimony and appreciation of your world-wide-known and excellent tobacco.

It must be over twenty years since I first tried your "Edgeworth Extra High Grade Plug Slice."

My tobacconist, one of the leading tobacconists of Sydney, had a trial consignment of the Edgeworth to test [illegible] contained.

Just at that time I was smoking several kinds of high-grade imported tobaccos, but somehow I could not get any of them that exactly pleased my taste. Some brands were excellent for a while, and then deteriorated.

But [illegible] the first purchase of your Edgeworth I have found it absolutely of the one uniform standard, without any change during the whole twenty-odd years I have been smoking it. I have been so satisfied with it that I have never purchased any other make.

I have induced a great number of my friends and fellow officers to try Edgeworth, and most of them have the same high opinion of it that I have.

My wish is that your company may prosper and continue to manufacture the renowned Edgeworth, and that I and my fellow smokers of this "Fair Australia" may be spared to a good, ripe old age to enjoy your fragrant weed.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Thos. Skellett

And all of this as a result of one "trial consignment" of Edgeworth.

While it is too much to hope that everyone will have such a satisfied smoking career after a few trial pipes of Edgeworth, you can never tell until you try the tobacco.

For free samples of Edgeworth—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed—send a postcard with your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular "tobacconist," your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The happy owner of a beautiful RED STAR Oil Stove is unrestrained in her enthusiasm. To her, plain kerosene has become the best of all fuels for cooking. And one has only to see the patented RED STAR Burner in use to understand the reason.

There are no wicks or substitutes. Instead you have two rings of hot, blue gas fire in each burner. It is a clean, fast heat, for cooking. It gives you a hot gas oven for baking. Yet the fuel is common kerosene oil, gasoline or distillate.

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THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

RED STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

(Continued from Page 113)

a torrent that was sweeping him irresistibly into the unknown. He borrowed a Spanish grammar from Fred, but to a man so old and uneducated a foreign language is almost unlearnable. With a sigh he threw the book aside. He could never master that gibberish in a thousand years. Yet Fred could rattle it off by the yard. But Fred was young; Fred was under thirty. Wright sighed again. When you got old your habits, associations and all that became a part of you. The cement had hardened, and you could not break it except with a sledge hammer. The real you kept on living in Wheatoria, no matter where your body was, and the least reference to home would go through your old carcass like a knife.

Then his thoughts turned moodily to Joe; young also, with that consuming desire to go to Paris. Paris! When he was perfectly free to go back to Wheatoria! It was incredible that anyone should prefer Paris to Wheatoria. Wheatoria! The knife sank deeper into that tortured heart.

But intervening with such spells of depression were periods of almost abounding happiness. The banker was a man of immense vitality; he threw off despondency as a powerful man throws off a fever. If he were stuck in Soledad he would make the best of Soledad. Was he not forty-six years young, and was he not going to marry the prettiest and sweetest girl in the world, who loved him devotedly? It was only fools who looked backward; only fools that cried for the moon.

One afternoon Wright was taking a solitary stroll in an effort to bear up under a most unexpected misfortune. "Misfortune" might seem a singular word to use in such a connection, but the banker justified it by a depression so acute that he had to walk—to do anything that was active and physical—rather than mope at home. Joe was leaving. Joe was leaving that same day at five; had suddenly announced that he was through; at that very moment was packing his things in the hotel preparatory to spending a farewell hour at Centipede Cottage. One might have expected Wright to be relieved, but on the contrary he was terribly downcast. It was not only that he liked Joe, had grown dependent on Joe, had used Joe as a sort of shield against the arrows of despair -but Joe linked him to Wheatoria and appeased with his discursive chatter that nameless ache which at times was unendurable. How was he to stand this place without Joe?

The trade wind was blowing in from seaward, raising little clouds of dust on the unpaved street. The mud hovels looked unspeakably forlorn. There was a horse tied to every turned-up rusty cannon; horses that had never known brush or comb, with saddles and bridles covered with tarnished silver. How like these people to spend a fortune on such absurdities, and then never take the trouble to polish them! From an alley there arose the hubbub of a cock fight. Tatterdemalion soldiers sprawled in doorways, spitting and staring evilly at passers-by. Squalor, decaying garbage, naked children, repulsive negresses smoking cigars, a donkey with its head a cavern of buzzing insects and turned out to die—such was Soledad at four P.M.

Then suddenly out of nowhere Wright was gripped by an idea—an idea that made him pale and tremble; that shook him like the dreaded vomito. He increased his pace. The boat left at five. The aimless stroll was ending in a desperate resolution. There was Fred, standing on the threshold of his store, immaculately white as usual, who smiled as the banker came up. But his smile changed to an expression of amazement as he gazed at his friend's face, which was altered out of all recognition.

"What's the matter, Ren?" he asked.

"I am off with Joe," said the banker huskily. "Joe and I are leaving by the five o'clock boat."

"Leaving?" exclaimed Fred. "Leaving?" Then getting no answer, he added, "Oh, but you can't, you know! It's impossible! They will nab you at San Cristobal."

"It's not San Cristobal—it's Wheatoria I am going to," said Wright. The words came out chokingly. Then at last Fred understood.

"Wheatoria!" he exclaimed, hardly able to believe his ears.

"I can't stick it out any longer," said Wright in that same choking voice. "It—it suddenly came over me that I couldn't stick it out any longer. I would go crazy if I stayed here another day."

"But they will give you four years in prison!" said Fred.

"I know it."

"And your family—have you thought of them?" demanded Fred, who was so angry that he spoke with an unnatural calm. "Down here it doesn't matter so much; but daddy in jail around the corner! Daddy in stripes, picking oakum in Foliet Penitentiary!

Wright muttered something inaudible.

"And all those people who committed suicide!" Fred went on pitilessly. "All those widows and orphans screaming for your blood! Daniel in the lions' den had a snap compared to you. For God's sake, Ren, haven't you a speck of sense or sanity?"

The banker's jaw was as set as a bulldog's.

"I am off with Joe," he said.

Fred's anger flamed. Putting his hands behind his back, he spurned the one outstretched to him.

"You yellow dog!" he cried out, beside himself. "Go to Wheatoria! Go to hell! Rot in jail and die there for all I care!"

Wright turned away, took two steps, and then suddenly turned back. His voice as he spoke was full of entreaty.

"Don't give me away, Fred! Don't let Alvarez stop me! Please, please, Fred, do me this one last favor!"

"Alvarez can do his own finding out," said Fred with a bitter laugh. "You needn't worry that I shall interfere. I am going down to my storm cellar and stay there."

Joe was in the cottage with his suitcase beside him. On it was his camera, his fish basket, his folding easel and an incongruously heavy ulster. He looked up pleasantly as Wright entered, saying something about its being quite a wrench to leave the dear old mud flat.

But Wright, without a word in reply, strode to the safe, and then kneeling down and working the combination threw the steel doors open.

"Help yourself, Joe. It's yours now," he said.

An electrifying look passed over Joe's face.

"You can't possibly mean——" he began.

"I am going back with you to Wheatoria," said Wright. "I am going to face the music and take my medicine. Yes, I made up my mind just now on the street. It came over me that I couldn't stick it out a minute longer."

As he spoke he held out his wrists with an uncertain laugh.

"Got your handcuffs?" he asked.

Joe rose to his feet. He had seen many strange things in his profession, but this was the strangest. He was very much upset, very much moved. The two had grown into a stronger friendship than either of them had realized.

"Of course, I ought to take you at your word," said the fat young man. "But—but, Ren, old horse, think it over—think it over. It's four years, you know; in a cell, you know; personally, in your place, I—I think I would stay right here."

Wright waved away the suggestion with a gesture of his hand.

"It's been coming over me for months," he said. "It isn't a hasty impulse or anything of that kind. I didn't find it out on the street; it has been working, working, working in me for months, till all at once it brimmed over. But I am through talking; I guess I am through everything. Get my things together, Joe; I ain't fit to do it myself."

He threw himself into a chair and laid his head on the table, his forehead resting on his crossed arms.

Joe, placing the whisky and siphon within reach, hurriedly gathered up the odds and ends of the banker's wardrobe; then shoving them all in the old suitcase higgledy-piggledy with packages of notes he came back to the table.

Wright had not touched the whisky. His attitude was unchanged, though his chest was heaving with stifled sobs. Joe laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Cheer up!" he said. "You're doing the right thing, and I will do my level best to get a year taken off the four, representing it was voluntary and all that. Don't feel bad, Ren; don't feel bad."

Wright looked up.

"I—I don't feel bad," he quavered hoarsely. "That ain't it at all, Joe. I am just so damned glad to be going home."

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Jacobs Oregon City Woolens

PURE VIRGIN WOOL ~ WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

THE LAST OF THE FLATFEET

(Continued from Page 11)

Mr. Duffy came out from his supper with egg on his overalls and fire in his eye. He was a high, wide, thick man, with a bushel of torch-colored hair, a jaw like an iceberg and fists like demijohns. Ug removed his derby hat, bowed, and inquired politely if Mr. Duffy had seen a pig answering to the name of General Grant.

"I have," said Mr. Duffy, grim of voice.

"Where is he, please?"

"In my pen," responded Mr. Duffy.

"I'll take him away," said Ug.

"You will not," said Mr. Duffy.

"But he's mine," protested Ug.

"He was," corrected Mr. Duffy. "Now he's mine."

"Since when, Patsy Duffy?" Ug was growing agitated; he had heard tales of Mr. Duffy.

"Your thievin' pig," declared Mr. Duffy, "come over and et my prize parsnips. I was goin' to show 'em at the state fair. They was worth eleven dollars—to me, anyhow—not countin' the honor an' glory. Now they're et. I'll be keepin' the pig."

"You give me back my pig, Patsy Duffy!" cried Ug.

"You give me back my parsnips," returned Mr. Duffy coldly.

"But General Grant didn't eat your parsnips," said Ug. "He hates parsnips. And, anyhow, he was home all day. You took——"

"Look here, Injin," said Mr. Duffy severely, "I ain't got time to stand out here debatin' with you."

Ug was trembling with an emotion he knew to be sinful and contrary to all moral precepts. An ax lay on a near-by woodpile, and Ug's eyes leaped from it to the bushy head of Patrick Duffy and then back to the ax again; for a second, civilization tottered. Then Ug, with a movement of resolution, replaced the derby hat on his black locks.

"All right, Patsy Duffy," he said with dignity. "Just you wait! I'm going to tell my uncle on you." And Ug turned away.

"You can tell your aunt, too," Mr. Duffy called after him, "and all your cousins. But the pig stays here, and if I ketch you pesterin' around here, Injin, I'll boot you for a gool."

Ug made his way cabinward with cloudy brow. Here was injustice, flagrant injustice. He was a ward of Uncle Sam and he didn't propose to be treated like that, even by Patsy Duffy.

"It's not the pig, it's the principle of the thing," muttered Ug as he tramped along.

It was not that he was sentimentally attached to General Grant; the pig, indeed, had grown to be more of a pest than a pet. But the pig was his property, and another man had dared to take him. Ug shook his fist in the direction of the Duffy house.

"You'll rue the day, Patsy Duffy," said Ug; he had seen melodramas. Then Ug chuckled to himself. He had reached the cabin and his eye had fallen on the picture of the Atlantic Fleet; he was picturing to himself Patsy Duffy shelled into submission by its big guns.

To his teacher, as the nearest representative of Uncle Sam, Ug went and stated the case of the kidnaped General Grant. The teacher listened sympathetically, but he shook his gray head; he knew Patsy Duffy, his gusty temper, his heavy fist, his plethoric bank roll, his political power. He pointed out to Ug that the recovering of kidnaped pigs was not a pedagogical function; furthermore, Ug was no longer a schoolboy, but a man of the world. Ug suggested a direct appeal to Uncle Sam. The teacher said emphatically that that would never do. Uncle Sam was much too busy to be bothered about one pig. He never, the teacher assured Ug, concerned himself personally with any matter involving less than a million pigs; his hired men looked after lesser cases, the teacher said, congratulating himself secretly that "hired men" was a rather good stroke. The law, suggested the teacher, was on Ug's side; his best advice to Ug was to consult the law in the person of Marcellus Q. Wigmore, attorney and counselor, in his office in Timberlake City. Yes, that was the civilized thing to do. Uncle Sam would approve; yes, yes, consult the law by all means.

Ug, a shade disappointed but not at all downhearted, greased his hair, dusted off his derby and walked the sixteen miles to Timberlake City. The majesty of the law, as embodied in Attorney and Counselor Wigmore, was enthroned in two cobwebby back rooms over a hay-and-feed store on Main Street. Ug was permitted to sit in the outer room until he was impressed, and this did not take long, for it was a musty, intimidating, legal-smelling place lined with books of repealed statutes and reports of drainage commissions, important-looking books with bindings suffering from tetter. Then Ug was summoned into the presence of Attorney Wigmore, a lean, dusty man of prehistoric aspect, with a dazzling bald head, an imposing frock coat and a collar like a spite fence.

He pursed shrewd lips and said, "And in what way may I have the honor of serving you, sir?" in a solemn court-room voice.

Ug, overawed, got out, "Patsy Duffy stole General Grant."

"Ah?" said Mr. Wigmore. "Ah?"

"He said he et his parsnips," hurried on Ug. "But General Grant never et them. He hated parsnips—honest."

"Ah," said Mr. Wigmore, "an interesting historical fact. But how, may I inquire, do the tastes of the late general concern me?"

Ug poured out his story of the abduction of his pig. Mr. Wigmore said, to himself, "Patsy Duffy? Ah, yes; ah, yes." Then he addressed Ug, as if he were a jury.

"My dear sir," said Attorney and Counselor Wigmore gravely, "this is indeed a pretty legal problem. Hur-r-rumph! Yes, a pretty legal problem. I hesitate to give an *ex-cathedra* opinion on a question involving so moot a point of jurisprudence. Hur-r-rumph!"

Ug listened, confused but fascinated. The eyes of Mr. Wigmore searched the grimy ceiling.

"Hur-r-rumph!" he said, with a bass judicial clearing of the throat. "Let us put the case in its simplest terms. We have you, the plaintiff, the party of the first part; we have one Patrick Duffy, defendant, party of the second part; we have one General Grant, pig, *casus belli*, party of the third part; we have certain parsnips, party of the fourth part. It is alleged by the party of the first part that the party of the second part did feloniously steal, make away with and confiscate the party of the third part because said Duffy alleges said General Grant did unlawfully eat, devour and consume or cause to be consumed the party of the fourth part. The plaintiff contends that he can prove an alibi for the aforementioned General Grant and that the said General Grant is innocent of the overt act imputed to him by the party of the second part. Is that not correctly stated, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said Ug, by now dizzy.

Mr. Wigmore consulted a book weighing ten pounds. For minutes he regarded the pages darkly. Then he spoke:

"Hur-r-rumph! To speak *ex capite*, your case is not unlike the case of Bullpitt versus Nudd, 67 Rhode Island, 478, in which the honorable court ruled that the unlawful abduction of animals was *contra bonos mores*; and, if I remember correctly—and I think I do—fined the defendant two dollars and costs. Your case, sir, clearly involves a definition of *meum* and *tuum*; and, speaking *cum grano salis*, it has a precedent, if my memory is not at fault, and I do not believe it is, in the case of the International Knitted Knight Klose Korporation *versus* Gumbel *et al*, 544 South Carolina, 69, although I must warn you that it will be a question of adjudication just how far the doctrine of *caveat emptor* conflicts with that of *cave canem*. You can see that for yourself, can't you?"

Ug, utterly numb of brain, nodded.

Mr. Wigmore thoughtfully rubbed a bony chin with a thumb.

"*Inter se*," he observed, "it will take much study to determine what your remedy is. Your pig was caught *in flagrante delicto*, according to the defendant, which would make him *particeps criminis*, would it not?"

Ug gulped.

"It might," said Mr. Wigmore, "be possible to obtain a writ of *habeas corpus*. Or again we might have the defendant indicted for abduction. Possibly a question of riparian rights is involved. I hesitate to say without consulting an authority on torts. Have you ten dollars?"

Ug had. He produced it and saw it vanish into a recess beneath the tails of Mr. Wigmore's long coat.

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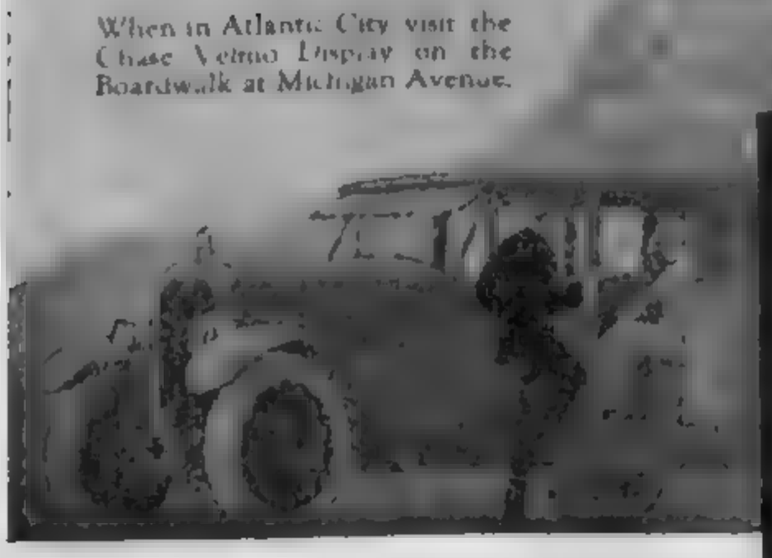

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"Pray wait here," said Mr. Wigmore, "while I go into conference."

Mr. Wigmore went into the other room and the door closed behind him. He watched the men pitching horseshoes in the street below for ten minutes, and then returned, with grave face, to the sanctum where Ug waited, perspiring freely.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Wigmore blandly, "my advice to you is—drop the case."

Ug stared.

"And not get my pig back?" he quavered

"What," said Mr. Wigmore philosophically, "is a pig more or less in the cosmic scheme?"

"But he's mine! I want my pig!" Ug was nearly in tears.

"Possession," remarked Mr. Wigmore, showing impatience, "is nine points of the law. You came to me for advice. I gave it to you. You have received it. The law says nothing that would help you. Forget the pig."

"But that isn't fair! He's mine! Patsy Duffy is a thief!"

Mr. Wigmore grew stern.

"Take care, young man," he said. "There are laws against slander. Mr. Duffy is a respected member of this community. His brother is the sheriff, his brother-in-law is the county judge and his son is the district attorney. Good afternoon. What a bright warm day it is, isn't it?"

Ug found himself on Main Street, stunned. He had appealed to the law and it had failed him. It didn't seem possible that so learned a man as Marcellus Q. Wigmore could be wrong, and yet Ug found himself embracing that heresy. It seemed to him that he had a right to get his pig back. He decided to appeal to another of Uncle Sam's representatives, the superintendent of the reservation.

He was a genial soul, the superintendent, who professed often and loudly a love for the Indians. The winds of politics had wafted him from his cigar store in Altoona, Pennsylvania, where Indians, except wooden ones, are something of a rarity, to his present position. He greeted Ug warmly, almost affectionately, slapped his back and asked after his health. Ug replied that he was in a persecuted state of mind, and pigless, and narrated the story of the loss of General Grant. The superintendent was horrified, sympathetic, indignant simultaneously.

"How dare this fellow Duffy take the property of one of my Indians?" he demanded with heat. "I'll show him! Now don't you worry, young fellow. I'll take this matter up myself, personally, see?" And he patted Ug out of the office.

Ug waited a week. But his pig was not returned. He summoned up his courage, bathed his rubber collar, and once more tremulously visited the superintendent. As he approached the office he noted that the superintendent was busy with some visitor. Ug paused in his approach. He could see the visitor now. There was no mistaking that beacon light of red hair and those haystack shoulders. Ug grinned; doubtless at that very moment the superintendent was castigating Duffy for purloining the pig. Then Ug perceived that that could hardly be the case, for Mr. Duffy emitted a bull bellow of a laugh, and Ug heard with dismay that the superintendent laughed with him. Ug crept nearer the window. He saw that on the table between the two men were cards and piles of chips and a brown bottle. Ug departed as softly as he had come. He did not go back to the superintendent again. Somehow he had divined that it would be of no avail

He went to the teacher. What could he do now? Write to one of the men in Washington to whom Uncle Sam had intrusted the task of looking after the Indians, the teacher suggested. Ug returned to his cabin and struggled with pen, ink and paper all evening. By morning he had produced a smeary note:

Indian Commissioner,
Washington, D. C.

Hon. sir: I had pig—boughten by me for $3.45. His name was General Grant. Patsy Duffy stealed him. General Grant did not et them parsnips. He hates parsnips worse than the dickens. White man has not right to take Indian pig I guess. I want my pig back. Please tell Uncle Sam.

Your loving son,
GEORGE WASHINGTON UG,
Flatfoot Indian.

Having dispatched this missive, Ug waited quietly, and with assurance. From time to time he glanced at the Atlantic Fleet, and reflected with pride that at a word from him that terrible machinery would be set in motion against that red-headed Duffy man. In eleven days he received a letter—a long, important-looking document with an eagle in the corner. Excitedly he tore it open. It read:

Dear sir: In reply refer to No. 7365436, file 4534, section 23x.

Your communication has been received and will be acted upon in due course.

Chief Clerk of the Chief Clerk,
Department of the Interior.

Ug was not entirely pleased by the letter. He had hoped for a short, firm order to Patrick Duffy that would lead to the immediate restitution of his pig. Then, too, there was something so cool, aloof, impersonal about it, considering that he was a relative of Uncle Sam. He wondered how long "in due course" was. When it proved to be more than two weeks Ug, growing restive, wrote a post card to the Indian commissioner:

Hon. sir: How about my pig?

Your loving son,
GEORGE WASHINGTON UG.
Flatfoot Indian.

He received a reply in a week:

Dear sir: In reply refer to No. 656565, drawer; pig.

A careful search of this department has resulted in the finding of no pig, pigs or other animals belonging to you, and we are therefore at a loss to understand your esteemed favor of the nineteenth

Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Missing Animals.

Ug groaned aloud when he read this. He bought a fresh bottle of ink and gave himself over for two days to the arduous task of literary composition. The letter he sent away to Washington read:

Hon. sir: Now look here please. I am good little Indian. I had pig. Name, General Grant. Patsy Duffy, bad man but white, he steal that pig. He say G. Grant et his paranips. This is a nb. I keep all laws and teacher says I am sibbleized. Please tell Uncle Sam I want back my pig.

Your loving son,
GEORGE WASHINGTON UG,
Flatfoot Indian.

Ten days later a very fat letter came for Ug, and he took it triumphantly. He even bought a can of condensed milk for General Grant's home-coming party. In his cabin he opened the letter. It read:

Dear sir In reply refer to No. 4399768554-333; section 29 subsection 9.

Your communication has been received and placed on file. Nothing can be done because of insufficient information. Please answer the inclosed questionnaire and return same to above.

What is your full name?
When and where were you born?
What proofs have you that you were?
What are your father's and mother's names, date of birth, age, sex and cause of death, if any?
What is your tribe?
What is your sex?
What is the full name of the pig in this case?
What is its sex?
Has it any distinguishing marks? Send map of same.
Give dimensions of pig, using inclosed measurement chart.
Did you yourself steal the pig in the first place?
If not, inclose bill of sale.
Inclose statement signed by five witnesses proving that pig is not fond of parsnips.
Inclose photograph of pig and sample of parsnip alleged to have been eaten by same.
Inclose full description of Patrick Duffy, giving name, age, sex and photograph - without hat.

Chief Clerk, Bureau of Claims, Flatfoot Section.

It took Ug three days, seven pens, two bottles of ink—one spilled—two smeared shirts and much grunting to answer the questions, but answer them he did. He mailed the letter and waited.

The Indian Bureau replied in two weeks that his communication had been received and given careful attention; but, inasmuch as it appeared to involve a pig, it had been referred to the Department of Agriculture. The secretary to the secretary to the Secretary of Agriculture wrote Ug that the case had been referred to the Bureau of Animal Husbandry. Ug, puzzled, sent a hasty post card to say that General Grant had no husband, but this information was ignored. Instead, he received a letter saying that because of the legal aspects of the case it had been passed on to the Department of Justice. Ug sighed and waited. The Department of Justice referred the case, it notified Ug, to the ninth assistant attorney-general, who

Continued on Page 120

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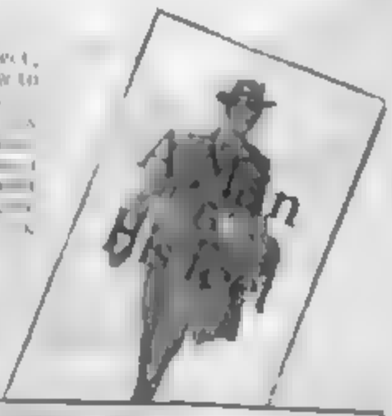

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(Continued from Page 118)

gave it some days of study and sent it back to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who wrote Ug to know if it was a pig or a rig that he had lost. Ug wrote "Pig, Pig, Pig!" on a post card and sent it to Washington. Day followed day. No letter came to Ug. He finally could stand delay no longer. He decided one night to play his trump card. He wrote to Uncle Sam:

Dear Uncle Sam You know me. I am George Washington Ug, a very sibbleized good Indian; wear derby hat; go church; say prayers; don't fight. Now this Patsy Duffy, bad white man, took my pig, General Grant, and I don't know how he get that way. Please send large gunboats and make Patsy Duffy give back my pig please.

Your loving neffew,

GEORGE,
Flatfoot.

Doubts, worries, irritations melted away as Ug read and reread his letter. It was all up with Patsy Duffy now. Uncle Sam could not resist that letter, even if it did involve less than one million pigs. It involved an injustice to his ward, and Uncle Sam would not permit that. Ug smiled as he wrote on the envelope in his big, round, scraggly hand, "Uncle Sam, Washington, D. C."

The reply came more promptly than replies to any of his other letters; Ug knew it would. He picked up the official envelope almost reverently. He carried it past the other Indians in his hand. He wanted them to see that he, Ug, had received a letter from his Uncle Sam. He postponed the pleasure of opening it, just as a child saves the best cake till last. He opened it after some blissful reverie in his own cabin. As he read it the brown face of Ug became like a cup of coffee to which a great deal of milk has suddenly been added. The letter was short, formal. It was from the Post Office Department, and it read:

No such person as Uncle Sam is known in Washington, D. C. In the future please give full name and street and number.

Ug felt as if he had been tomahawked. He took himself, his dismay and his *café-au-lait* face to the teacher.

"What is Uncle Sam's last name?" he asked.

The teacher didn't know. Ug had caught him in an unguarded moment; the admission had slipped out; the teacher flushed, flustered.

"What is Uncle Sam's street and number?" asked Ug. His small eyes now held suspicion.

The teacher didn't know.

"Ug," he said in his most kindly manner, "you're a grown man now. I think, perhaps, I ought to tell you. Uncle Sam isn't a man; that is to say, he isn't like you or me. He's a sort of—well, a sort of spirit."

"Like God?" asked Ug.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no! Not like God."

"Like Santa Claus?"

"Yes, yes; that's it," said the teacher hastily. "Rather more like Santa Claus."

"Teacher," said Ug, and his face was as set as a totem pole, "three years ago you told me that there was no Santa Claus."

The teacher looked away from Ug. The subject was very unpleasant to the teacher.

"You've been a good boy, Ug," he said.

"I've tried to be," said Ug, picking up his derby hat.

Homeward through a quiet evening went Ug, very slowly; his square head was bent forward till his chin obscured his rubber collar; the path across the meadow was well defined by the rising moon, but Ug's feet now and then strayed from it; he walked like a man very tired. Not far from his small red, white and blue cabin Ug stopped short. Something was moving in the grass near the path. Ug bent toward it. It was a large, glistening, red earthworm. Ug's hands went up to his head, and when they came down one of them held his derby hat. A sharp motion and the hat went skimming out into the alfalfa. A hen, the property of a white neighbor, disturbed in her beauty sleep, cackled. Ug made other sharp motions. One of them stripped off his blue-serge pants. Another ended the earthly days of the hen by quick and vigorous strangulation. Still another plucked out the feathers; and yet another nipped the earthworm by the nape of its slimy neck before it could slither back into its burrow. Then the quiet night heard sounds the sounds of a wild martial chant in a barbarous tongue:

"Koopeekis koopeekis
Bobbochee cheebobo
Toowanda bonda bonda, Patsy Duffy,
Bopokum kobobum."

The owls and the gophers, the only witnesses, saw a plump square-headed man, with feathers in his hair, a knife in one hand and a wriggling worm in the other, twisting and turning and dancing a primitive abandoned dance in the moonlight.

Patsy Duffy, smoking his corncob on his porch in the cool of the evening, heard the distant sounds too. He heard them draw nearer. He did not understand what was happening till a fantastic figure bounded, as if it were India rubber, to his porch. He recognized Ug. It was not the Ug he had known.

It was an Ug with eyes that blazed, an Ug that spoke the chopped untutored speech of his ancestors.

"What the devil!" growled Patsy Duffy, starting up.

"White man, you steal um pig! Me heap bad Injun! You give um pig or you catch hell!"

"I'll boot you ——" began Patsy Duffy, but he had no chance to finish his threat. Ug was on him, clawing him like a demon; one brown hand gripped the red hair, the other flourished the long-bladed jackknife. Down they went, with Ug on top. A shrill cry like the note of a drunken whippoorwill caught in a buzz saw cut the night; his breath and his spirit deserted Patrick Duffy; he knew that cry; years and years ago it had struck cold fear to the hearts of white pioneers; it was the war whoop of the Flatfeet.

"You let me up!" sniveled Patrick Duffy. "I was just havin' a little joke with you; honest I was, Ug."

Even a braver man might well have been cowed by the ferocity of a Flatfoot on the warpath. Ug rose. He scowled at the prostrate Duffy.

"White man," said Ug, "if I catch you near my tepee I'll scalp you."

But Ug knew from Patrick Duffy's eyes that that eventuality would never occur.

Across the moonlit meadow a figure made its way, in shape it was not unlike a hot-water bag at high tide. Certain feathers in its hair cast grotesque shadows; it went forward with a conquering swagger, and this was no mean feat, considering that the figure held clasped tight in its arms a fat, squirming pig.

Desert Indians Invoking the Fire God's Blessing

OLD TRICKS

(Continued from Page 15)

"Looks like I was wrong about that there case. Way it turned out, they wasn't no call to hang nobody."

Cole interjected a sharp question. The sheriff turned a mild glance toward him.

"What? Oh, yes, I got him, sure enough. Only it looks like the joke was on me, anyhow. One of Charlie's kids taken an' fired that there seed bed. Smokin' he was, on the sly, an' it looks like he dropped a match kind of careless. Reckon his daddy done give him all he needed with a peach shoot."

Cole scowled.

"You mean that was how it happened? You an' me down yonder, wastin' our time to ketch a kid smokin'!"

"Right sorry, Sim. If I'd knowed how it was I'd hev left you home. Reckon you got back in time to sit into the stud game, anyhow."

Cole's impatience quickened under the apologetic tone.

"Maybe next time you'll listen at me, sheriff. Told you first off you was wastin' time."

"Reckon I'm kind of funny about this here thing. You an' me looks at it different."

Cole spread his hands.

"You mean you'd do it again, same as you done Sunday?"

Mackenzie nodded.

"Most likely I would, Sim. Seems like I got a sort o' special grudge against bed-burnin'—same way you feel about still-runnin', Sim. Minute I hear a bed's burnt I got to git out an' see can I ketch the feller 't done it. Built thataway, Sim."

Daggam seemed to agree with him. He spoke respectfully enough, but his right eyelid drooped humorously at Cole.

"Sounds like it was a kind of habit hard to quit." He chuckled. "Back home folks says you can't learn no new tricks to an old dog."

Cole held his breath, expecting, in spite of his familiarity with Mackenzie's mildness, the swift and vigorous resentment that the affront invited. But Mackenzie seemingly took no offense. He smiled slowly.

"Done heard folks say that up here too. Reckon it's true. One thing—time a dog gits old they ain't so many tricks 't's new. You take a pup, now, an' most any trick looks new to him—right hard to learn some pups the oldest tricks they is."

He moved away toward the courthouse without waiting for an answer. Turning, Cole saw that Daggam's eyes had narrowed and his lips were tight.

"Pup, eh?" Daggam spat. "If he wasn't so dog-gone old ——" He checked himself and grinned at Cole. "Done got all the way under the old boy's skin that time."

Cole said nothing. In spite of himself, he was sometimes vaguely afraid of old Dan Mackenzie, and it occurred to him, as he cranked his engine and drove back to the courthouse, that the sheriff might resent his own silent share in Daggam's pleasantry. But Mackenzie, already busy at his desk, seemed to have forgotten the incident. He questioned Cole about some of the papers before him, and approved of his management of the office during the two days of his control.

"Handled things right well, Sim." He leaned back in the rickety swivel chair. "How'd that there stud game come out Sunday?"

"Ed Solway lost the most money." Cole scowled. "Paid Bert a hundred an' forty ——"

"Right heavy game, sounds like." Mackenzie spoke almost admiringly, Cole thought. "Reckon was playin' table stakes."

"No; only a dollar limit." Cole was glad to contradict. "Ed was drinkin' some or he couldn't 've dropped that much. Played plumb crazy tryin' to sting Bert, raisin' his fool head off every card he drew."

"Some plays stud thataway."

Mackenzie seemed suddenly to lose interest. He bent over the papers on the desk and Cole went out, a little relieved to escape closer questioning. He would have hated to confess that he had lost.

Returning toward dusk, he found an angry argument at the garage door. Clay Daggam's voice was high and thin and ugly, and he waved his hands excitedly under Dan Mackenzie's placid gaze.

"Dog-gone it, Mackenzie, if you figger it's wrong to play a friendly game o' cards you'd ought to 've said so first off! It ain't fair waitin' till I'm way behind the game an' then stoppin' it spang off thisaway." He caught sight of Cole and his voice rose. "Why, Sim Cole yonder, he sat into the game—your own dep'ty!"

Mackenzie shook his head slowly

"Reckon I'd ought to 've stopped it sooner, like you claim. Right sorry I didn't, Daggam. But I'm stoppin' it now sure enough. Don't look no ways right—a game goin' on square across the road from the co'thouse, an' a dep'ty sittin' into it."

Daggam made an impatient, expostulatory sound in his throat.

"I can't make out to play nowheres else sheriff. I got to stay in the garage 'r take an' hire me a helper. An' they ain't enough business f'r that; not yet, anyhow."

"Looks like you'd hev to choose between runnin' your business an' playin' stud, then."

Cole recognized the soft finality of the sheriff's voice. He had argued himself hoarse against that very tone.

"Aim to quit playin' soon as I git back my losin's. Done told you that, didn't I? How you figger I c'n git square with the game without you leave it run a spell longer?"

Mackenzie hesitated

"How many times you-all played stud in yonder, Daggam?"

"I d'know—maybe ten-twelve nights."

"How many times you won money you 'r Sim Cole?"

Daggam moved his hands.

"Reckon you know we both been losin' steady."

"Heard so. What makes you figger 't you got a chance to win if I leave the game go on?"

"Stands to reason the luck's bound to turn, don't it? You don't claim the Solways been skinnin' us."

Mackenzie shrugged.

"Reckon it ain't only us old dogs 't's hard to learn, Daggam. Hate to disoblige you, but I'm stoppin' that there game right now."

He took off his hat and held it as if the light breeze was grateful on his bared head. To Sim Cole the slight stirring of the thin white hair seemed to accentuate the still erectness of the lean body.

"You got a right pretty business here. Wouldn't wonder if it'd win more money 'n what you c'n git outn any stud-poker game, give it a chance."

"You tend to your business an' leave me tend to mine."

Daggam's excitement seemed to lower to sullen anger. "I'm tellin' you right now I aim to git square with you for this, Mackenzie."

"Hope you make out to do it, sure enough." Mackenzie spoke cheerfully. He crossed to Daggam's car, a homemade body on the chassis of a high-powered relic. "Right handy-lookin', these here tires. They'd ought to take hold in wet clay, I reckon."

Cole, always alert for a chance to better his equipment, seized his chance.

"Best kind they is, sheriff. We'd ought to git a set f'r the car, usin' them bad roads the way we do."

Mackenzie nodded.

"Might order us a set, Daggam, when you git round to it."

Daggam made a sulky note. Mackenzie beckoned to Sim and they walked down toward the hotel together. The two Solways passed them, going toward the garage, and both greeted the sheriff with easy, familiar affability.

"Reckon they'll talk different next time they see you." Cole glanced over his shoulder. "Jest the same 's claimin' they been cheatin'."

Mackenzie shook his head

"Don't figger they'll look at it thataway, Sim. Right smart, them boys."

It annoyed Cole to discover, later in the evening, that Mackenzie was right about this. The Solways not only bore no malice but seemed to accept Mackenzie's intervention as a compliment.

"Reckon he done right, don't you, Bert? It ain't fair, you an' me playin' stud with a couple o' fellers from Cray County, 't both 'd ought to hev guardeens in a big town like Tyre." Ed Solway slapped his thigh. "Ought to go tell him you're obliged to him, Clay. Might ask him could he hire you a nice pretty nurse, so's you won't git

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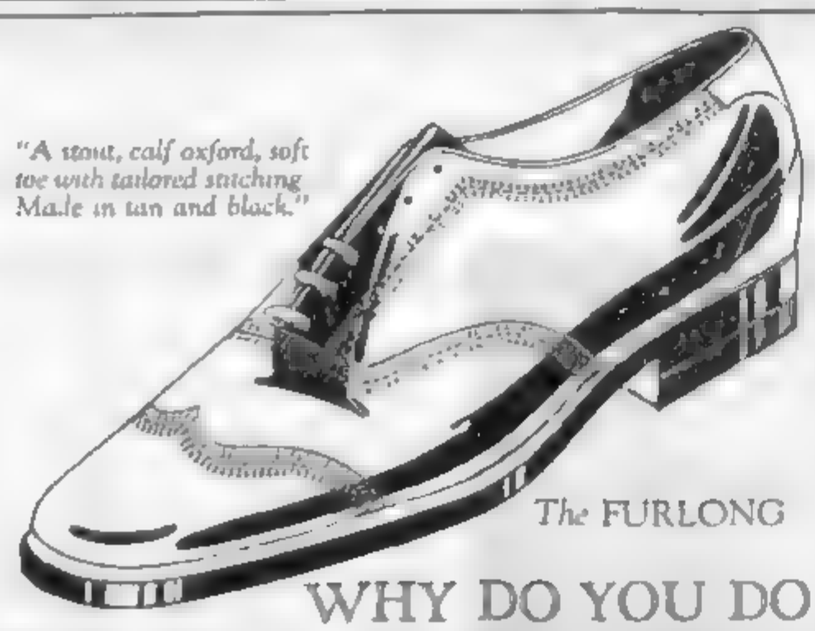

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"You c'n laugh." Daggam was still ugly. "You c'n play anywheres you're a mind to. It don't bother you none, stoppin' this here game. But it cuts me clean outn my fun, without I shet the shop an' go out in the woods f'r a game. Dog-gone old fussbudget, Mackenzie! But he ain't done with this yet. Aim to git even, I do."

Bert chuckled.

"Talkin' right loose, Clay, front of Sim. Want to remember he's a dep'ty, swore in to stand by the law."

Cole joined in the laugh, but he was troubled by Daggam's look. He left early, aware of a new restraint in the talk, feeling out of place and unwelcome in company that had been wholly congenial till now.

Daggam's resentment lasted well. Although, in Cole's hearing, he made no more threats, he talked freely enough to others. The Solways, to whom the episode continued to be comic, repeated some of the things he said, even joking with Mackenzie about them, asking him if he carried a gun, if he wasn't afraid Clay Daggam would poison the tin lizzie on him. Once or twice Cole even ventured to caution Daggam against any foolish attempt to settle his score.

"Don't want to play into the old man's hand, Clay. Don't go an' do nothin' ——"

Daggam gave him a sullen, distrustful look.

"Reckon I know my business, Mister Dep'ty."

"Wake up any mornin' an' find Mackenzie murdered in bed, Sim. Clay, he's plumb dangerous." Ed Solway laughed. "Glad he ain't gunnin' for me."

Cole saw Daggam's face contract and harden. The look recurred to him when, on Saturday morning, with a hard day of office work ahead for them both, Mackenzie turned from the telephone with the news that four seed beds had been fired the night before down in Buchanan Township.

"Four, eh?"

Cole avoided Mackenzie's eyes. He did not want the old man to read his thoughts just then. A wave of anger against Daggam went over him. It was a clever way of hitting back at Mackenzie, sure enough; but it hit at Sim Cole too. He'd have to go down there and help investigate those burnings. Another Sunday thrown away.

"We'd ought to go down yonder right now." Mackenzie spoke slowly. "Too late to go round by the railroad too. Shoofly's done left."

Cole scowled. It was bad enough to waste Sunday on a fool's errand, without losing his Saturday amusement as well. He liked Saturdays, in spite of their extra work; liked the sight of people along the street, the crowd at the weekly moving-picture show, the sound of voices and the shuffle of feet.

"Can't shet down the office on a Sat'd'y," he objected. "Folks be in here payin' taxes all day. Reckon it c'n wait till to-morrow."

"Looks like it'd hev to." Mackenzie was clearly troubled. "Hate to leave it go a minute. Four beds burnt—means trouble, Sim, without folks c'n see we're doin' somethin'." He seemed to reflect. "Tell you what, Sim, we'll start down tonight soon's the office closes. Git there in time to keep folks from talkin' about ropes thataway."

Cole argued almost to open mutiny, exasperated by a growing conviction that he could, if he chose, solve the case without leaving his chair. If Clay Daggam had really done it—he was tempted to share his guess, but a persisting friendliness for Daggam prevented. Mackenzie wouldn't see that it was just a bit of foolish mischief. He'd be as hard on Daggam as the law allowed, with those fool ideas of his about bed-burning.

"Go clean down yonder an' find out some kid's been playin' with matches," he grumbled. "I should think you'd had enough, sheriff."

"Reckon it wasn't thataway this time, Sim. McDow's place is six miles from Fess Craig's. Feller 't burnt both them beds the same night was travelin' in a car an' travelin' right fast."

Suspicion became all but certainty in Cole's mind. Again he was tempted to tell, and again, restrained by a half-unwilling loyalty to Daggam, he held his tongue. But the thought stayed with him through his morning's work over the tax receipts, and prompted him, at noon, to step inside Daggam's shop for a glance at the wheels of his car. He came out convinced. There was only one stretch of road in the county where you ran hub deep through that sticky white clay. Daggam had driven up from Buchanan last night and taken the ford road.

As he ate his dinner he felt an increasing anger toward Daggam, an irritation that was touched with contempt. Driving those tires through the soft roads down in Buchanan was like leaving a signature. Even Mackenzie, innocent as he was about automobiles, could hardly help noticing the print of those peculiar studs, and drawing the inevitable deduction. And Daggam hadn't even had the sense to wash his car, after having chosen the route that would stain it with that telltale clay! He was almost sure to be caught as such stupidity deserved. It would serve him right if Sim Cole spared himself that tiresome drive down into Buchanan by telling what he knew. Besides, if you looked at it right, it was a deputy's sworn duty to tell, anyhow.

By closing time Cole had persuaded himself that he ought to tell; and yet, as he and the sheriff stopped for gas and oil for the trip, he still hung back from the act. He compromised by giving Mackenzie a chance to see the stained tires for himself. It was easy enough to say that those new shoes would come in handy for this trip if they'd ordered them sooner, and then to stroll over to Daggam's car as if to admire the big studded tires it wore. Cole's impatience rose as Mackenzie failed to draw the inference from the clay-daubed fenders and spokes.

"Reckon you'll see the picture show this evenin', Daggam." Mackenzie turned away from the car. "Sim an' me, we got to miss out on it this time. Be dark before we git to Buchanan."

Daggam scowled.

"No pictures f'r me! Got to work most all night, looks like."

Mackenzie seemed pleased.

"That's good, Daggam. Business must be gittin' better."

The other made no answer. Cole followed Mackenzie out to the car, glowering. Daggam hadn't even spoken to him; and here he was, wasting his Saturday and Sunday on the outside chance that he could keep Mackenzie from finding out that it was Daggam who had fired those beds! He drove in silence until they neared the ford. Mackenzie touched his arm.

"Might stop a spell, Sim. Likely place to eat here. Had 'em wrop us up some supper back to the hotel."

He undid a newspaper parcel. Cole scowled at the slabs of cold corn bread.

"Might's well stayed an' had supper to the hotel," he grumbled. "Waste jest as much time eatin' out here thisaway."

"Right good place to waste time." Mackenzie ate slowly. "Reckon we're bound to waste some, anyhow."

Cole stared.

"Why, everybody in Buchanan'll be abed before we git there."

"Sort of changed my mind about goin' down yonder tonight." Mackenzie took another slab of pone. "Reckon you an' me c'n git more done if we stay home this time. Kind of funny, that there white mud on Daggam's car. Right fresh, it looked."

Cole started.

"You hit it, sheriff! It was Daggam, sure enough!" It was a relief to be able to speak out, without feeling any sense of disloyalty to Daggam. "That's what he was up to when he spread all that there chat about gittin' square with you."

"You figger it was him 't done it?"

Mackenzie seemed doubtful. Cole laughed.

"Bound to be him! Aimed to git back at you by keeping you chasin' bed-burners all round the aidges of the county." He slapped his leg. "Give him a chance to start up the stud game too—you an' me out in the scrub."

Mackenzie looked thoughtful.

"Always figgered you an' Daggam was friends."

"Was." Cole frowned at the reminder. "But friendship ain't in this here thing. Can't go firin' seed beds jest because you're friends with a dep'ty sheriff."

"You figger he's mean enough to do it? Takes a right mean man to fire a seed bed—about the meanest kind they is, I reckon. Take an' waste a sight o' work f'r a farmer 't's worked most to death, anyhow—an' no profit into it f'r the man 't fires the bed neither. You figger Clay Daggam's that mean?"

Cole spread his hands impatiently.

(Continued on Page 124)

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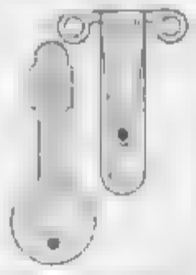

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Shucks, sheriff! What's the sense of arguin' over is he mean enough, when we know it was him 't done it?"

Mackenzie seemed impressed by the reasoning.

"Reckon we c'n start back then. No"—as Cole moved to the crank—"never mind startin' the car, Sim. Aim to walk in. They's a path yonder 't comes in behind the schoolhouse."

"What's the sense of walkin'? Only hev to come back to fetch the car."

"Walkin's kind of quiet, Sim, f'r one thing. An' f'r another, folks ain't lookin' f'r us to be comin' home on foot neither."

Mackenzie struck into a narrow gap in the inkberry bushes and Cole followed. His dissatisfaction at the folly of walking home was a little tempered by the thought of his retrieved evening's pleasure. He stumbled at Mackenzie's heels through a thickening darkness that closed in about them. Beyond, against the sky line, the clustered lights of the town brightened and beckoned cheerfully. As they approached the rear of the school yard Mackenzie stopped and lifted his hand.

"Kind of quiet, Sim. Don't aim nobody should see us. Want to git round to Daggam's back door."

He led the way cautiously, keeping to the cover of the shadows. There was small risk of their being seen, with everybody up at the picture show, but he took no chances. At the rear of Daggam's shop he stooped and looked through a chink in the wall. There was a noise of impatient hammering on metal from the other side. The sheriff called through the crack:

"Oh, Daggam, don't let on they's anybody callin' you, but step out back a minute—quick's you can."

Cole heard the scuffle of feet and the sound of the latch. Daggam appeared in the doorway, silhouetted sharply against the light for a moment before Mackenzie drew him outside and closed the door.

"Hate to bother you when you're busy, Daggam, but I reckon I got to this time. Hold up your right hand a minute till I swear you in."

Cole, braced for an arrest, for denial and protest, doubted his ears. Mackenzie must have gone clean crazy at last. In a bemused disbelief, Cole listened to the mumble of the familiar formula, to Daggam's bewildered assent.

"Now you go on back inside and shet up the shop," Mackenzie whispered. "Git back here soon's you can, an' if anybody comes in before you finished, don't let on they's anyone out here. Hurry some, Daggam."

"Reckon I got to, but dog-goned if I see ——"

"See soon enough, I reckon. Go on in an' do like I said. Me an' Sim'll wait here."

Cole twitched at the sheriff's sleeve as Daggam disappeared.

"Sheriff, what's the sense of ——"

"Better not talk yet a while. Somebody might hear us. Plenty of time to tell me I'm crazy when we got this here job finished."

Cole subsided. Mackenzie didn't sound crazy, and yet—swearing in your prisoner before you arrested him! The thing didn't make sense, any more than the rest of the evening's performances. He was still bewildered when Daggam emerged from the darkened shop and Mackenzie's whisper reached him again.

"We got to sneak around behind McCallum's store an' cross the road to the basement door of the co'thouse. Don't want anybody should see us. Better stay close behind me."

He led the way around the store and slipped along in the shadow of its wall. He waited for a moment, watching the lighted street; then he beckoned, and the three crossed swiftly and unnoticed to the little door under the courthouse steps. Mackenzie fumbled with his keys; they went into the damp coolness of the cellar.

"Can't resk much talk upstairs," said the sheriff. "All you two got to do is to sit still and listen. An' come up quiet as you can."

There was that in his voice that stilled even Sim Cole's impatient curiosity. They followed him upstairs to the scuffed corridor that led to the office. The main entrance to the building, at the head of iron steps, stood open, as always, but the office door was locked. Mackenzie motioned them past it and locked it again after them. He gestured toward the big closet where the files were kept.

"Hev to hide in yonder a spell. Kind of cramped, but it can't be helped. Mind, no talkin'. Reckon we ain't got a great while to wait."

Crowded into the narrow space between the shelves of dusty papers, Cole sulked in silent bewilderment. He could hear the breathing of the two others, the creak of the old timbers, the scuffling patter of a rat somewhere overhead. His resentful curiosity struggled against the memory of Mackenzie's tone as he had ordered silence. Slowly he came to the point of rebellion. There wasn't any reason why Mackenzie couldn't explain whatever crazy reason he thought he had for such fool doings. He drew breath for the question and released it soundlessly as light steps sounded in the corridor and the latch of the office door clicked softly.

He fancied that he heard voices, and then suddenly felt the old building quiver a little as something struck heavily against the panels. There was a sharp crack, as of splintering wood; he heard the hinges whine and knew that the bolt had been forced inward through the wood of the doorframe.

Straining his ears and holding his breath he could catch soft whispers from the office. There was a glint of light that vanished almost before he was sure that he had seen it, a clink of metal on metal.

"Wish't we'd waited a spell, Bert. It don't look safe, tryin' it so all-fired early."

Cole stiffened. He knew that voice, even without the identification that the name supplied.

"How'd we drill clean around the combination if we waited?" The answer was impatient, clearly audible. "Ain't no current after twelve, is they? An' where's the resk, with Mackenzie an' Cole down in Buchanan an' everybody else to the movies?"

"Reckon you're right. Only I'm sort of scared. Never figgered it was overhealthy to go funnin' with Mackenzie. You reckon they's no chance of him spottin' us?"

Bert Solway's chuckle came cheerfully through the darkness.

"Hev sense, Ed! Ain't he plumb bound to figger it was Daggam? Ain't Daggam been talkin' loud with his mouth ever since the sheriff busted up the game on us? Ain't his car all full o' clay where we druv it through the ford? Ain't the print o' them tires left in every soft spot clean down to Buchanan an' back? An' who else has got a 'lectric drill, to cut out this here knob? Shucks, Ed, we couldn't be no safer if Sim Cole was handlin' the sheriff's job!"

His chuckle was drowned by the droning hum of the drill. Cole felt Mackenzie move slowly, and his hand slipped to the pocket where he carried his gun. He heard nothing but the drill until the sheriff's voice startled him from the outer room and the lights flamed on, revealing the old man with his back against the broken door and his old-fashioned pistol level at his hip.

"Huntin' for that there tax money, boys? Don't need to spoil the safe to git it. Had it here in my pocket ever since we shet the office. Want to come after it?"

Cole admired the way they took it as he searched and handcuffed them. Even Ed, whose nerve wasn't quite so cool as Bert's, chaffed Mackenzie cheerfully on the way to the jail.

"Reckon it's the first safe robbers you ever ketched, Mackenzie, ain't it?"

The sheriff shook his head slowly.

"Don't know if I could rightly call you safe robbers, Ed. Looks to me like you didn't do enough robbin' to hurt. Reckon I ain't ketched only a couple o' bed-burners this time." He hesitated. "Hate to go lockin' you boys up if you wasn't only robbers, but I reckon I can stand it the way it is. Always had a kind of feelin' 't a bed-burner was right lucky to be in jail, Ed."

Something in his thin, even voice seemed to strike them silent. He turned the big key in the jail door and held out his hand to Clay Daggam.

"Kind of glad you was along this evenin', son." He smiled slowly. "Don't you go holdin' it up against me 't I called you a pup other day. Didn't mean it ugly. Kind of like pups, I do, when they ain't crazy to git learned the wrong tricks. They's times when I wish't I was a pup again myself, so's all these here sorry old tricks 'd look new an' smart like they used to."

He took off his hat, and again Cole noticed the stillness of his head as the white hair stirred in the draft of the entry.

"But most times I reckon I'm jest as glad to be an old dog," he said. "It ain't bad when you git used to it."

GERMANY AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from Page 4)

word—inflation. It began under Helfferich during the war, when the country was obsessed with the victory idea and that the Allies would pay. Each succeeding German régime has had an evil heritage in the shape of a fixed policy of inflation. It has reached the point where the populace has utterly lost its financial bearings.

Granting that the original reparations demands were excessive; that both the British and the French, and especially the French, have made a political issue out of a problem that was purely economic; and that, furthermore, the Ruhr adventure was a personal ambition of Poincaré, on which he staked his political career, the bigger fact remains and Germans are beginning to comprehend it—that any compromise with the French would have been better than the catastrophe that has overtaken the country.

Now you get at the root of the matter. No German Government has had the courage to face the issue squarely. They were like groups of puppets stuffed with increasingly worthless marks. It has been a case of government by opportunism and by compromise. The easiest way, as always, has become the costliest way.

Without exception, every Berlin administration since the Armistice has favored the big industrialists at the expense of the great mass of the people. The whole German taxation system, or, rather, lack of system, which is another cause of the mark debacle, was framed to humor the rich. Here is an example: In June one-third of the whole revenue collected by the German Government was derived from income tax deducted from salaries. This gives a hint of what is paid, or, rather, what is not paid, by the overlords of agriculture and industry who do not derive their incomes from salaries. The underpaid clerks and stenographers must submit to a tax deduction before they get their wages, but the great industrialist can sell $5,000,000 of goods abroad and keep that money in a foreign bank, where it not only appreciates in principal value and earns more money but does no work for the German people at home. No wonder the tide of indignation against the rich in Germany is rising.

Prosperity in Ruin

The net result is that all governments in Germany, including Cuno's, have been a series of gymnastic exercises—a succession of gambles suffering the consequences that usually follow games of chance, whether on the stock market or on the green cloth. Perhaps the best motto of these inflation administrations was devised by a cynical Englishman. It is: "Better terror or anxiety without end, than an end with terror."

Meanwhile Germany has presented the extraordinary spectacle of being fundamentally prosperous; of being able, through cheap labor, to undersell her competitors in the markets of the world; to develop her industrial machine to the *n*th degree of perfection, and yet be, as I have already pointed out, perpetually on the brink of ruin. Like the cry of "Wolf!" in the fable, the plaint of ruin may have been sounded once too often, and reality, and not subterfuge, will come to pass.

Any estimate of the Germany that endures—once more I use the only word that seems to fit such a shifting scene—at the time I write must bear down hard on inflation as the chief source of trouble, the culpability of a vacillating government being, of course, understood. Out of the inflation has developed the well-nigh inconceivable welter of prices and general discontent. I doubt if any other people could have withstood such repeated shocks of depreciated currency as peacefully as the Germans.

Since the average American measures Germany by the mark—in reality it is no mark at all—perhaps the best or worst way to give some idea of the financial situation is to try to show what has happened to it. The story of a national fiscal collapse without precedent is disclosed. A bundle of marks is like a piece of ice melting in a hot sun. The parallel is uncannily true because it is literally a case of water to water.

Wild Antics of the Mark

It is almost superfluous to use the phrase "the collapse of the mark," because it has come to be as regular a newspaper front-page feature as was "war in the Balkans" before the world conflict. You can only indicate the degree of collapse. As in an analysis of the German situation, you do not know where to start, for it moves in a vicious circle.

To begin with, you can make no diagnosis of the mark. It must be a post-mortem. Likewise, you must prepare the brain for dizzy flights into almost endless zeros. When I reached Germany in July the mark circulation was approximately 40,000,000,000,000. In a week it had been doubled.

In Berlin alone fifty-six plants were turning out money day and night, while half as many more throughout the country were doing the same.

A year ago the mark was quoted at about 2500 to the dollar and a 10,000-mark note was something of an innovation. In August of this year the printers could not get out enough 5,000,000-mark notes, and 100,000,000-mark pieces were about to appear. Fluctuation became cyclonic. Within a week the mark went from 200,000 to 1,200,000 to the dollar; by the ninth day it had touched 5,000,000.

An American newspaper correspondent at Düsseldorf started in June to keep what he called a fever chart, which would show the mark fluctuation. The decline was indicated by a mounting peak. By the end of July he had reached the ceiling. If he had had to continue the operation it would have been necessary to rent the two upper floors to keep pace with the decline.

The reasons for the mark collapse are obvious. It is partly due to incorrigible speculation in foreign money; to the avalanche of new notes necessary to meet the governmental subsidy of passive resistance in the Ruhr, and to general apathy. A still further reason is worth noting perhaps. In 1922 the mark went to pieces because nobody wanted to keep it overnight. Reckless spending was the result. This year the Germans accept it only when they cannot get dollars or pounds.

A 100,000-Mark Note Issued by Krupp's

STYLE 203,
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Smart styles for Young Men

WHEN you step out in Ralstons you are a step ahead in style, for the highest salaried fashion designers create them. That's why wearing Ralstons is such keen satisfaction for men who know what's what. Foot comfort and good service are assured you.

Most styles $9.00. Some a little more—some a little less.

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E. C. PACK

72 Year Old Salesman Easily Makes Good Selling Simpson Suits

"The easiest work I've ever done is what I'm doing right now—selling J. B. Simpson all wool made-to-order suits at $31.50. It's just as easy as it sounds.

"In 1921 I closed out my tailoring business with the intention of retiring but I soon found out that I was too young for a life of ease and hankered for some useful activity. I love my wife, lived with her forty years, and thought I'd enjoy being with her 24 hours a day for the rest of my life, but I soon found I was mistaken. I was always in the way, and she could think of so many errands that I soon decided it would be easier to go to work again.

"About that time I heard of Simpson, and one day I saw one of their suits—that was in October, 1921. I was astonished. Not six months previously I had paid as much for the same identical fabric, the same cloth made by the same mill, as they charged for the finished suit. Said I, 'There's the job for me.'

"My trade had always been among what I was pleased to call the 'better classes': executives and officials at the telephone company, many of the biggest men on Motor Row, several hundreds of Chicago doctors, lawyers, among them the most prominent and prosperous, and many big bankers and brokers. I felt dubious at first, wondered if they wouldn't feel insulted at the low price and say to themselves, 'poor old man', and besides that I couldn't understand how Simpson could make a good suit to order for $31.50.

"But I thought 'I'll try it.' And now my one regret is that I'm not ten years younger. Never enjoyed myself so well, never made more money, never pleased my customers so well. Some days they run me ragged with phone calls. I've sold as high as 11 in a day—seldom less than 3 or 4. It's wonderful and I still don't understand how Simpson does it."

(Signed) E. C. PACK.

Mr. Pack is 72, but few men of 30 have a mind more nimble, a personality more charming. Isn't it a remarkable tribute to Simpson suits, as well as to Mr. Pack, that a man of his years can achieve such a success? Mr. Pack's [illegible] in business for himself were $60 to $90. Notice he says "Never have I pleased my customers so well." And remember his one and only price is now $31.50.

To every honest ambitious man who believes in the square deal policy in business, has the willingness to work, and the courage to go after business instead of waiting for it to come to him, we offer a real opportunity to make a good living right from the start, and more than a living after the first six months. Our all wool suits—at $31.50—satisfy most everyone. They win repeat orders and enthusiastic support from your customers. If you are determined to better yourself financially and seek a permanent connection, we invite your application for complete information. No experience is needed—we will teach you.

Mail coupon or call at any of the following branch offices:

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For perfect riding comfort use Harvey RACINE Ride Rites the shock absorbing Spring

No other springs on the market compare with "Ride Rites." Many thin leaves give great flexibility and perfect balance—the rebound plate scientifically controls the rebound. The next time you make a replacement put on two "Ride-Rites" and watch them make "rough roads smooth."

"The Joy of Easy Riding" tells you all about "Ride-Rites." Shows they actually do save gas, tires and upkeep. Write for a copy.

Stop at a Harvey Service Station. Let them check up your springs. "Ride-Rites" for perfect riding comfort. "Easy Riding" for ordinary replacement. Both Boltless —Guaranteed.

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Dept. 10 Racine, Wisconsin

The maelstrom of notes is a burden in more ways than one. In August you could have obtained for one dollar enough hundred-mark notes to make a stack nearly thirty feet high and weighing over twenty pounds.

It took a pack horse to carry enough money to meet a single day's needs. Banks were swamped, and in dozens of cities the police had to be called out to keep order among the crowds that had to wait in line to get the trash misnamed currency.

There is no tragedy without its element of humor. Incredible as it may seem in view of the daily torrents of new money, Germany suffered all summer from a currency famine. The supply simply could not meet the demand despite the popular aversion to the mark. Since the average man could not get dollars or pounds he had to take the mark. When a newspaper costs 10,000 marks and the cheapest table d'hôte lunch stands at 2,500,000 marks you can see that it is vital not only to have actual notes but plenty of them. Besides, in the best hotels patrons are no longer able to sign checks for their meals. If you have a suit of clothes pressed you must pay cash for it upon delivery.

So acute became the money shortage that big industrial establishments like the Krupps at Essen had to print their own money. A specimen of it is reproduced in this article. This Krupp money was not only accepted as legal tender -the tender side largely exceeded the legal—in Essen but throughout the whole adjacent country. It really had more value than the official stuff being turned out by the Reichsbank.

A still more startling example of emergency money came during the currency famine early in August, when a large metal plant near Berlin was forced to mimeograph ordinary I O U's signed by the treasurer, and distribute them for pay among their employes. They were later redeemed when the supply of Berlin notes was available.

The real joke in the situation was the strike late in July of all the printers in the Berlin money factories. They contended that they could not get enough actual money with which to buy food! Yet at that very moment they were literally wading through oceans of currency. The best thing that could have happened to Germany was to have made this strike perpetual.

The money rate and circulation have reached such stupendous figures that the last flock of zeros is never printed on menus or price lists. A steak, for example, that fetches 500,000 marks is merely indicated by 500 on the menu. This has led to some amusing incidents.

Speculation in Dollars

An American reached Munich with his wife and daughter early in the morning. The family consumed a moderate breakfast, and the bill, when presented, showed a total of 599 marks. At that day the mark was 1,000,000 to the dollar. The American was in a generous and expansive mood, so he loftily handed the waiter a 1000-mark note and told him to keep the change. The waiter looked at the note with contempt—even the most battered Berlin beggar will turn up his nose at a 1000-mark bill—and replied, "Your bill, sir, is 599,000 marks."

A different kind of story, which shows a kink in the German mind brought about by the money collapse, was told me by an American living in Berlin. His cook's mother died in Hamburg and the girl went there to attend the funeral. When she returned her employer naturally asked about the details, whereupon he got the following reply:

"Everything passed off admirably. I knew that my mother would die before long, so I bought a crematory ticket last spring when the mark was dearer. Had I waited until she died I would not have known what to do."

Here you have a case of the flight from the mark by way of the crematory.

The only way that the Germans can beat the mark is to buy something tangible with it at once. If they are well-to-do, it may be an automobile. This is one reason why every automobile factory in Germany is working day and night. An American went to the leading motor-car manufacturer of the country in June and made inquiry about a car. The earliest delivery he could get was late December. It means that people who have marks are frequently buying things they do not need or cannot afford to keep. Both performances make for demoralization.

The utter ruin of the mark has naturally heightened the frenzy for foreign money. Everybody seems to be engaged in a mad scramble to get hold of American currency. It was bad enough last year, but it is infinitely worse now.

In Berlin I had some typing done and the bill amounted to 3,000,000 marks. I asked the girl if she wanted German money. She said, "I would be so grateful if you could give me two American dollars. I could then speculate with them."

The girl at Cologne who manicured my nails, like every other German with whom I came in contact, told me her troubles. She said that for a year it had been impossible to save a single mark. Then she suddenly brightened up and remarked, "In one way I am rich, because last year I bought a dollar for 30,000 marks. Now I know that whatever happens I at least have some little wealth."

This girl, by the way, confided to me that she wanted to go to America. Indeed, every other foot-loose German has the same desire. If wishes were visas the whole transatlantic fleet would not hold the horde of German immigrants headed for Sandy Hook. The flight from the mark would be emulated by the physical flight from the country.

Not only does everybody want foreign money but nearly every other human being is gambling in it. A year ago the head barber at a well-known hotel in Munich was leading a more or less serene and perfumed existence with his life's ambition satisfied by shaves, shampoos and haircuts. Today he is a magnate. In a moment of aberration an American tourist gave him a five-dollar bill, and it was the man's undoing. He blossomed forth as a money broker and has not been the same since. He now shaves rates with the same eagerness that he once shaved faces.

Bewildering Fluctuations

Less spectacular was the experience of a fruit dealer in Düsseldorf. With a dollar bill he became a foreign-exchange broker and has thrived to such an extent that he has been able to give up his shop. The one hardship attached to the proceeding was that he happened to be the only purveyor of peanuts in Düsseldorf, and the coterie of American newspaper men are now unable to get the goober.

The wild gyrations of the mark naturally meant a Saint Vitus' dance of prices. So long as the mark remained around 200,000 to the dollar it was possible to maintain a price scale that would hold its own for twenty-four hours. The moment it mounted into the millions the situation became chaotic.

When you realize that a pound of butter changed in quotation from 500,000 to 1,000,000 marks between morning and night, you get some idea of what has been going on. Early in August eggs sold at 40,000 marks apiece in the public market, ham at 900,000 marks a pound, bread at 250,000 marks a pound, coffee at 600,000 marks a pound, sugar at 400,000 marks a pound, while even so common a staple as potatoes ranged from 30,000 to 40,000 marks a pound. One of the most amazing advances that came under my observation was the overnight increase in the cost of the London Times. One day I paid 300,000 marks for a copy at Cologne, and the next day I was assessed 850,000 marks.

The extraordinary fluctuations in prices were bad enough, but with all this mad skyrocketing came a shortage of food. This was due to the dwindling of the old harvest and the tardiness of the new, which I have already explained, but just as much to the perfectly natural refusal of the farmers to send their goods into the cities. Quite properly they argued that before they could turn over their output the change in mark value would be so great as to guarantee loss. So they kept their produce at home and disposed of it to townspeople with transportation facilities, and who had foreign money or a definite commodity to offer in exchange.

When the farmer did send his produce to market he refused to accept paper marks, but established an immediate credit in a store for the purchase of some needed article with the proceeds. This article may have been a farm tool, a pair of shoes or clothing for his wife and children.

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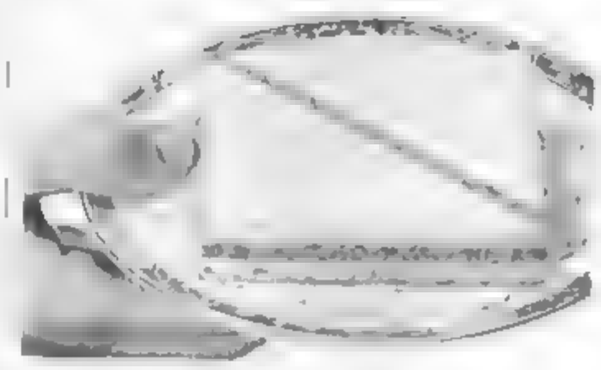

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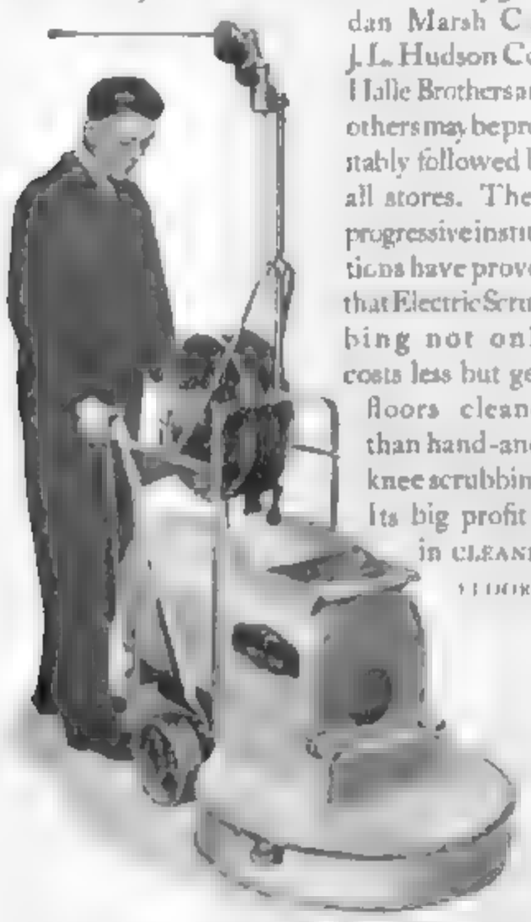

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Power Scrubbing Headquarters for Seventeen Years

(Continued from Page 126)

Thus it came about that the process of primitive barter was reborn in Germany last summer. It was precisely like the stone age long before money became a symbol of value in exchange. It is an illuminating commentary on the quick throw-back that can develop in this day of airplanes, wireless and submarines.

Wartime scenes were re-nacted all over Germany in the shape of long queues at the food shops. The instinct of most retailers was to close their doors, but a law stands on the books prohibiting complete cessation of retail business as an antidote for revolution. The storekeepers, however, got over this by remaining open only six hours a day. During the closed hours they frantically tried to readjust their prices to the hourly fall of the mark. When they resumed business customers were admitted one at a time.

During my trip to the Ruhr I stopped for several hours at Crefeld, which is an important textile center. A huge crowd was congregated about a provision shop in the main street. The door was closed when I arrived, and no one came in or out for a quarter of an hour. When a woman finally emerged and shouldered her way through the throng I asked her what she had bought. She showed me a two-pound package of sugar and then said, "I waited six hours to get this and saved 30,000 marks by doing so." She had gone to all this trouble to salvage two cents.

In half a dozen cities I saw such crowds around the grocery and meat establishments that the police had difficulty in preventing a riot. If this situation becomes more acute it can have but one result, which will be shop plundering.

Amid the encircling turmoil begot of a progressively lower wage, a constantly increasing cost of living, and the general shattering of index figures, there is one lonely consolation. It lies in drastic prohibition of rent increase. To be hungry is bad enough, but to be homeless is worse. Not only is wholesale rent increase forbidden by law but adjustments are made monthly to meet mark depreciation. In some cases rents are 20 per cent less than in prewar times. Although the room space is rationed—each member of a family is allowed only one room—extortion is impossible. It is the only spot in the whole scheme of German life that is immune against the profiteer.

The Gold-Standard Movement

The burden of apartment-house administration, however, falls on the tenant. In fact, the whole conduct of the establishment, save actual rent collection, rests with the people who occupy the dwelling. There is a tenants' committee similar in operation to the shop committee of a factory. It must regulate and supervise all indoor affairs, and pay for heat and light. In the case of coal supply, each tenant's assessment is based on the amount of rent he pays.

Although relieved of all this overhead—the government limits the expenditure for repairs except in the case of farmers—the landlords' return on apartment-house investments is almost nil. A real-estate operator in Berlin told me it was barely 1 per cent.

The crazyquilt of prices is matched by kindred confusion of wages. Mark depreciation has had the effect of steadily reducing real wages, and the worker has undergone a progressive loss. It is worth repeating that where the retailer can, to some degree, adjust his prices from morning to afternoon and cover part of his losses, the wage worker is unable to obtain any kind of fair adjustment. Although he has insisted upon being paid twice a week, and in advance, the endless amount of bookkeeping essential to the conduct of business in Germany today makes for costly delay. In passing, let me remark that one reason why the overhead in all German business, and especially in industry, has doubled during the past year is because armies of bookkeepers are necessary to adapt prices and wages to the fluctuations of the mark.

It is almost as futile to quote wages as prices. I will try to give a hint, however, with the wage scale of one of the largest metal plants in Berlin. During the first week of July the wage of a skilled mechanic over twenty-one years of age was 13,100 marks an hour. By mid-July it had doubled, and by August first, it was six times as much! This will serve as an index for skilled-labor wages throughout Germany.

Now we come to another signboard which will disclose one of the reasons why the rich in Germany have become steadily richer, and the poor increasingly poorer, and incidentally show why fiscal chaos reigns. You need no diagram to point out that under the incessant cavorting of the mark and the failure of employers to keep pace with adequate wages and with the cost of living racing far ahead, organized labor called for some sort of showdown. As most people know, there has been a socialization of German industry since the war. Labor was granted the eight-hour day, the unlimited right to organize, and given a representation of factory governing boards, which are called *Betriebsraeten*.

Along in July a movement was started by these *Betriebsraeten* to establish a wage scale on a gold-mark basis. It was technically called "the movement for stable wage payments." Reduced to the simplest possible terms, it meant a wage calculated in terms of gold marks per day or hour, and the conversion of these hypothetical gold marks into the paper marks at the prevailing rates. If a man's pay was fixed at four gold marks a day and the gold mark that day was worth 500,000 marks his daily income would be 2,000,000 marks. The value of the procedure lay in the fact that the gold mark as such did not change from day to day and the worker knew therefore what he was getting, and what he could expect. The unions argued that since the industrialist is permitted to sell his products at home and especially abroad, on a gold basis, he should pay wages on the same basis.

Open Contracts

No sooner was this plan broached than the industrialists got busy. They informed the government that a gold-mark wage basis would so increase production costs that many of them could no longer compete in the world's markets or maintain their present domestic scales. They even pleaded that shutdowns stared them in the face. Since the big industrialist's word is law in Berlin the unions were told that their plan was not feasible and against the best interests of stabilization.

As a matter of fact, such a gold-mark wage system invoked throughout German industry would have been a step toward something like a recovery of the mark, because it could have been applied to prices. But a falling mark and the payment of wages in the depreciated currency are big industry's best bets. The wider the spread between wage and selling price, the greater is its degree of profit.

Agricultural labor, especially in East Prussia, Silesia, Hannover and Essen, has got around the difficulty by accepting wages in kind. There is a comparatively small cash wage per hour, while the rest of the compensation is taken out in grain, potatoes, firewood, butter, vegetables, briquettes and milk. One picturesque yearly wage scale from Silesia includes among other things use of oven for baking bread, loan of a cow and fodder, one pig, two large chickens and ten rabbits.

Not a single aspect of German business has escaped demoralization. If wages and prices are constantly geared to fluctuation, what about the ordinary procedure of commerce?

Last year all contracts for manufactured articles for future delivery were made subject to what was called *Freibleibend*, which literally means "leave open." In other words, it was an open contract which enabled both buyer and seller to cancel. This was due to the risk, if not the certainty, that the mark would further depreciate before delivery and payment.

The mark, however, has outstripped this phrase. *Freibleibend* has become a joke in Berlin and elsewhere. If a man or a woman wants to make an engagement that he or she has no intention of keeping they say: "I will meet you tomorrow evening *freibleibend*." Neither one is apt to pay any more attention to it.

Instead of the open contract, every contract is now made on the strictly cash basis and the money is paid in cash or with a draft at the moment the contract is signed. The wise manufacturer uses a dollar basis. Let us take a cash register and assume that the price is $750. If the purchaser is unable to give a New York draft for this amount upon signing the contract he must produce $750 worth of paper marks or a draft on a German bank covering these marks. If a transaction in marks occurs in Hamburg and the draft is sent by mail to

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The Montareel not only makes it easy to handle and care for your hose, but will save you the price of a new one next spring. A few turns of the crank each evening when you are through using the hose will *thoroughly drain it, coil it and place it out of harm's way.* No mess, no bother.

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

the head office in Berlin, the manufacturer is certain to incur a loss in the brief time that it takes the letter to get to its destination. There is no way to beat the falling mark except when you are a big manufacturer and can capitalize the spread between selling price and wages, and sell in dollars or pounds sterling.

The nearest approach to confutation of mark collapse is embodied in the system used by the manager of the Berlin branch of a great American industrial enterprise. He keeps a supply of dollar drafts and draws on them as he needs marks. His loss in interest is considerable, but it is not so great as if he did business only in marks.

Closely linked with prices and wages is the all-important problem of unemployment. When I visited Germany last year practically every man and woman who wanted a job had one. This was due to the eight-hour workday, to decreased efficiency, which required in many instances twice as many workers on a given job as before the war, and to the need of huge office forces to do the paper work made necessary by mark fluctuations.

On the first of August, this year, there was more unemployment in Germany than at any time since the revolution of 1918, when the German Army was being demobilized. There were more than 500,000 actually out of work, and this number did not include the army of miners on strike in the Ruhr on account of the French occupation. One million men and women were on part time, largely due to the failure to obtain certain imports, especially fats. One of the worst results of the currency collapse has been the cutting off of the country from all imports, many of them vital, not immediately covered by direct exchange of goods.

In this growing unemployment is a further menace to the integrity of the national political structure. To be sure, the government pays an unemployment dole, but in the present circumstances it is a doleful mite. In midsummer the government weekly unemployment allowance to a man with a wife and two children averaged about 40,000 marks. At that time the cost of living in Berlin for such a family was 120,000 marks. When the mark started its journey towards zero the dole was, of course, increased, but it did not begin to meet the needs of the people. Since no worker has been able to save a mark during the past twelve months there was no reserve fund to draw on.

The Foreign Exchange Law

Although the whole German industrial situation will be reviewed in the next article, which will deal with the consequences of the French occupation of the Ruhr, a swift glance at industry must be taken as an essential part of the general spectacle of Germany last summer. Though the big industrialists are still profiting by the fall of the mark, industry at large is feeling the effects of the fiscal catastrophe. The ring of steel around the Ruhr bottles the immense reserve of products that is being piled up. Exports are therefore dwindling, and the balance of trade is becoming more and more out of gear.

One stimulus to industry is the mad desire of the people to purchase something tangible with the worthless currency. Here you have the explanation why the automobile factories are working twenty-four hours a day.

While exports shrink, the ban on imported articles continues unabated. No manufactured article can come into Germany except where the importer can prove that it cannot be produced inside the confines of the country within a reasonable time.

This applies especially to motor cars, typewriters and other office appliances, heavy tools and agricultural machinery.

That the paper mark is no longer a real measure of value goes without saying. It has become merely a medium of payment. Its retirement will not be an easy matter, however, because, in the face of its almost complete worthlessness, too many public and private agencies still profit by its acrobatics. Some merchants have reached the point of agility in manipulation where, as one leading Berlin department-store proprietor expressed it, they can go to sleep every night "with the blessed consciousness that I do not possess a single paper mark."

They are able to do this by converting receipts at once into dollars, pounds, guilden or kronen. Of course this is in direct violation of the so-called Foreign Exchange Control Law. This law is one of the many jokes of Germany. It is amended every few days as a sop to the indignant populace, whose sole regret is that it is unable to violate it. The latest law—there are about as many laws as crises—strictly prohibits dealing in foreign money save where the transactions are necessary to German economic life. Technically it forbids speculation and investment in foreign values. But, as I have tried to point out, the prevailing German mania is for foreign money, and no law can control such a universal human instinct.

When the law so far forgets itself as to function, it impedes trade. I know of an instance where an importer needed $1000 for urgent and legitimate purposes. The *Pruefungsstelle*—that is, the control office which supervises bank operations in foreign exchange—ruled that he could get only 10 per cent. This was inadequate and the transaction had to be abandoned. On the other hand, a *Schleichhändler*—a smuggler—with a pull could get all the foreign money he wanted.

A Gold Basis Needed

This Foreign Exchange Control Law is full brother in failure to meet a required end to the taxation system, which is no system at all. It is in reality an organized process to enable the rich to defraud the country. Where prices and profits increase in accordance with the decline of the mark, an enterprise which made a profit of 10,000,000 marks a year ago may make a profit of 1,000,000,000 marks this year. The interesting feature, however, is that this year, through artful processes of delay connived at by the government, the concern only pays income tax which was really payable the previous year. In the same way when a big industrialist buys a plant in May for 1,000,000,000 marks, which represents a comparatively trifling dollar value, he can then take it over in August for a song. He gets all the credit he wants through the Reichsbank, and with the constantly depreciating mark, his gain is easy and complete.

All this naturally leads to the much-needed stabilization of the mark. Here again you encounter another of the chronic jokes of Germany. For four years every possible panacea has been offered for this much-desired consummation, and it has all proved to be nothing but sound and frenzy, merely signifying inflation. All conventional remedies, including drastic restriction of imports, prevention of speculation in foreign securities and currency, stoppage of the printing press, capital levies, increased taxation, budget reform, export control and a foreign gold loan, have been proposed.

Each one of these has struck some snag, embodied either in injury to special interests, governmental inertia or plain failure to meet the emergency squarely except with a fresh flood of paper money which only aggravated the situation. All talk of a considerable international gold loan is idle until the reparations question is settled on a realistic basis. The French occupation of the Ruhr will probably force an adjustment because when I left the occupied area in August, passive resistance, despite the camouflage of sullen defiance, was beginning to waver.

Sentiment throughout Germany is crystallizing for a stabilization on a gold-mark basis, precisely as the union workers proposed for their wage scale. It would be comparatively easy for the Reichsbank to say on any day, "The gold mark today is worth 350,000 paper marks," and business would adjust itself to this basis. A gold-unit value seems to be the only hope of even a near standardization.

Germany has grown so accustomed to figures representing millions that such a stabilization would be no hardship. Russia offers one kind of precedent, although the cases are not entirely parallel. The Slavs are self-sufficient in the matter of food, and cut no figure as industrial exporters. Germany must not only import food but is a great productive and exporting workshop. The Russian example, nevertheless, is well worth presenting.

Russia is beginning to function economically with the ruble standing at more than 200,000,000 to the dollar. The Soviet government, however, has created a new gold unit of currency which exists side by side with the depreciated ruble. This new unit, known as the *tscherwonetz*, is equal to ten

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gold rubles and is the bank note of the new Russian State Bank. It is secured to the extent of 49 per cent of its face value by a gold reserve, and beyond that by a growing reserve of short-term bills and notes calculated in the *tscherwonetz*. The paper ruble is now merely a government note.

Nor does Germany lack the equity behind a similar transaction. Her big industrialists have an immense hoard variously estimated from $2,000,000,000 to $4,000,000,000 abroad, either in foreign credits or foreign securities. Aside from the uncertainty of the reparations muddle, for which the Germans are largely to blame, a concentrated will to do something concrete would have prevented the latest crash.

Long before the August debacle, and pending a stabilization of the currency, it was realized that there must be some process for replacing the paper mark by some real unit of value. Just as the populace has had to go back to primitive barter and exchange cigars for potatoes, so did the financial structure adapt itself to a similar procedure.

The commodity bond, issued by the municipality of Berlin, is a picturesque example of this kind of business.

In June the Berlin authorities offered two bond issues, one payable in paper marks with interest at from 8 per cent to 18 per cent, and the other payable in rye or its equivalent with interest at 8 per cent. The paper-mark loan was scarcely nibbled by the public, while the rye loan was oversubscribed a hundred times on the day of issue.

This performance is symptomatic of the attitude of the public towards what has come to be known as commodity securities. Commodity bonds have been put upon the market from time to time for more than ten months. The first experiment was made by the provincial government of Oldenburg, which issued last fall a series of bonds for 6,000,000 kilograms of rye in certificates of 125 kilograms each. No interest was offered, but repayment of each share was to be at the rate of 150 kilograms of rye or its equivalent in currency, reckoned according to the then state of the grain market. So novel a security was taken rather cautiously at first, but the Oldenburg rye bonds are now briskly bid for on both the Berlin and the Bremen stock exchanges.

Commodity Bank Accounts

The *Badische Elektrisitatsversorgung Aktiengesellschaft* issued its bonds on a coal basis, the separate bonds entitling the bearer to 10,000, 5000, 2000, 1000 or 500 kilograms of Westphalian nut coal, with interest at 5 per cent, computed by taking the average paper-mark coal prices for the six months preceding the date of payment. The currency sum payable for retiring the bonds is determined in the same way. German coal prices have shown so much more deviation from world-market prices than the prices of grains, that the choice of coal as a basis for the bonds is perhaps less satisfactory than rye.

On the other hand, the coal prices have greater inherent stability. The coal loan of the Mannheim Power Works resembles that of the *Badische Elektrisitatsversorgung Aktiengesellschaft*.

The lignite loan of the Free State of Saxony is a curious combination of paper mark and commodity security. Although the certificates read in quantities of lignite, the 5 per cent interest is payable in paper marks computed on the value in paper marks of the principal on the day of issuance. To this inconsiderable paper-mark interest is added a 2 per cent premium similar to the coal interest on the coal loan.

Germany also has commodity mortgages. There was a reason. A mortgage which before the war was worth 189,000 marks, or about $45,000, was worth about twenty cents on August 1, 1923. In other words, the mortgage had become valueless to the creditor.

A greater windfall for a mortgage debtor could scarcely be conceived. As a result, innumerable mortgages have been paid up all over Germany in paper marks, and the original lenders have been cheated out of their expected returns.

Hence the Commodity Mortgage Law passed by the Reichstag on June twenty-ninth last. It does not save creditors on mortgages taken out before currency depreciation set in, but establishes a new legal form valid from that time on. Under its terms mortgages may now be taken out in terms of rye, wheat or gold. Securities of this sort do not differ in theory from gold or commodity bonds.

There are also commodity bank accounts, which will, at last, give the harassed and paper-mark-ridden people an incentive to save. Several methods have been suggested for the reestablishment of savings accounts on a stable basis, and a number of actual experiments have been made. The *Badische Landwirtschaftbank*, of Karlsruhe, has, for example, undertaken to offer savers a chance to make a deposit on a wheat basis. Certificates have been issued giving the owner the right to claim savings credits for one, two, three or more hundredweight of wheat. Interest is allowed at 5 per cent, the computation being made on the basis of the average value of wheat for the last six months of the year. The deposit may be withdrawn by the saver or paid back by the bank at six months' notice. Repayment is made at the average wheat price for the month preceding liquidation. The security given by the bank rests on its ability further to circulate the savings deposits as loans. In the case of the *Badische Bank*, they are transferred chiefly to agricultural coöperative associations.

But all these processes, like inflation itself, are merely makeshifts. A country of 60,000,000 people cannot function with a money that is less than the wind, or on a back-to-barter basis. What is to be done if the worst has not happened already?

Patchwork Reconstruction

Early in August, and while the mark seemed to be in its death throes, Chancellor Cuno came forward with another new program, which called for brutal taxation: a 500,000,000 gold-mark loan to be issued in denominations from one dollar up to one thousand dollars, maturing in 1935, and a first charge on German trade, industry, banking and agriculture; a state monopoly on salt and matches; a curtailment of credits by the Reichsbank and a rigid control of imports. Are these measures too late?

The loan which was to be opened on August fifteenth can, of course, be negotiated, but with taxation the country faces its ancient dilemma. A previous scheme of taxation was out of date before it came into being because of currency depreciation. Unless a halt is called in the journey of the mark towards zero the new plan will also die still-born. So it goes. The Socialists contend that all taxes should be paid in advance, which would help some, and likewise frustrate a little of the super side stepping indulged in by the industrialists.

Scarcely had the echoes of Cuno's declaration died out in the Reichstag when revolt began to stalk about. A dozen strikes were called; Berlin found herself without gas, and approaching complete darkness through a proposed tie-up of the municipal electric-light plant. A general strike, with the paralysis of transport which always means food shortage, impended. As a measure of safety first, the big shipyards at Hamburg and Kiel began to lock out their employes. Fatal clashes between food rioters and troops developed at Crefeld and elsewhere, and the communistic strength waxed.

At this juncture, and just as I conclude this article, the Cuno government fell and Dr. Gustav Stresemann became chancellor in circumstances that would have baffled a syndicate of statesmen even more capable than the new incumbent of that seat of thorns in the Wilhelmstrasse.

In this overnight political shift you merely have another evidence of what has been happening in Germany ever since the Armistice. Every time the situation apparently becomes untenable, and when that inevitable ruin is absolutely at hand, there is a change of ministries. Patchwork reconstruction begins anew under the time-worn banner of defiance to the French, and the now familiar motto of what might be called "millions for internal expansion and scarcely one mark for tribute."

Stresemann may be able to weather the catastrophe. Where Cuno is merely a business man, Stresemann combines commercial experience with long political contact. If he possessed the courage and impetuosity of Mussolini he might impose a will that would guarantee stabilization. If ever a country needed both a financial and a political dictator that country is Germany. Unfortunately for the *vox populi*, Stresemann is leader of the so-called *Deutsche Volks Partei*, which includes

(Continued on Page 132)

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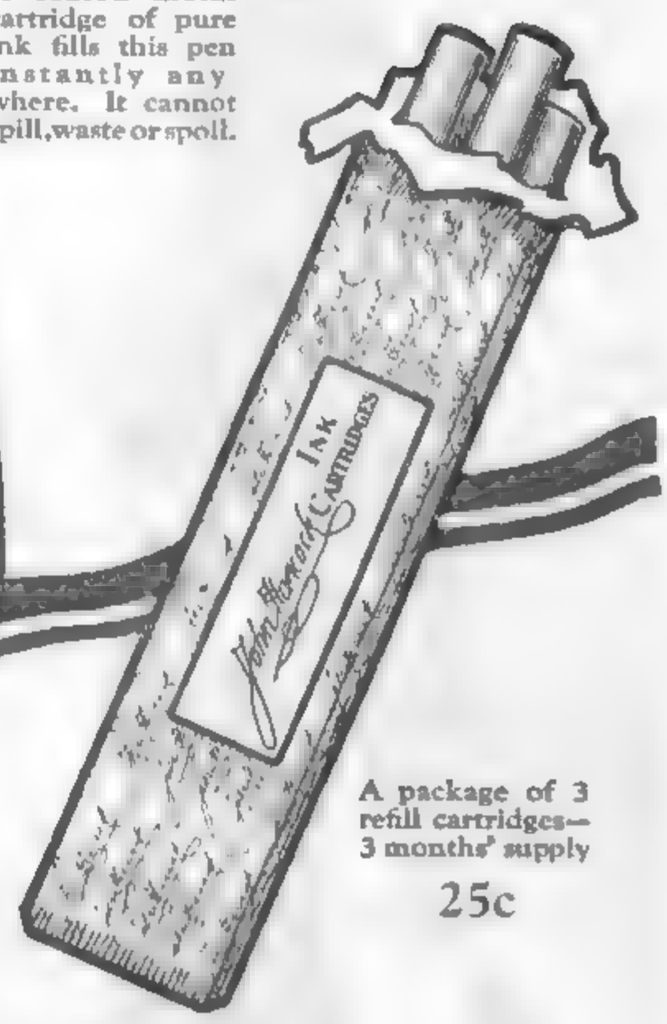

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(Continued from Page 130)

all the big industrialists. Special privilege may therefore insist upon remaining under the umbrella of immunity from taxation and the general wear and tear of a crumbling fiscal order.

On the other hand, Stresemann has the confidence of the Socialists, who comprise the dominant party in Germany and who are not only opposed to communism but are partisans of an active reparations policy. They may make their agreement to work with the new chancellor contingent upon an abandonment of passive resistance in the Ruhr.

Hot on the heels of the Cuno resignation came the sensational British note on reparations. Like the Turks, the Germans have thrived on capitalization of Allied discord. Well may the Teuton say "Woe to the victorious!" The fruits of the hard-won victory have been poisoned by politics and frustrated by incessant conferences which have done little more than roll up expense accounts and advertise Continental health resorts.

Thus, wherever you turn in the whole tangled German picture, you run afoul of reparations. It was the beginning, and it may mean the end, of the German structure as at present constituted. The folly that brought on the war is equaled only by the evasiveness that has persistently marked the discharge of responsibility for that folly. Continued passive resistance in the Ruhr means the doom of any Berlin administration, because it is uneconomic. Like mark inflation it is a makeshift, and sooner or later makeshift must give way to something consistent.

But despite chronic alarms, and remembering always that Germany has been "on the brink" since 1918, the country has the unshakable equity to survive whatever happens.

The instinct for economic self preservation is strong and will doubtless assert itself. Despite the kaleidoscopic political changes, the utter collapse of the mark, and the penetrating unrest and discontent, Germany is fundamentally sound. Under the very bayonets of the French the mighty Ruhr productive machine has been polished and perfected to the last degree of efficiency. The German mercantile marine is forging towards its prewar proportions. The inherent German skill and capacity remain unimpaired. Only the will to face the consequences of evasion is lacking.

What was said in the beginning may now be repeated at the end. Through inflation, both of currency and point of view, Germany has reached another crossroads in her journey from defeat. Will she continue to inoculate herself with the crisis-proof serum or will she take the final plunge, be it to chaos or capitulation?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will deal with the consequences of the French occupation of the Ruhr.

MY CRYSTAL BALL

Continued from Page 21)

been submitted elsewhere. It seems indeed fortunate that these Napoleons of the drama have it within their power to make money out of the theaters they build so that they can be independent of the plays they reject.

The great artists of the footlights came over from Europe more frequently in those early years than now. The fact remains that as our theater was in the process of its development we welcomed these foreign visitors, as we felt we had much to learn from them.

Henry Irving and fascinating Ellen Terry were here at various times. She captivated the hearts of our people. Her magnetism was infinite. No one analyzed her performances, they were accepted because she gave them. Her very defects possessed qualities which endeared her. And how piquantly pretty she was in her youth! There was much beauty in the whole Terry family, which through the Neilson Terrys has descended to the present generation.

Beerbohm Tree was here repeatedly, and during one tour I acted as his personal representative. His wife did not make the trip that year, so intrusted him to me. I always maintained that I must have been amazingly unattractive when these married ladies turned over to me the care of their husbands with so little apprehension of any sentimental danger.

There have been few men so witty and so inconsequent as Tree, yet who possessed such a knowledge of human nature, such a wealth of experience and such a shrewd sense of business.

He was mercurial on the one hand and persistent on the other. His superficial moods were often misleading, for within, reason was hard at work planning and plotting for the end in view. When he was apparently the most indifferent and careless his mind was struggling with some problem, which as a rule was one of finance. Tree's monetary ups and downs were common property, but his luck was at the same time proverbially good. I remember that on one occasion when at a meeting of his directors and shareholders things were looking very black and when everyone was depressed but Tree, after indulging in some witticism he said, "Gentlemen, this is not our lucky day. We must separate until the morrow, for I see our sun rising in the eastern sky."

The following morning when they assembled, Tree announced that he had just taken a delightful walk in the City and that there fifty thousand pounds had been given him to do with as he pleased.

He made lavish productions both at the Haymarket and at His Majesty's Theater. My friend, dear Percy Anderson, provided the designs for the costumes and gave the indications for his scenery. Anderson was a wonderful artist and possessed an erudition which was unassailable. His taste was never questioned and in his particular line of work he was preëminent.

He lived in a most attractive house, where one was sure of meeting people of talent and accomplishment. A feature of it was his conservatory in the rear, where a fig tree perforated the roof. The lower branches extended over the guests while sipping their coffee and liqueurs. The effect was most picturesque and unusual.

An incident connected with Tree concerns an engagement in repertoire at the Knickerbocker Theater in New York. Business was not very good. Hamlet had been announced for the Thanksgiving Day matinée, much against my advice and the advice of others who were financially interested in the tour.

Tree and I were standing at the back of the box office when a lady appeared at the window and purchased ten seats for this matinée.

After paying for them, as she turned away she said, "Trilby's the play, is it not?"

"No," said the treasurer. "Mr. Tree will play Hamlet."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the lady. "Please return my money. Nothing would induce me to take my party to see Hamlet."

Realizing the situation and that good money was stalking out of the theater, Tree, from behind the door, whispered to the young man in the box office, "Call her back! Do not let her get away. Tell her I will change the bill to Trilby or to anything she likes!"

It was Trilby and not Hamlet which was presented at that memorable matinée.

Tree was proverbially late at rehearsals, and the fact that stage hands and mechanics who were paid by the hour were kept sitting about in idleness meant nothing to him. Such sordid details never entered his mind. He rose above them and cheerfully faced deficits which could in many instances have been avoided.

He persuaded his brilliant young brother, Max Beerbohm, to travel with him as his secretary, but the latter's understanding of his employment never suggested that he need report officially until well on in the afternoon.

The actual working staff regarded Max Beerbohm as a luxury, until I insisted that he was doubtless Tree's confidential secretary, and that his duties were so very private that none of us were ever made aware of them.

After his production of The Seats of the Mighty, by Sir Gilbert Parker, which Tree facetiously referred to as The Seats of the Mighty Few, the press criticisms were very adverse, especially from the pen of Alan Dale, who wrote a slashing review to which Tree took great exception. He insisted that Dale should be excluded from the theater thereafter, as he, Tree, would not risk another such personal attack.

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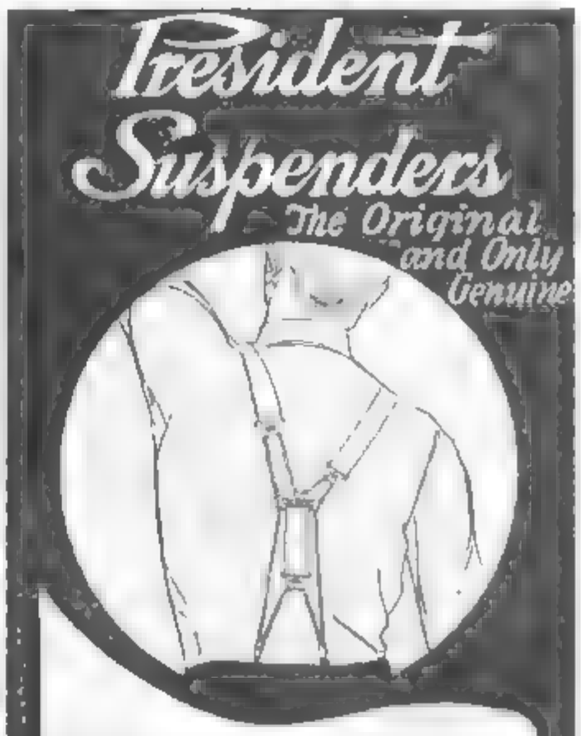

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And Presidents give you freedom of the waistline, where health begins. Keep your waist band loose enough to let the digestive organs work freely. Let your abdominal muscles exercise—then they won't weaken and sag but will fight fat.

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Ignoring these instructions, no order was given by me which would debar this able writer from the use of his regular press seats. Trilby followed the Parker play. Its success was overwhelming. On the second night when I went to Tree's dressing room I found him in a state of natural elation. Pinned over his mirror was a newspaper clipping. It expressed unstinted praise of Tree's Svengali. Upon examining it I discovered that the author was Alan Dale, and pointed out the fact to Tree, who laughingly said, "He must be a remarkable man and a most able critic. Please arrange so that I may meet him."

I cannot mention that delightful play of Trilby, so skillfully dramatized from Du Maurier's novel by Paul Potter, without telling a little story which proclaims the author's very sincere admiration of the talent of Charles Dana Gibson. It seems that when the latter was beginning his career he desired above everything to meet George du Maurier, who was then a master in that form of art which Gibson most desired to emulate. While in London, unheralded and unknown, he called upon Du Maurier and timidly showed him some of his drawings while seeking his advice. No one could have been kinder or more encouraging than Du Maurier. When they parted he told Gibson how proud he would be to have him as a pupil.

Years passed before they ever met again. Gibson in the meanwhile had risen rapidly to eminence. His name was known in every American household and his fame had become international. Remembering his first visit, I thought a portfolio of his drawings in reproduction would interest Du Maurier, so on reaching London I called upon him, taking the sketches with me.

As Du Maurier turned them over he said, "When you see Gibson tell him that our rôles have changed, because he has now become the master while I shall be proud to be his pupil."

When Mounet Sully came to this country to play in Œdipus, Hamlet and other dramas in the repertoire of the Théâtre Français, he was so upset by the noise and ugliness of New York that he refused even to go out during the day. He used to remain in his hotel bedroom with the shades drawn down and the artificial light turned on. He insisted that otherwise he suffered too much. Nevertheless, he gave some splendid and inspiring performances.

Réjane was another French artist who visited us. A fact worthy of comment is that Madame Sans-Gêne was played in French by Réjane and at the same time in English by Kathryn Kidder. The receipts were twice as large from the latter's performances, so Réjane had to revert to those modern comedies which were unknown to our audiences and which were purely Gallic in their composition. She was a great comedian, unequaled in our day.

Charles Wyndham, Mary Moore, Marie Tempest and Cyril Maude all became favorites with the American public. They brought their charming English productions, which always received patronage and commendation. They gave infinite attention to detail. Their stage interiors were attractive and like human homes. Their diction was excellent, their distinction assured. But a great deal of water has flowed under the American theatrical bridge since those days. We no longer need musical comedies from Daly's or the Gaiety. We have the Ziegfeld Follies, the Harris-Berlin Music Box, the Winter Garden and the Greenwich Village attractions under skilled manipulation. Our actors and actresses have learned the value of proper elocution; they have passed the Rubicon both in their art and in their bearing. Nowhere in the world today are plays produced better than here. We have dozens of young and talented men and women who can be safely cast in the most difficult rôles. Our stage is as rich in talent as it is in beauty.

The same progress can be found in the playwrights. The majority of our great dramatic successes are home-brewed. We no longer depend upon material from abroad. We have graduated in the school of playmaking. Instead of buying we are selling. Today nearly every successful American play is eagerly sought for by the English producers. This is a very healthy sign and clearly indicates that we have developed a theater of our own. We are no longer anæmic imitators. We are giving the world what we best understand. We are promulgating material which is indigenous to our soil.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of nine articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue.

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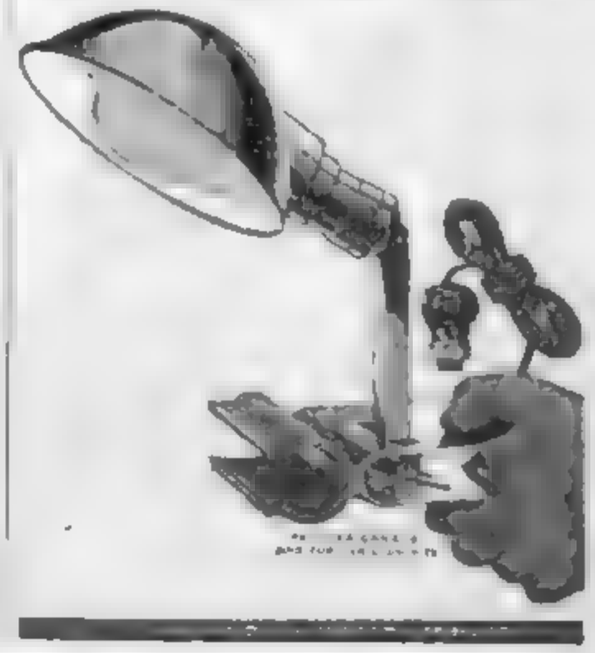

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THE ACCOUNTINGS OF A REAL-ESTATE MAN

Continued from Page 13

and all its holdings are leased. When necessary the railroad helps lessees finance their buildings, but it never sells a square inch of land. Already the earnings from this land must yield at least $15,000,000 yearly, and there are still many acres to come under improvement.

People get stung in real estate in many different ways, and many different kinds of people, ranging from the small thrifty purchaser of lots that he never sees, up to the successful merchant who, after building a great business, goes broke by overextending himself acquiring property and putting up too expensive a building. Many different kinds of people, and many different ways, but in every case the same cause—that people buy without studying property and estimating its future possibilities as accurately as possible. Very slight changes in real estate, almost overnight, will transform values. Even to the seasoned operator and investor the real-estate business is a good deal like boxing—you must expect blows and be able to calculate where they are likely to come from and fall.

Schemers and Parasites

The little purchasers of one or two lots are often deliberately robbed. There is a certain kind of thief, a parasite on the real-estate business, who has often been described, but against whom people cannot too often be warned. He knows two things—first, that there are always people getting considerable sums of money for the first time; second, how to sail close to the limit of the law without violating it. Such a schemer buys a cheap acreage tract so situated, say, that it is actually within New York's city limits. It may be swamp, sand or other land that for the time being is worth very little money. Thirty or forty years hence it will probably be valuable for some entirely unforeseen reason, but before such value develops, the taxes, assessments and interest will more than eat up the increase. This schemer cuts an acre into sixteen lots of the regulation city size, 25 by 100 feet. He sells them at $400 apiece, on the magic phrase, "In Greater New York!" to people who have never been to the metropolis. Distance seems to lend enchantment to such a proposition, and people in the Middle West have bought thousands of acres on Long Island, unsight unseen, mail-order real estate, castles in Spain. It is a curious fact that one of the schemer's best markets is found in Connecticut and other New England states among people who could easily take a short railroad ride to inspect the property, but do not do so once in a hundred times. At $400 a lot he gets $6400 an acre, which is generally $6300 too much. He buys swamp land around New York by the gallon and sells it by the lot, giving as high as 90 per cent sales commission; so the purchaser's money is gone as soon as the sale is closed.

Except in seashore property! I do not mean to say that worthless seashore property hasn't been sold, but the growth of seashore resorts the past generation has been so great, and the development has taken place in such unlikely spots, that people who bought sandlots as suckers have often made money on them. But by a lucky chance, remember—not through any knowledge of real-estate conditions.

Far more interesting are the larger operations in cities by following which people lose money while others are making it. In every growing city there are two distinct movements in real estate going on most of the time, though with fluctuations caused by general business conditions. One is the obvious noisy speculative movement about which everybody is talking, like that boom around the Pennsylvania Terminal fifteen years ago. The other is a quiet investment development of values that makes money for people who have foresight, patience, the financial ability to carry property, and the sense to avoid both discouragement and overextension.

Let me visualize the investment movement first:

The real-estate operator, keeping in touch with those factors in the community's growth overlooked by most citizens, finds that a certain piece of property is an excellent bargain. How does he do that? Why, by putting it on the scales and weighing it. A certain building in a run-down neighborhood is earning less than it should bring measured by its tax valuation. It is being used for the wrong purpose—a residence instead of a boarding house, or a warehouse instead of a factory. He figures out a conservative scheme for purchase, remodeling and leasing to the right sort of tenant. And it is on one of the community's lines of growth, so that ten years later somebody will want it at double the present value for an altogether different purpose. He creates an investment proposition for someone who can carry the property at a profit and make another profit when it is sold; creates it for Mister Somebody of Nowhere, or Mister Nobody of Somewhere, because the details will be worked out, the option secured, and everything wrapped up in a neat package before he thinks about a possible customer.

This customer may be a merchant to whom he rents a store, as agent. Not a large merchant, either, but perhaps an Italian fruit dealer who is a good tenant, pays his rent promptly, keeps his store spick-and-span, has a growing business, and is proud of his success in this country. One day, talking with Tony, the real-estate man tells him about the piece of property he has found. Tony begins thinking about it as an investment for his profits. He figures on paying down so much cash and carrying the rest on mortgage, paying off so much each year. Pride of ownership grows—he sees himself a landlord, the owner of that property, spoken of with respect by his neighbors. Tony becomes the purchaser, and all through our cities you will find men like him who quietly invest their savings and profits in realty, guided by operators who know their business, or following their own conclusions as to values based on observation.

"Does Rent" and "Will Rent"

My first boss, the late Joseph R. Teller, whose portrait is always on my desk and to whom I shall always be indebted for his kindness as well as his sound grounding in real-estate methods, used a peculiar form for the appraisal of rented property. In most cases the appraiser is satisfied with a list of rents paid by tenants, but Mr. Teller's appraisal form had one place for Does Rent and another for Will Rent. A certain corner store might be occupied by a saloonkeeper in those days. Does Rent was the $100 a month that he could afford to pay with that kind of business. But Will Rent might be only $50 a month—what a grocer or a butcher could afford to pay. For mortgage and selling purposes, Mr. Teller invariably took the Will Rent figures, and I have always followed his practice. Sometimes the Does Rent would be too low, and the valuation would receive the benefit.

In contrast with quite normal growth, there are the real-estate booms that sweep over communities from time to time, making money for some speculative purchasers, but causing far more losses. Speculative booms are so loaded with dynamite that a conservative operator will withdraw from the market while they are running their course and advise his clients against investing, even though he loses them to operators who are less scrupulous. I may say that the present times are so unsafe, with inflated values in every kind of city property and every part of the country, that for two years I have done very little business. A real-estate man must learn to sit still.

The normal investment movement in a community is healthy solid growth. The speculative boom is an effort to capitalize that growth for ten, fifteen or twenty years. And it simply can't be done, because cities require for their growth what I call mechanical time.

Let me illustrate that with a story: About fifteen years ago I was invited to participate in the purchase of 500 acres of beautiful rolling wooded land a few miles from Manhattan. It was rumored that a subway would be built out there, and at all events there was a railroad, so the property would have good transportation. We purchased at $2260 an acre, meaning to lock it up in the safe for fifteen years, by

(Continued on Page 136)

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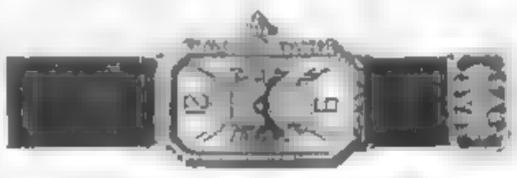

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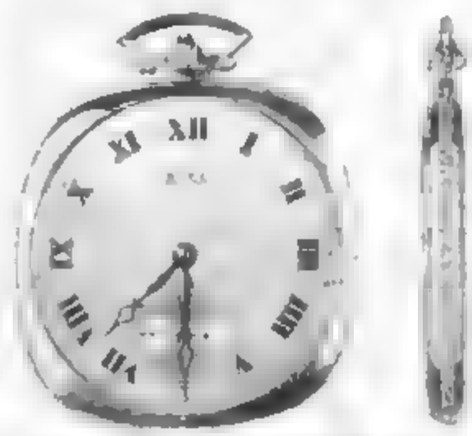

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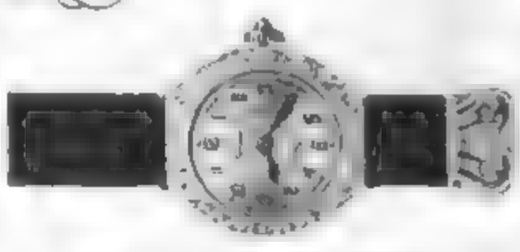

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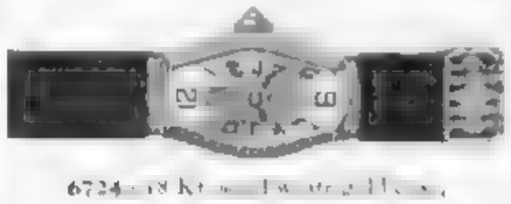

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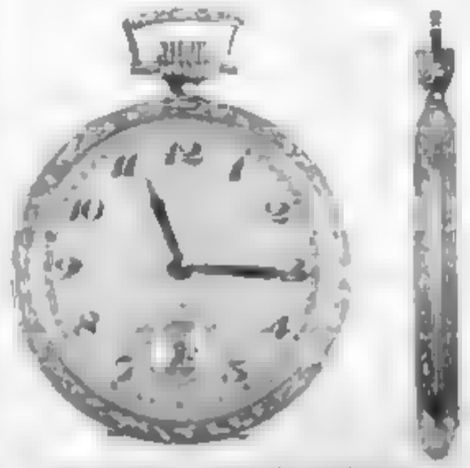

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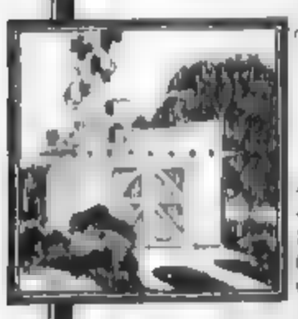

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(Continued from Page 134)

which time the normal growth of the place would make it ripe for subdivision, improvement and sale. My associates in the transaction were a half dozen men prominent in New York business and public affairs, abundantly able to finance this tract on that basis.

A few months later I was called into conference by these gentlemen, and they told me that they wanted to go ahead then, improving and selling. I strongly advised against it, and when they wanted to know why, I said, "You'll never stand the gaff." When they persisted in their change of policy I took steps to dispose of my interest and succeeded in doing so with only moderate losses.

What followed shows the futility of trying to beat mechanical time in the growth of a community. They began paving streets, building sewers, laying water pipes and sidewalks and selling lots. They did the worst thing they could possibly have done, by starting, not on the border of the track nearest the town but in the very middle, so people who built on their improved lots had to pass through an unimproved belt to reach their homes. Virtually, they lived in the wilderness. Very few owners built homes, because the property was not convenient. Most purchasers bought to hold for increased values, and many of the lots were sold to people in other cities. Incidentally, these purchasers were discounting any possible increase in value by paying city-lot price for what was really at that time acreage property.

As fast as improvements were made taxes were raised, putting heavy burdens on the promoters and lot owners. The former found the cost of building a city section in the wilderness far beyond their means, though they were wealthy men. The miles of little-used streets and sidewalks began to fall in decay and could not be repaired. Worst of all, the few owners who lived there became sullen and disgruntled, which gave the project a bad reputation. The outcome was that normal growth got a setback of at least ten years, for there is nothing that retards development like a miscalculation of this kind. In the vernacular, the property got a black eye.

People lose money in real estate skillfully bought at conservative values by taking on more than they can carry. The temptation of overextension in real estate is a lure that many men, sound in the management of other business affairs, seem unable to resist.

Learning Balance

One common kind of overextension is that of the merchant who has built up a successful business and undertakes the erection of a fine modern store. In every city you can find merchants, particularly in the department-store business, who have begun modestly in a single old building and expanded on either side until they occupy several buildings. They make money as merchants by keeping their capital at work turning over merchandise. Then the ambition comes to erect a modern building on the site of their old stores, and they undertake a kind of business with which they are not familiar. Every dollar of capital put into their building operations is so much capital taken from the mercantile business that makes their profits. Blondin crossing Niagara Falls on the tight rope is a very good symbol for this stage of such a business, because the man who builds and conducts his mercantile business at the same time must walk carefully and keep his balance. Many successful merchants lose their balance and fail and in my experience there is nothing that can be done for them. You cannot teach people balance. They must learn it themselves. But it is a happy circumstance in such failures that many merchants do learn it and come back.

Besides assuming too heavy a real-estate load, wrecking his business by throwing it out of balance, the man putting up a modern building may fail to take advantage of all the possibilities in a prominent location and lose money by his failure to develop full earning power. Vanity leads him to move in on the ground floor himself and splurge with a space-wasting entrance when the second floor might be just as well suited to his purposes. Banking institutions are the most wasteful of space in the community.

The ground floor is the only monopoly you have on a busy street. Any neighboring building can duplicate your facilities upstairs, but your ground floor is your own. This ground floor, in a prominent location, together with the basement, should yield rent enough to carry 90 per cent of the taxes and interest charges on your land—a fact that is being discovered by more and more people every day and ingeniously turned to account. But there are still a great many people who have not found that out, people whose property does not pay, though it ought to.

My own office is in a building erected some years ago by an investment company that wanted to provide banking quarters on two floors. Now, bankers love the first floor, and they also love dignified show. It would have been the most natural thing in the world to have taken that first floor for the bank. But instead, the ground floor of this building is occupied by small shops yielding rents as high as any in the city for the floor space and type of business. The bank is on the second floor, but I doubt whether one depositor in five ever realizes that he has walked upstairs. The ceilings of the ground-floor stores are low, and a cleverly planned stairway leading up to the bank gives people the illusion that they are going up only three or four steps. And they are going up only three or four—at a time.

The first use of this principle in my experience was in building a theater in Pittsburgh. Theatergoers with seats in the orchestra and dress circle walked down a gently sloping ramp into the basement, while people with tickets in the balcony walked up a gentle slope. Were the cry "Fire!" to cause a panic in that theater, people in the balcony jumping out the windows would have to drop only about a foot!

The Matter of Level

A well-known restaurant is in the subbasement of a large office building. If people knew they were going down two stories it might have few patrons. But thousands walk down into it every day and up to the street level again without realizing how far they have gone, for it is one of the best patronized eating places in town. The entrance is another shrewd piece of illusion, several easy steps leading to a broad landing, and that to several more easy steps and another landing, and so on until folks are thirty feet below street level. After the first landing the goal is in sight, and the brain unconsciously leads one's feet.

A certain staid institution in another city recently moved into a new building on one of the city's busiest streets, where land is most valuable. Before moving from a comparatively cheap site in another part of town the management considered the question: Shall we have a one-story building solely for our own use, or build additional stories to be rented? It happens that light manufacturing is at present the chief business in that neighborhood. Investigation showed that money invested in upper floors for light manufacturing would yield not more than 5 per cent. Therefore the institution put up a one-story building for its own use. But had they erected a building of fifteen or twenty stories, used the ground-floor space for small shops and taken the second floor themselves, I am confident that property would have yielded 10 per cent for the next twenty-five years.

People lose money in real estate through a pride of possession that is close to vanity and the desire for show. It is pride of possession as much as the opportunity to make money that leads Tony to put the profits of his fruit store into a piece of real estate, and it is pride of possession that makes many an owner in New York content with 4 per cent on his Fifth Avenue property when by going over and investing on Broadway he might get 8 per cent, and 9 or 10 on Ninth Avenue. The Depuysters value the prestige reflected upon them from their Fifth Avenue shops and offices, so dignified and solid, and would think it a social debacle if they put their money into a Broadway theater. And it need not necessarily be on Broadway.

Have you ever seen a sign, For Sale or To Let, on a theater? I never have, and never expect to. A theater creates a center to which people flock, and other business enterprises come to cater to the people. If it is lucky a theater can pay more rent for the space it occupies and the cost of the building than any other business in the world. By "lucky" I mean having at least 90 per cent successful attractions. If it can be operated seven days in the week, it will rent for $1000 Sunday night forty weeks in

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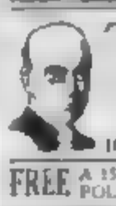

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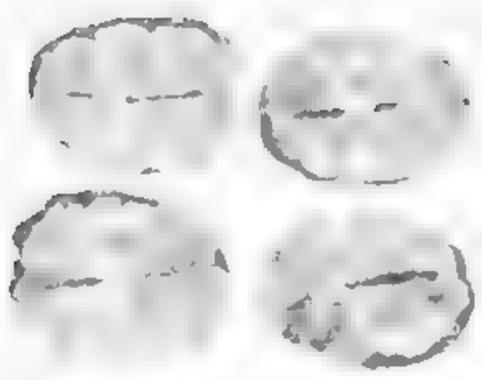

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the year, and with profits on the six other nights and two matinées, clear $5000 a week upwards. There are never enough theaters for the Saturday and Sunday night business.

Yet such is the general ignorance of true real-estate values, even among business men, that you can rarely borrow money from banks on a theater! The banker will lend you money on the land, but the theater building and theater business are to him mysterious. In weighing such a loan he regards the land as a solid enough asset, but seems to think the theater a liability. The idea that he might have to take over and operate a theater is appalling, though if he put it on the scales and weighed it against earning power he would see that it is more substantial than office buildings or factories.

People buy the Brooklyn Bridge in real estate in the form of padded rents. This is a very common deception in times such as we had fifteen years ago, when there was a surplus of business and residence buildings in most American cities. Putting up an apartment or office building, filling it with tenants and selling it as a going concern is a thriving speculative business in such times. But it often turns out that the tenants have fictitious leases in which are written rents higher than they are really paying, or that they have been coaxed into the building rent free to fill it up and give an appearance of prosperity. Rent padding is also possible in times such as we are now passing through, with a shortage in building of every kind, for the structure that is today paying 10 or 15 per cent profit may be a losing proposition five years hence when another surplus of buildings, with cheaper building costs, brings rents down. Nine times in ten the property offered on the basis of so much profit from so much rent is very attractively displayed in the show window. Let me again advise the test—Does Rent and Will Rent.

Buying There and Here

People buy the Brooklyn Bridge in real estate when they follow tips, just as they get stung in Wall Street by playing tips against the experienced operator's knowledge of conditions. If a subway is projected from Here to There today an increment of value is immediately added to There. Another increment occurs as soon as the subway is started, and still another when it is finished. People rush in and discount these increments, forgetting that it takes years, the lapse of mechanical time, to make those additions of value something they can cash in. It is the old story of streets to be paved, sewers and waterpipes laid, and other improvements carried out at the expense of the property owner, who must pay the assessments; and the growth of the demands of a city to that point.

Forgetting these hard and fast conditions, if they ever knew them, people rush out to There and buy for speculation, probably giving no thought whatever to the less obvious chances to make money at Here, from which the subway starts.

When New York's first subway was planned, twenty years ago, the city proposed building it up Broadway, then the chief business section of the town. Broadway property owners objected so strongly that it was built up Center Street and Fourth Avenue instead. True to form, people swarmed to There, the other end of the subway which was a-building, and a tremendous real-estate speculation took place in Washington Heights. But they utterly overlooked Here, from which the subway started. That was Fourth Avenue between Union Square and the Thirties, then a run-down street of curio shops and secondhand stores, full of wonderful realty bargains. The new subway ran under Fourth Avenue two years or more before folks woke up to the convenience of a thoroughfare that had always been more or less divorced from Broadway. Office and loft buildings began to rise overnight, and clothing manufacturers and wholesale merchants in downtown Broadway were induced to move up to Fourth Avenue. Then Lower Broadway landlords began clamoring for a subway in the street from which they had driven the first one!

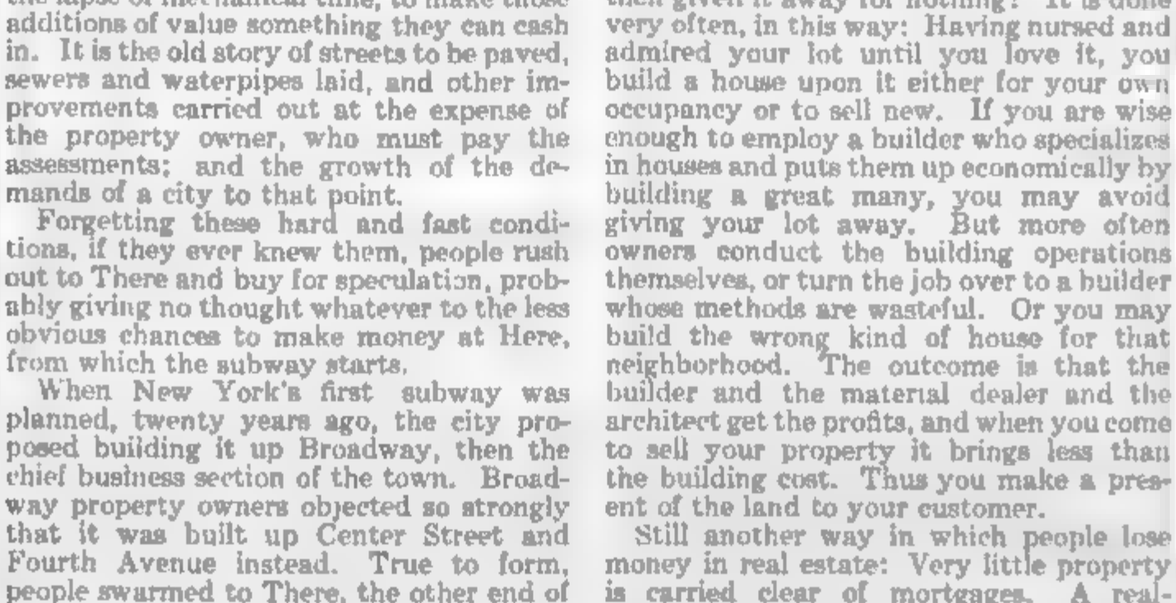
One of the most dangerous tips to follow is that of political origin—as I know to my own sorrow. During the past thirty or forty years many of our cities have changed their political centers, moving the city hall, the courthouse, the records, and so on, to a permanent site. Some cities are still undergoing this process. In terms of real estate, the city changes its center of gravity like an iceberg, turning upside down. Months beforehand, and years, rumors come from the city hall. The new civic center is going to be here. Jones has it privately but positively from his honor, the mayor, it is going to be there. Smith gets it from Boss Riley, who is advising his followers to purchase property quietly in that section, for sale to the city.

Hope Deferred

I remember ruefully one case in which the best-posted political leader in a certain city made no concealment of the fact that the courthouse was to be moved to a certain section. Of course there is little or no money to be made out of the city in such cases, because it takes land by condemnation under the law of eminent domain, and pays according to appraised valuation. But there is money to be made in buying around the new civic center for business purposes. This was done by hundreds of that boss' followers, including myself. And he was right, the courthouse did go there—but it took eighteen years of political bickering, and before it happened the boss was dead.

Have you ever bought a valuable vacant lot, held it until city improvements had been paid for, frequently gone out to admire it, and felt the thrill of ownership in a piece of the earth that ran from the surface straight down four thousand miles and then given it away for nothing? It is done very often, in this way: Having nursed and admired your lot until you love it, you build a house upon it either for your own occupancy or to sell new. If you are wise enough to employ a builder who specializes in houses and puts them up economically by building a great many, you may avoid giving your lot away. But more often owners conduct the building operations themselves, or turn the job over to a builder whose methods are wasteful. Or you may build the wrong kind of house for that neighborhood. The outcome is that the builder and the material dealer and the architect get the profits, and when you come to sell your property it brings less than the building cost. Thus you make a present of the land to your customer.

Still another way in which people lose money in real estate: Very little property is carried clear of mortgages. A real-estate operator, sometimes in good faith, but not always so, sells lots in an encumbered parcel on what is termed contract. The purchaser does not get a deed until the



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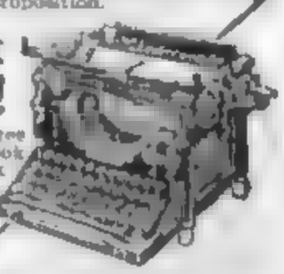

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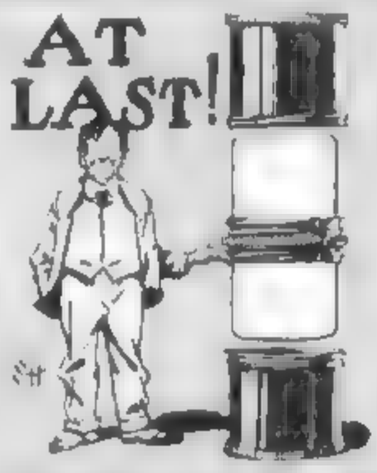

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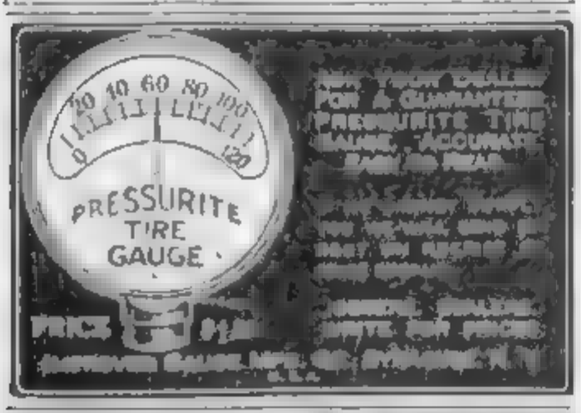

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property has been fully paid for. Then the title insurance discloses the fact that there is a mortgage which must be cleared. Many people have lost money by purchasing on these installment contracts. The original investment may not be sound, the property is sold under foreclosure proceedings, and their equity is lost. It is a mistake to purchase any real estate without obtaining a title, either direct or in trust in the hands of responsible individuals or institutions, except after the closest investigation as to the responsibility of those selling to fulfill the terms of the sales contract.

Never forget that there must be growth, growth, growth!

One of the best illustrations of that fundamental principle in real estate that I know is perhaps a little gruesome, but it is a fact that even graveyards follow the law of growth and almost never pay dividends to stockholders until they are densely populated. You might say that a graveyard never pays until it is filled—until the last person is buried there. The sale of lots—it is really only the sale of the right to inter in most cases—does not pay dividends. But when the cemetery is full money is made on the opening of graves, transferring of bodies, and the like. Even the population of a graveyard has movement, and that movement makes value.

It is human nature to buy stocks when they are high and sell when they are low. The same is true of real estate. People flock to a boom section and buy indiscriminately during prosperity, when everything is high. By the same token, they become discouraged and sell out when things are low, during local or general business depressions.

It is not the experienced operator who makes big money in real estate, but rather the business man with profits to invest who buys quietly and conservatively. The operator's business is real estate. When a business slump occurs, halting production, trade and building, the operator is generally forced to protect his business by unloading investment holdings. If he has too many of them they will break him. On that account he learns to be satisfied with small profits. But the merchant or manufacturer wise enough to invest, without overextending, in property that will show handsome profits in ten, fifteen or twenty years, carries through the slump with the profits of his business.

Let me draw the moral with a story it has been told before, but that makes no difference:

A medical officer of the Confederate Army settled in St. Louis after the Civil War and began business as a publisher. He made money because his whole attention and energy were concentrated on that business. As profits accumulated he would invest them in a piece of St. Louis real estate. His philosophy was very simple, embracing only two tenets. "I understand publishing, and can make money at it, but know nothing of any other business. And I know that St. Louis is bound to grow."

One day he had $10,000 in the bank, having just sold a piece of real estate. He was looking around for another likely plot when a friend came to him saying he needed $10,000 for the development of a mine.

"He told me that $10,000 put into his mine then would certainly make $50,000 within a year. I believed it: my friend, and believed that he was right. And sure enough, that mine did pay such profits within a year. But not on my money, for I put that into another piece of St. Louis real estate. And I am glad I did. For if I had invested in that mine, and made any such profit as 400 per cent in a year, it would have forever spoiled me for investing in St. Louis real estate, and sooner or later I'd have gone broke in mining!"

The good doctor is dead now—but I am told that he died a millionaire. There are many instances of this character.

In real estate, safety must always be the first consideration. The wrong time to buy usually is when enthusiasm is at white heat—it may be the optimism of some fellow who is enthusiastic about a prospective commission. The right time to buy is more likely when everybody else is afraid to.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Isman. The next will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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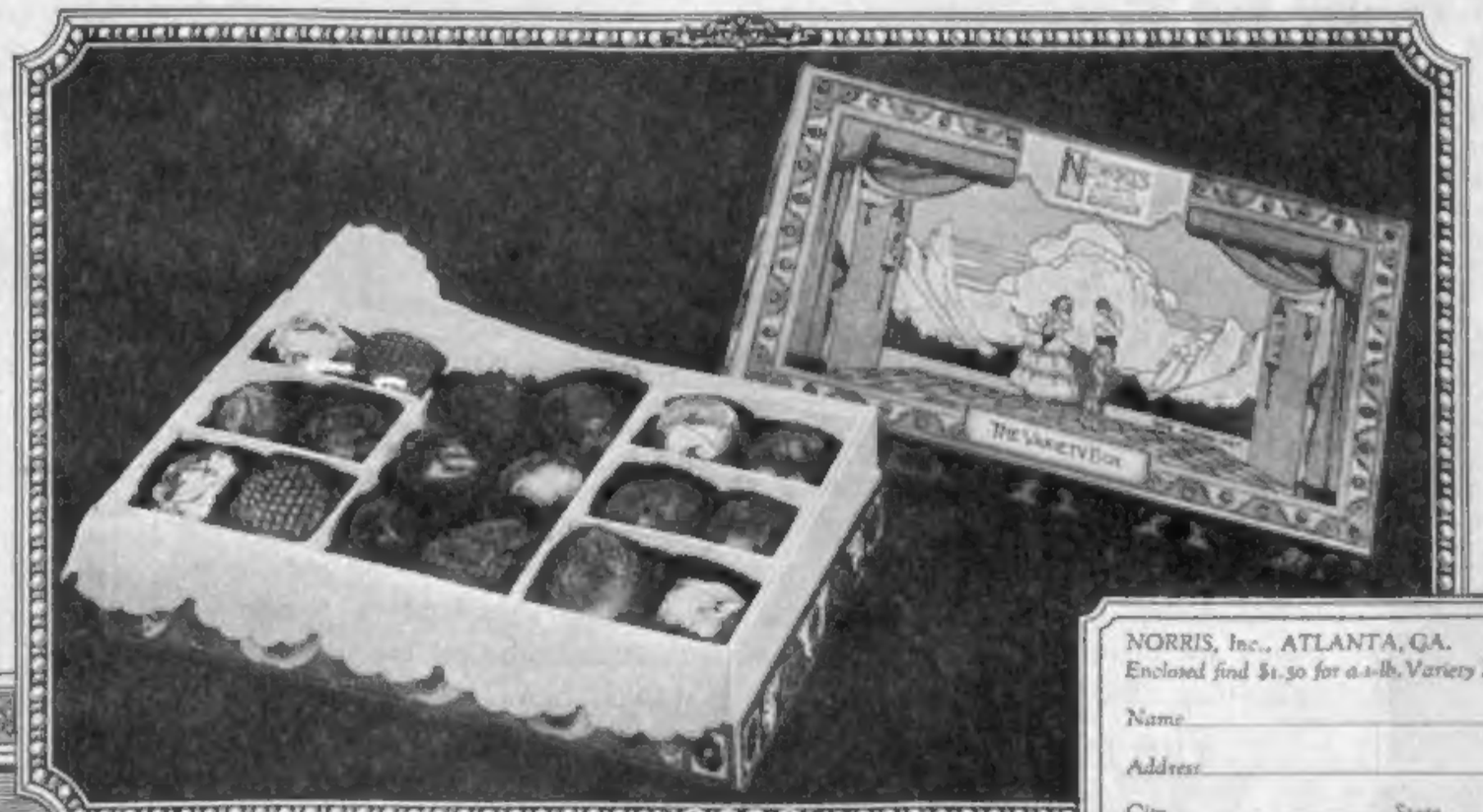

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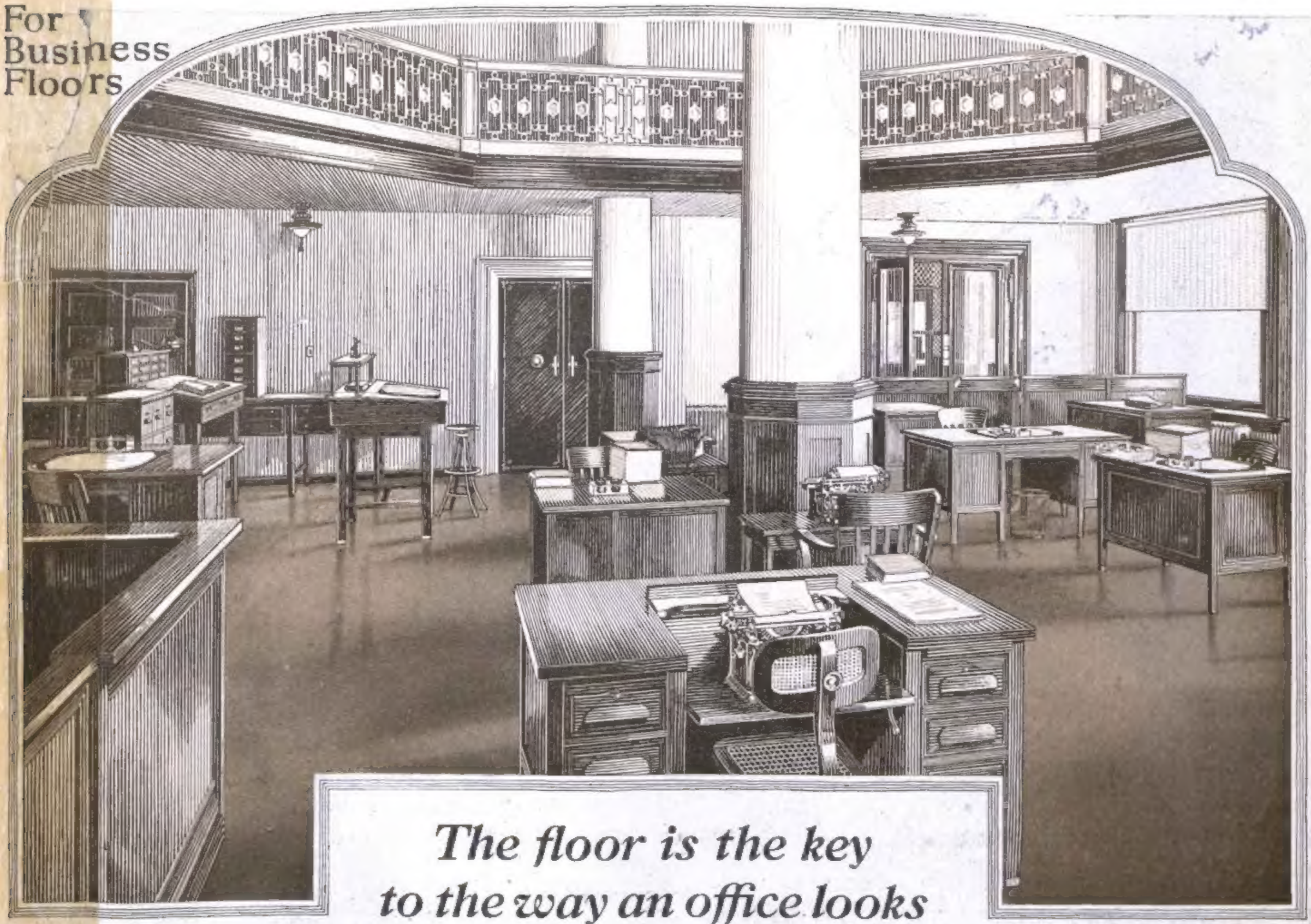

The floor is the key to the way an office looks

THE floor almost controls the way an office looks. More than any of the other furnishings, it determines whether the office will present an attractive, businesslike appearance, or will look untidy and uninviting.

People are too busy to give much thought to keeping the floor from getting mussy and dirty. For this reason, a floor that can be easily cleaned is the most practical floor for an office, or for any shop or building where people are continually going back and forth.

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